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MONTHLY
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

"The Rights of the States, and the Union of the States."

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Our Future Course.

IT will be a leading object of this Review to elucidate and enforce the fundamental principles of American Democracy. We believe that all the greatness and glory of this country are indebted to the Democracy for their existence. Had the federal or whig party (political *synonymes*) controlled the destinies of the United States, we should have remained until the present day the occupants only of the limits of the old Thirteen States. We should have been bounded on the west by the Mississippi river, on the south by the lines of Tennessee and Georgia; the Floridas and the mouth of the Mississippi would have belonged to Spain and France, and at least two-thirds of the present territory of this government would have been possessed by foreign nations. The gold of California, the cotton and sugar fields of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Arkansas, would have been in strange hands.—The trade of China and the East Indies, and the connection across the continent, would have been in the possession of others. All these acquisitions have been made by democratic administrations, in defiance of the most determined federal opposition. Every acre of new territory obtained has been denounced as a palpable violation of the Constitution, and the extension of our commercial relations as a fatal step towards our national downfall. We glory in the spirit and enterprise of the democracy, and shall aid, to the utmost of our power, in giving them a wise and progressive direction.

We shall advocate general economy and reform, so far as the same may be consistent with the public welfare.

We shall oppose legislation for individual or corporate monopolists.

We shall also oppose the policy of making the national treasury the prey of sharpers, shavers and brokers, while at the same time we shall not deny the duty of the federal government to discharge all its just and honest obligations.

We shall advocate the policy of holding public officers to a strict accountability.

We shall advocate a thorough system of frontier defences, and a more efficient resistance to Indian incursions. We believe the existing system of appointing to office may be essentially modified, so as to promote the public good; and we shall hereafter give our views in full on this vitally important subject.

The fugitive slave law is the only one of the compromise measures now within the control of the federal government; we think it a sound constitutional enactment, and shall at all times advocate its faithful execution in every State of the Union.

The federal government, we think, has recently stretched its arm a little beyond its true sphere, and we shall endeavor to shorten it to its proper length. We do not now advert to any act of the present administration. In our intercourse with foreign nations, we shall be at all times, and under all circumstances, *on the side of our country.*

We are opposed to "entangling alliances" with European Governments, as we are to their intermeddling in the affairs of this continent.

We concur most cordially with *President Pierce* in all the views expressed in his Inaugural Address, and will energetically sustain every measure designed to carry them into practical operation.

This brief summary of our future policy is sufficient to apprize our readers of what they may expect from us hereafter. As emergencies arise, we shall meet them without fear, and invariably in the spirit of the foregoing declaration of principles.

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Duty of the Democratic Party.

THERE is a fatal delusion prevalent in our country at this time, on the subject of future political organization. The brilliant triumph of the Democratic party, in the election of President Pierce, is deemed by many a complete earnest of similar success for all time to come. This we hold to be a most dangerous doctrine. We are no croakers, but we are constrained to see and to publish the truth, whether it be or be not agreeable to our own wishes. The last presidential election was one of a most anomalous character. The feebleness, corruption, and total destitution of spirit, which characterized the late Whig administration, produced almost a miracle on the shattered and discordant fragments of the democratic party—*it forced them into an harmonious union.* It was this union alone that secured the election of President Pierce. This union of all subdivisions of the party is, in our judgment, one of the most remarkable events in the whole history of American democracy. It proves that when the institutions of the country are really in jeopardy, all local or sectional strife is instantly hushed, the voice of patriotism summons every democrat to the standard, and with a "long and a strong pull altogether," they rush to the rescue. What other feeling but this could have united so cordially the different sections of the party in New York, Georgia, Mississippi, and in other States? Now let us not forget that, though healed over for the present, the causes of these divisions and dissentions still exist. The leaders of each fragment still stand where they did. The personal animosities engendered are still smouldering, ready to flash out the moment they are stirred. The President is standing on a volcano, quiet and slumbering, it is true, but away down in the fathomless abyss can be heard the internal working of the fires. He has in his own hands, however, the power of staying the irruption, and will no doubt do it, if he be fairly treated by those to whose votes he owes his election. He has thus far generally displayed great prudence and sagacity in the selection of those he has appointed to office; and here, in fact, is the most serious difficulty he has had to encounter. A few injudicious appointments have been made, but they were unavoidable, where the number to be made was so large, and the applicants pressing for them so numerous. Under all the circumstances, we think he has been fortunate in the performance of this delicate and harassing part of his duty. He has sought to avoid extremes, and to satisfy and conciliate all sections of his friends. This was the only course that would ensure harmony, and hold the party together. This alone will do it in future. The same patriotic spirit that induced all divisions of the democratic party to unite for the election of President Pierce, should animate them to *keep united* in sustaining his administration in all its measures which are conformable to the principles announced by the Baltimore convention.

Let there be no petty bickering about appointments to office. All applicants could not be successful; some must be disappointed, and with thousands of anxious men crowding around the Executive Mansion and all the public offices, it is very natural that some deserving persons should have been overlooked. But let them be patient; their time will come to be rewarded.

The policy of some of the most acute and far-sighted of the whig leaders is wise and profound. Mr. Webster, almost with his dying breath, proclaimed that "the Whig party would live only in history." This suggestion flashed like electricity through the minds of the whig leaders, after their disastrous defeat. They now affect to hang their heads in despair, and bemoan the extinction of their favorite party. Deprived of Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, the Whig party, it is true, somewhat resembles the play of Hamlet, leaving the "Mad Dane" entirely out. But it still has mighty strength and resources left. Look at the tremendous vote given to General Scott, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which he labored, and the wealth, influence, and intelligence of the great body of the whigs, and we must be at once convinced that such a party is not, and cannot be extinguished. The Whig party is "not dead, it only sleepeth," and will one day awake with giant power. The game to be played is two-fold. One object is to lull the vigilance of the Democratic party, and encourage factionists to believe, that as the Whig party is disbanded, its scattered fragments may be enlisted in their service, and thus promote discord in our ranks. The other is, to accustom the whigs to regard their name simply as his-

torical, and prepare them thereby to assume another. The Federal party, the National Republican party, and the Whig party, are all to be consecrated among things of the past, in the political curiosity-shop of ancient federalism. What other alias is to be now assumed is not yet determined, but it will be a cross-breed, between the Liberty party and the Free Soil party, a little tinctured with the Maine Liquor Law and Native Americanism. They will probably dub themselves the "American Party;" and thus have "scope and verge enough" to embrace all their various piebald squads in one fraternal band. There is one feature of this new organization which we cannot contemplate without feelings of the deepest apprehension. We allude to the fact, that this will be a *Geographical Party*. It will be opposed to slavery, to the admission of new slave-holding States, erected out of portions of Texas, or any other territory, and to the acquisition in any manner of Cuba, or any other island of the West Indies. It will seek to fill Congress, and especially the Senate, with its own followers, and in this mode accomplish its designs. It will strive to foment dissentions in the Democratic party, and avail itself of their help to break us up, and defeat us.

Doubtless many patriotic whigs will refuse to sanction this transformation of their party into a practical *abolition* party, under a different name; but it will receive acquisitions from other sources, enough to balance these dissenters, and render the organization as formidable as it will be pernicious.

We may now survey the field of battle, and select our position. The foe is before us. Although we neither see his banner, nor hear his trumpet, we still know that he is there. Like the charge so splendidly described by Scott:

> "No fife, no beat of drum,
> The *tread alone*,
> Told England, from his mountain throne
> King James *did rushing come.*"

We hear and we feel the *tread*, and should be drawn up in square to receive the shock. We say, then, to the Democratic party, *be on your guard*. Do not rely on the weakness of the Whig party, but on your own vigilance and strength. Keep united and harmonious. Organize thoroughly for every election, discard all hostile and factious feelings, and you will triumph, as you did in the election of President Pierce. Forward, then, as one man to the conflict, in support of the Constitution and the Union against the insidious treason of abolition; and the spirit that has always saved them, whenever assailed, will give you the victory. The Democratic Monthly Review will be found in the vanguard during this stern struggle.

Removals and Appointments.

THE practical operation of the Federal Government is more emphatically exhibited in the acts of removing incumbents from office, and appointing others to fill their places, than in any other exercise of its power. The vast importance of these functions will be instantly apparent, when we consider the rank and numbers of the official *employés* of the Federal Government. From the President and Heads of Departments, down to village postmasters and tide waiters, we encounter, and must deal with these agents, in all the business affairs of life. If we would, we cannot, avoid coming in contact with them every day. The entire number of such persons engaged in the public service we do not know, but it reaches tens of thousands. The Constitution vests in the President the power of appointment of all these officers, unless where that instrument, or some act of Congress, confers it on some other officer. This immense patronage is still chiefly enjoyed by the President, and though one of the most important of his duties, it is also one of the most perplexing and irksome. When we consider the prodigious increase of our population, augmentation of our business, and extension of our territory, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, we can in some slight degree appreciate the strength and influence of this branch of the executive power. It is highly probable that during the administration of General Washington the whole patronage of executive appointments, not embracing those at the immediate seat of government, was scarcely equal to those now required in the States of New York and California alone, if we take into account their income and control over the commercial affairs of the country. This is an impressive and instructive fact, to awaken public attention. We have been told by old men who witnessed the scenes, that at the inaugurations of the early Presidents, a few hundred persons assembled, and after the ceremony was con-

cluded quietly dispersed. Those who sought office sent in their papers, and left it to the President, at his leisure, to make his choice. There was not at that time, as there is now, a rush of fifty thousand strangers to the Capitol, to see the President sworn into office. Nor was it the case then, as it is at this time, that at least *nine-tenths* of the male adults, who witnessed the spectacle, were anxious expectants of office. We have seen on a recent occasion thousands of persons, coming from all quarters of this vast country, thronging the city of Washington for many weeks after the inauguration in eager pursuit of office. There might be met besieging the President, and the Executive Departments, men from Maine to California; and amidst this general scramble, the President was expected to select the best candidates, (although he probably never knew, saw, nor heard of any of them before) with the calm wisdom of personal acquaintance and careful deliberation. He must of course act on the only information he possessed, and that was, in many instances, the interested representations of those who were applying for places, or of those who expected to be benefited by particular appointments. Had the President sat down in a quiet room, and without disturbance or interruption, began on the morning of the 5th of March to read all the applications, petitions, letters, and certificates, presented to him and the Executive Departments, in behalf of applicants for office, he could not have finished them in a year. Were they all printed, they would outnumber in volumes Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. And yet it is supposed that he will read, and "inwardly digest," them all! If he were to do so, he could make very few appointments during his term. We perceive, from this, the value of recommendations for office. They are in most cases given to clerks to open and report upon, or thrown aside, without examination altogether. We do not censure the President, or heads of departments, for this seeming negligence. They cannot avoid it. It would be a moral impossibility to examine and carefully consider the claims of all the applicants for offices. This statement of facts forces upon us this conviction, that the present system of appointments to office under the Federal government is radically defective. However wise and salutary at the commencement of our career, it is now totally unsuited to our condition. When our territory was limited to the old Thirteen States, our population one-sixth of its present number, our commercial and agricultural resources about one-twentieth of their present amount, and all the subordinates, in the executive departments, together, fewer than those are in a single department at the present day, it might have been good policy to clothe the Chief Magistrate with nearly all the appointing power: but now the entire aspect of affairs has assumed a different shape, and we are to inquire what can be done to obviate these evils? We can discover no remedy, but to amend the Constitution, and give the election of certain classes of the Federal officers, whose functions are to be performed within certain districts, to the *people* of those districts themselves. There is no reason apparent to our mind, why the people who can elect Presidents, members of Congress, governors, &c, could not with equal safety and advantage elect postmasters, collectors, naval officers, &c. &c. The appointment of district attorneys and marshals, as immediate instruments of executive power, should probably remain in the hands of the President. We do not intend to enter at length into this grave subject at present; our design simply is, to throw out the suggestion for the consideration of the democracy of the country. We will add one other observation. The federal Constitution is unquestionably one of the noblest monuments of human wisdom in the history of government, and is as nearly perfect as it could have been made, with the experience at that time possessed by its illustrious framers. But soon after it went into operation, defects were discovered, which were happily removed by amendment, and it has stood for almost half a century without being touched. It is proper to say here, that if that provision, authorizing suits to be brought against sovereign States, in the Federal courts, had not been annulled, the Union would hardly have survived to the present day. During the precuniary embarrassments a few years ago, when several of the most powerful States failed to pay the interest on their public debts, if the foreigners who held those debts could have instituted suits against them in the Federal courts, they would have done so, and might have become the owners of the canals and railroads of these States, and perhaps of their very State-houses. The result of such a proceeding the dullest can com-

prehend. It would have been public discontent, and ultimate rebellion. This fact demonstrates that, however excellent, the Constitution was not perfect, and required to be improved. There is a sort of superstitious sanctity ascribed to that venerable charter by many, which forbids all correction of its defects. We yield to none in our attachment and devotion to it; but we will not stultify ourselves, by shutting our eyes to its imperfections. Since its adoption, nearly every State has amended its constitution, and some of the States several times. Why, then, should the federal Constitution be an exception to all others, and be denied the benefit of reformation suggested by experience? We would not rashly rend it to pieces, nor blindly worship its abuses or its errors.

So long as the appointing power continues vested in the President, each election for that high office will be attended with a violent and excited contest. The partisans of the successful candidate will regard his triumph as their own, and expect to be rewarded for their services. In making his appointments, every consideration of duty and policy dictates that they should be preferred, if possessed of requisite talents and character. The subject of making removals from office has often been discussed, and its propriety seldom doubted. Wholesale, indiscriminate removals, for no cause but mere difference of political opinion, are not always good policy, or conducive to the public welfare. There are certain subordinate stations that demand ability and experience of an especial nature, to enable those who fill them to discharge the duties with promptitude and skill. In such places it may be proper to permit the incumbents sometimes to remain without reference to their political opinions. Such instances are, however, rare. As a general thing, any President coming into office, if the administration preceding was of a different political complexion, will find nearly all the offices occupied by his adversaries. It would be folly to expect a cordial co-operation in executing his measures from them—if indeed they might not play the part of spies—and he has no redress, but to remove them. This principle was announced by Mr. Jefferson in his inaugural address, and his action conformed to it. General Washington made no removals except for incapacity or dishonesty. Mr. Adams made few, because he professed to follow the political lead of his predecessor. Few removals took place from the time of Mr. Jefferson to that of General Jackson, for during that entire period the administrations all professed to be democratic. Mr. Adams removed some dozen of clerks and others who were friendly to General Jackson, and retained the rest, who were supporters of his own administration. General Jackson accordingly found most of the offices filled with his political enemies, and he did not scruple to sweep them out. Since 1828, each succeeding administration has usually dismissed its political antagonists, the Whigs in this particular exceeding the Democrats in the free use of the power of removal.

President Pierce finds all the important offices, and nine-tenths of the subordinate places, in the hands of Whigs. He is pursuing the footsteps of Mr. Jefferson in this matter, by confiding these offices and places to the hands of those who elected him, and who expect him to perform this, among other executive duties. We do not doubt that he will proceed with due caution, and having "put his hands to the plough, not look back." In relation to the description of men to be appointed to office, it is one of the most difficult of all the executive functions to make judicious selections. The President must necessarily be unacquainted with the character and claims of most of the applicants. He is obliged, therefore, to form his judgment upon the representation of others, and in consequence the choice is often a sort of hap-hazard affair. The first requisite to be sought in a candidate should be *capacity;* the second, *good character for integrity and industry; and the third, his services to the party and the country.* Unless a man establishes the two first requisites, the last is no foundation for a claim to appointment; but where he does, then, in our opinion, his merits ought generally to be measured by the extent and value of his political services. An idea, which we conceive to be both erroneous and hazardous, prevails to some extent—that there is no such thing as that any man has a claim to office. It is true, literally speaking, that no man has or can have in this country a legal vested right to claim any office to which he has not been duly elected or appointed; but such a construction of the terms "claim to office" as this, is a mere subterfuge and perversion of the popular meaning. As we

understand the phrase, many men have claims to office, and some who have these claims are overlooked. We will explain the sense in which we wish to be understood:—Public offices, from the highest to the lowest in rank, are created for the public good. No matter in whom the appointment or election resides, the theory of our free institutions is, that the most competent, useful, and upright men will always be chosen to fill them. This is often so in practice, but sometimes far otherwise. The people have invariably an interest in the selection of the best men. He is the best man who unites in himself, in the highest degree, the three requisites before described. Now such a man, if you can find who he is, has a just claim to any office he is fitted for, if he wants it. His claim, too, rests on the best of all reasons—the welfare of the people. They have a *claim* to his services as strong as he has on account of his superior qualifications to be permitted to serve. We are by no means in favor of appointing mere professional politicians to office, who are destitute of ability and character, just because they have drummed up ward meetings, made stump harangues, or elbowed their opponents at the polls. But what we do say is, that when merits and qualifications are otherwise equal, he who has rendered most efficient aid to the victory of the Democratic party has the greatest right to its patronage and its honors. When the day comes that this ceases to be the policy of that party, "the glory hath departed from Israel and the sceptre from Judah." If men who do nothing to assist in achieving the triumph are to enjoy its fruits, who will establish presses to defend our principles and our candidates; who will write articles; who will make speeches; who will travel over the country, to rouse up the people to the struggle; and who will advance money indispensible to carry on the canvass, and to procure the very tickets which settle the result? The principles of the Democratic party are glorious emanations from that great law of equality of rights, which God gave us at our birth; but how are they to be carried out and enforced, without placing men in power who believe in them and venerate them? This can only be done through the organization of party; for our opponents will be united, and few men will take the trouble to organize and sustain the party, if they have not the hope of its rewards. "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" and he who toils should not be forced to feed the sluggard, nor should he who has *earned* honors see them *worn* by him who did not. These remarks are not dictated by any fear of witnessing the perpetration of this injustice. They naturally belong to the subject of which we have been treating, and we offer them as a word of encouragement to our political friends, to go forward in the good work, and to serve faithfully and energetically, if they expect to deserve or receive the guerdon which the Democratic party will bestow on those only who have "borne the heat and burden of the day."

Our Motto.

"*The* RIGHTS *of the States, and the* UNION *of the States.*"

WE did not choose these words without due reflection. They shall be ever present before our eyes, on whatsoever subject we are writing. They are the chart by which we shall direct our course. The doctrine of the "rights of the States" has in some quarters become a little unfashionable, but that is no proof of its unsoundness, or that the support of it is not patriotic. Our federative system of government is peculiar in its operation; and it can scarcely be said, even yet, what is to be its exact tendency in affecting the relations of the States and the Federal Government. One thing we think, however, is obvious; and that is, the gradual and silent increase of the federal power, and the corresponding diminution of that of the States. In the early days of the present constitution, the patronage and power of the Federal Government did not, in a very great degree, exceed those of two or three of the individual States. Even during the administration of the Father of his Country, a combination of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts could have almost dictated terms, or "stopped the wheels of the government." There was then no fear of federal aggression, or of that government disregarding the expressed wishes of a sovereign State. It was weak and modest, and leaned for support on the States. As we have grown however to greatness, and as the States have augmented nearly twice and a half in number, the scene has changed; new actors have appeared on the stage; new systems and new views have come into vogue. Steam was first harnessed in the service of man since we became a nation; but that proving too slow, the lightning

is forced into the use of mortals, and the magnetic telegraph is now travelling the roads for us, instead of the lumbering coaches and broad wheeled wagons of other days. Instead of a few small towns and settlements scattered along the shore of the Atlantic, we have swept south and west, to the Rio Grande and the Pacific ocean. Instead of a sort of peddling commerce at home and abroad, we now behold our ships on every sea, and we are disputing with the great nations of the world for the trade that built up Tyre, Sidon, Venice, and London. We face the Sun when he rises and when he sets; and if the beat of our morning drum does not follow him around the globe, he never looks down on a sea which is not whitened with our sails, or on a land that does not respect and fear us, or on a despot who does not tremble at our name. We are proud of our national greatness; we are dazzled at the brilliancy of our national glory. We gaze upon our national banner, glittering all over with stars, and we see in it the symbol of our country—we think only that we are Americans—we forget that each of these stars represents a sovereign State. Here lies the real danger: not in any open act of abuse or usurpation on the rights of the States, but in a general noiseless process of absorption by the federal government. Each State, however rapidly it improves, becomes weaker and smaller every day, as compared with the Federal Government, which is improving and expanding fifty-fold faster. What is the Empire State of New York now, with its three millions of inhabitants, contrasted with the whole Union? Nothing! She would kick the beam in the opposite scale, almost as quickly as little Delaware. We are not adverse to the extension of our territory, the advancement of our commerce, science and the arts, or to the progressive spirit of our free institutions. We bid them all God speed! and will go forward with him who goes fastest and farthest. But we desire to see the States keep pace with the Federal Government, and maintain their just preponderance in our complicated system. This preponderance is gradually sliding from their grasp, and all the honors and emoluments of office are concentrating at the federal capital. Whoever wants office abstains very frequently from invoking the aid of the people, of the members of the Legislatures, and the Governors of the States. These early exponents of the popular will have been in a great measure superseded by the influence of the Senators and Representatives in the federal Congress. These gentlemen assemble, designate a list of appointments for each State, follow the example of the Roman Triumvirate, who sacrificed Cicero and other patriots to appease the hatreds of each other; each selects his own useful parasites, all are gratified, and thus do they boldly usurp the prerogatives of both the President and the people. We trust the Chief Magistrate has sanctioned no such new-fangled assumption, which could only end in rendering the Congressmen his supple instruments, or in reducing him to become theirs. Members of Congress are elected to perform legislative duties, and not to appoint executive officers. They have an undoubted right to express their sentiments, as other citizens do, in relation to candidates for office, but not to hold extra-legislative cabals to dictate to the executive who shall be preferred.

The Federal Government is beginning to overshadow the State sovereignties, and they are withering and will perish in its shade. Let us lop away some of its branches and restore to them the genial rays of the sun. By preserving the rights of the States, we shall likewise preserve their union; for neither can be perfect and invulnerable, if the others be insecure. It will be our earnest endeavor to inculcate these sentiments, and to guard the safety of all, by giving strength to the weak, without impairing the usefulness of the strong. This is the true spirit of compromise on which the federal constitution is founded, and this policy alone can give it stability. The Democratic party is its natural protector, and this principle is the ægis which democracy throws over that sacred instrument, in the dark hour of its peril. Under this shield, may it stand in peace forever! "*Esto perpetua!*"

Ireland's Future.

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow?"

WE do not propose, in glancing at the past history of Ireland's people, or by holding out a "beacon light" for her future elevation in the scale of nations, to tread upon the beaten track and count over in sad recital her wrongs and her sufferings, for centuries, under the oppressive rule of a tyranny, that for so long a period has crushed her down, and crippled her energies. These are but too familiar to every

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schoolboy ; and the scattered fragments of her nationality hold England up to the scorn of mankind all over the globe, through the millions of her exiles, and proclaim the treachery and cruelty of that hereditary oppression—haughty and bloodstained—by which she has been defeated, but not subdued, as a nation. Living in this age of enlightenment, amid the progressive spirit of freedom, for which the masses are thirsting among all peoples that are ground down under the yoke of European sovereignties, the question naturally arises, "*Is there yet any hope for Ireland?*" We are not skeptical upon this particular point. We aver that *there is.* Since the lamentable failure of 1848, we have received several hundred thousands of the better classes of her people, the "bone and sinew," from that land upon our free and happy shores. Smarting under the cruelties which have been exercised over them by an exterminating oligarchy at home, and a foreign British tyranny, it need not be hinted how bitter is the animosity, the settled hatred, they must entertain for that power, which but mocked them in their distresses, and exulted over their misery, when stricken down by the dire curse of famine. *Famine did we say?*—No, we are wrong. It may be considered the logic of the casuist, if we assume that in that dreadful year, when the scourge of death was sweeping through the land, when scenes, the portrayal of which would shock the feelings of the most uncivilized Indians or barbarians—that no famine in the true acceptation of the term existed at all in Ireland. We maintain that this was a cold-blooded wholesale sacrifice of the Irish people ; systematized—planned—matured by the British Government itself, with a view to "thin off" the population, as Lord John Russell declared ought to be done, by some means or other, with a view to "alleviate Ireland's distresses." What a monster that same Russell must have been, and then his colleague in iniquity, Clarendon! When we look upon the graves of their victims in Ireland, and review their butcheries, we are at a loss to conjecture by what rule of conscience either can lay their heads at night to repose upon their pillows, even now.

But we are wandering from the subject upon which we propose to base our remarks, and will prove by *facts* irrefutable, the soundness of the views, and correctness of the position we assume, upon this question of Ireland's future. There was a general failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1848, it is true ; but in looking up the statistics, it is a remarkable fact, that the tables of exports, in the shape of beef, pork, poultry, eggs, flour, wheat, corn, butter, salmon and all kinds of fish—in a word all the luxuries of the (even then) fertile soil of Ireland, were pilfered from her at the point of the British bayonet, and amid a threatening fire from the guns of her "war steamers" that were prowling around the Island. This piece of high-handed cruelty in a civilized country has been commented upon with much indignation by every Christian philanthropist of this age, who possesses enough of common humanity to sympathize with his kindred, and his kind. It adds another dark, gloomy page to the black catalogue of England's crimes. But let us draw a veil over it—We are now considering Ireland's future.

The returns under the late census taken by a body of Whig *attachés*, are a perfect fraud upon the great public of these United States. The officers who procured these returns, as regards the Irish in particular, stand upon the two horns of a dilemma. They either have been guilty of the "*suggestio falsi,*" or the "*suppressio veri,*" in presenting their report to the proper head of the Census Bureau. We are well aware that the Whigs entertain no enthusiastic love for our Irish adopted citizens. As a political element, wedded to our National Democracy, the Irish in America have always clung to our Democratic institutions, and been a good prop in support and aid of the Democracy of America—that party which always sustains the true spirit of independence, that has been engendered upon our soil by the Fathers of the Republic. We have charged the officers who made out the late returns with fraudulent dealings with the public. We shall prove that charge. With the Irish famine of 1848, the very returns of the different custom houses since, figure up to the aggregate amount of four millions of Irish, whom they report to be now "settlers" in our country.

It is believed to be an ascertained fact, that there are over this number of Irish at present scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land. There is a spirit abroad among this mass of our citizens, which has latterly been aroused to a degree of resolution that must lead to a successful issue in due course of time. This spirit is rapidly extending to every town, city and village ; and the alacrity with which it progresses shows a degree of earnestness, which has been made the subject of much comment by many leading friends of Ireland, at present sojourning in America. The spirit of military organization among Irishmen cannot have escaped the notice of our citizens, within the last few years, particularly since the Irish "failure" of 1848. There are many of the bone and sinew of Ireland here, who would fight, and they thirst for another blow at England. It is in contemplation, we are assured, to raise from sixty to one hundred thousand fighting men in these United States, to be fully armed, drilled, and disciplined, so as to be ready at some future day to come to the rescue of their native land. How—where—when, are questions that very properly remain for future determination ; and while these armed bodies of Irishmen do not shrink from proclaiming their purpose in behalf of Ireland, they are at the same time ready at a beck to spill their hearts' blood in the cause of their adopted country, should they ever be called upon to do it. They will form an "Irish Brigade," the nucleus of which is now in New York. It ramifies, already to a considerable extent, throughout the Union, and forms a grand military association, resolved upon *one* desperate purpose, the unqualified

FREEDOM OF IRELAND,

—its total disenthralment from English rule.

and English tyranny. The heart of Ireland is still sound. Her people thirst for independence and there yet remains a solid phalanx of her patriots behind that will act, despite of every opposition or intrigue.

Owing to the peculiar relations long existing between France and England, the smothered hatred and jealous rivalry of those powers, Ireland has been constantly regarded with a friendly eye by her Gallic neighbor. When persecuted by England, her patriots have found shelter in France, and they have for a century and a half repaid that protection by gloriously shedding their blood on the field of battle. France has ever regarded Ireland as the vulnerable part of England, and when the British lion is to be struck to the heart, she well knows the blow must come chiefly from Irish hands—Her frequent attempts to make a revolutionary descent upon Ireland, have failed in consequence of the want of an adequate Navy. The present Emperor of France is rapidly supplying this deficiency, and the discovery of steam power will do the rest. We believe he will invite the scattered sons of Ireland, to co-operate with him, and before three years pass, be in a condition to achieve what the great Napoleon attempted in vain. The first trumpet call in such a movement, would rally the Irishmen to the standard of their beloved island, from every nook and corner of the world. Then will O' Brien and his fellow sufferers be pardoned, by the liberation of Ireland. The Government of England on the surface looks peaceful, powerful and permanent, but the seeds of death are implanted in its bosom, and are steadily but silently germinating. That Collosus which has so long bestrode the earth and sea, begins to feel the tremor of the earthquake, and is nodding to its fall.

We can see by the signs of the times that there is some good in store for this ill-fated land. But it will depend upon the preconcerted action of competent leaders in her cause, and men of military ability. There are many who would be ambitious to lead a well disciplined body of Irish troops in any cause, and above all, in that of the down trodden nation to which they belong. To Ireland at home, we would again say "Be up and stirring."

Let not Ireland despair. From "small beginnings, great ends are accomplished," so saith the proverb, and so say all histories. Let us glance for instance at the new Irish military organization.

In 1849, at No. 30, North William Street in the City of New York, a meeting consisting of only six men precisely, was called together for the purpose of forming an Irish Regiment. The idea was sneered at as impracticable. It is proper to go into some detail before we branch out more at length upon the subject treated of in this article.

We give the particulars, therefore, from the New York *Sunday Dispatch*.

"The formation of the Third Irish Regiment will give us (what every Irishman in New York will be delighted to see) a full 'Irish Brigade.' The young men who have started this third Irish Regiment, are eminently entitled to the unqualified thanks of their countrymen in New York, and promise to make a fine turn out, well accoutered and prepared for duty.

"Captain George D. Dowling, of the 69th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., was unanimously elected on the occasion an honorary member; and now that the Regiment is progressing with such rapidity, and that the prospects of a speedy formation of an Irish Brigade in the city of New York looks so cheering, it will not be deemed out of place to give a cursory glance at the origin, growth and progress of the new Irish military organization, since its first start. Feeling a confidence that those gentlemen who undertook the arduous task of forming *two* Regiments in this city already, and starting on each occasion with but *half a dozen* men, can *now* be equally successful in the formation of a *third*, we give the subjoined simple record, just to show what can be done among Irishmen, and what we consider to be a just tribute to their national chivalry—which, despite the slanders of the *London Times*, that praise which is due to them they cannot be defrauded of, in this their adopted home, and for which we feel assured they would shed the last drop of their blood if called upon to-morrow.

"The Secretary furnishes us with the following record which will show how the 9th Regiment under its respected Colonel, C. Ferris, was originally formed:

"At a meeting held on Monday, October 1st, 1849, at No. 30, North William street,* Mr. Patrick Dowling in the chair, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Michael B. Scannell, and seconded by J. Behan.

"*Resolved*, That Mr. George D. Dowling be elected Captain of the First Company of Irish Artillery, who are to enrol themselves in the new regiment about to be formed, to be called the 'Irish Volunteers.'

"Major Fay and others were present, and subsequently organized as Company B., ('Sarsfield Guards,') Captain Maurice Walsh, who then commanded the 'Irish Patriot Fusileers,' in the position of the Company A, and thus was the regiment originally formed, the different companies soon being filled up.

69TH REGIMENT—(*Irish Volunteers.*)

"The organization of this regiment was commenced at No. 6, Albany street, at the house of Mr. Mannix, on the 21st December, 1850. Present, Captains *George D. Dowling* and *Fay*, John Mannix, James Foley, Thomas Mannix, Maurice Stack, and Thomas Finnegan.

"Captain Dowling was called to the chair, and Mr. Foley appointed to act as Secretary.

"At an adjourned meeting, Captains Fay and Dowling were appointed a committee to wait on Captain Magrath, of the 'Emmett Guards,' and solicit his co-operation to advance the organization of the second Irish Regiment. Its rapid progress and success—grown as it now has into full manly proportions—fully attest how energetic must have been the services of

* Captain Dowling is a lawyer by profession, and kept his office at No. 30, North William street.

the gentlemen who undertook the task of its organization."

Among the principal men who subsequently took an active part in organizing the companies, are to be found Thomas Devin Riely, Oliver Byrne; Lieutenant Colonel Michael Doheny; Captains Phelan, Dowling and Kavenagh; Lieutenant T. Gleason, and a host of choice spirits, who are now more than gratified to find their labors have been so successful. Many have since come into the ranks of the "Irish Brigade."

The "Washington Montgomery Guards," now numbering over ninety men, well armed, and fully equipped, under the command of Captain Key, (son of the gifted author of the "Star-spangled Banner,") commenced their organization with but *three* men. They met some time in August last, at the house of Mr. Greason, known as "Head Quarters," in Washington, D. C., and *resolved* to form a company. Their names are worthy of being recorded here, viz. William M. Greason, Owen Quigley, and P. McDonnell. The subsequent career of the "Guards" needs no eulogistic remark. They will form the *nucleus* of a regiment in this District, and are now one of the crack companies here. Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Albany, and other leading towns and cities are coming forward with equal alacrity.

It is a source of pride to be able to refer back to the date of these organizations, and it will live for all time to come, green in the hearts and fresh in the memories of Irishmen. The "Irish Brigade" of a former era, did honor to the Irish Nation. It won honors upon the TENTED FIELD, and we hope that its American successor may yet have the opportunity of following in its pathway, and leading in the van, to aid in plucking down the blood-stained flag of England from the ramparts of Dublin Castle.

The proclaimed object of this organization operated with talismanic effect from the start upon Irishmen every where; and, at this date, after some three years' exertion, we find in the United States a force of nearly 20,000 well disciplined and armed troops, the greater portion of whom would either cross the Canadian lines to-morrow, and make it a "short cut" to again reach the "old sod," or would be prepared to cross the Atlantic, if need be, in a "cockle shell," so that in arms they could hope to reach their native shore They but foreshadow the settled purpose of those still rushing forward to swell their ranks; and terrible will be that struggle for Irish freedom, come when it may.

It would be an anomaly in the history of Nations, to imagine that between seven millions of native born Irishmen at home, and some twelve millions of the scattered race all over the earth between America, Canada, England, and other parts of the European Continent, that they can be made to forget their native land. The Irishmen, of all other men, love the land of their birth with a deep, a holy, and abiding love. They love it with the same intensity that they hate the haughty tyrant, under whose oppressive rule they are forced to live. The cruelty of centuries is stored up in their memories; and, to make them forget their own "Green Isle" which the Poet so beautifully describes as the "GEM OF THE SEA," would be upon the part of their task-master, in the words of Lord Denman, "A mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

We cordially sympathize with bleeding Ireland. We have a government now in power that sympathizes with her; and the Irish in the late contest did their part nobly for General Pierce, and the democratic party. We have hope for Ireland yet, and to the Irishmen—the expatriated exiles upon these shores, breathing as they do, the air of freedom—we would merely say—Organize, discipline your bands, learn the use of the rifle, the pike, and the cannon, and await the moment to act, when you can exclaim, IRELAND SHALL BE FREE!

The spirit that has been implanted in the bosoms of the expatriated Irish after long centuries of persecution, has called out the genius of her sons in every clime, to devise means for the liberation, the unqualified freedom, of Ireland; and this very spirit, though pent up is warmly cherished in the very heart of England. The Irishmen of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and of London itself, deeply cherish it; and of the people themselves there is a bond between them and their brothers here that cannot be broken. The truth of the matter is, the work is already nearly done—done by the very victims who have flocked here, particularly since 1848. They have come out to America, poor, the victims of a war of extermination, but as so many missionaries in the cause of Irish freedom. Their letters, their remittances home to their friends, are so many missiles of hostility to British rule, and each may be said to bear a dagger or a bullet for the oppressors of the land. Russell and Clarendon may endeavor to manufacture fresh grievances for the people under some new and cruel operations of political economy; but we tell them from here that the storm is beginning to blow that will sooner or later shatter the British government into fragments over their heads.

NOTE.—As this article has assumed something of a military aspect, we trust our readers will not deem it amiss to lay before them the following extract from a valuable work on "Military Tactics," written by Capt. Oliver Byrne, respecting the manufacture of gunpowder. It contains a very scientific and interesting description of the process used in preparing this terrible agent. We see here how the "villainous saltpetre" is prepared to perform its mighty work.

Probably no invention ever produced so great a change in warfare as the combinations of the ingredients of which gunpowder is composed It is the agent upon which modern military tactics is based. Its projective power determines the arena of battle, as well as the length of all lines of defence, whether for musketry or artillery, and it consequently regulates the construction of collateral defences. It is brought into use by every arm, as well in attack as defence, for the musket, the cannon and the mine.

The following sketch of the elements and manufacture of this powerful agent must, therefore, be useful and interesting, and although here described on rather a large scale, ordinary ingenuity will readily reduce the proportions, and, when necessary, dispense with much of the machinery. The component parts of gunpowder are *saltpetre*, *sulphur*, and *charcoal;* and the proportions

of these used in the manufacture of every 100 lbs. of gunpowder are,

Saltpetre	77½ lbs.
Sulphur	10½ "
Charcoal	16 "

the extra 4 lbs. being allowed for waste.

The atomic composition, which approaches nearest to that of gunpowder, is 1 equivalent of *nitre*, 1 of *sulphur*, and 3 of *carbon*, or

Saltpetre	74.6	}
Sulphur	11.9	} =100
Charcoal	13.5	}

and this is very closely adhered to in some foreign gunpowders.

Saltpetre is never found in a pure state. "Grough" saltpetre is totally unfit for gunpowder until it be purified, as in its grough state it is combined with salts, which greedily absorb moisture, and which would derange the close contact and combination of the above ingredients. The purity of saltpetre is, therefore, an important consideration in the manufacture of good gunpowder; and it is more or less refined according to the care of the manufacturer, or the quality of the gunpowder required. When properly freed from impurities it loses 8 100ths (.08) of its weight in the process. The process of refining is by solution in an equal weight of spring or river water, which is raised quickly to a boiling heat, and, after four or five hours, allowed to cool; when it is filtered through canvas bags previous to being poured into copper pans for crystallization. A second purification is necessary, precisely similar to the first, but with a reduced proportion of water, the nitre being to the water as 14 to 10; after which all remaining water is expelled by fusion, and the crystallized nitre will have a delicate white appearance.

The principle of this purification is founded on the greater solubility of nitre in hot than in cold water; 100 parts of water dissolved 236 parts at 207 degrees, and only 29 at 64 degrees; whereas nitrate of lime is a deliquescent salt, and therefore retained in the menstruum after the crystallization of the nitre. *Sulphur* is purified sufficiently for gunpowder, simply by a double process of fusion in gun-metal pots, by a gentle heat, for about four hours, and loses 1-10th in the refining.

Charcoal is the woody fibre that remains after the liquid and more volatile parts of the wood have been educted by fire in the process of charring, which process is now usually conducted in iron cylinders instead of charcoal pits, as formerly, as the charcoal thus produced is found to be less contaminated with foreign mixtures; the wood, when properly charred, loses about 5-7ths, of its weight: the liquid products which are drawn off are coal tar, and pyroligneous acid.

The most valuable woods for charcoal are the black dog-wood, the alder, and that known in Europe as the Dutch white willow. Charcoal is best for gunpowder when newly made from seasoned wood: its goodness is an essential point in the quality of gunpowder. It should be perfectly charred, exhibiting throughout its section the same appearance, *either dead black or shining*, according to the nature of the wood; quite soft and free from extraneous particles, so as not to scratch polished metal; when in combustion, it should give out no smoke, and, when tested in boiling distilled water, should exhibit no alkali. It is also to be observed that charcoal, if stored or intended for transport, should be separated in small quantities of 2 or 3 cwt, as it has been ascertained that when subject to friction, or the pressure of a large quantity in a mass, spontaneous combustion takes place. For the manipulation of gunpowder, the above ingredients are reduced to the fineness of impalable powder, and the proportions above given merely mixed together in a tub or small barrel, before being placed in the incorporating cylinder mill, in charges of 42lbs. each, moistened by two or three pints of water, as the temperature or humidity of the atmosphere may influence it. In new work, each charge requires to be three and a half hours in process of incorporation, and this period, consequently, regulates the quantity of gunpowder which can be manufactured by one incorporating mill. But it is much to be considered, whether by a greater degree of manipulation in the mixing tub, a shorter time for each charge would not suffice under the cylinders of the incorporating mill, and thus produce, without compromising the thoroughly close and compact combination of the elementary particles, a much greater quantity of gunpowder in a given time.

The mill may be worked by any description of power provided the speed be duly regulated; but the cylinders or runners cannot safely be made to revolve more than eight times a minute. Formerly the runners and beds were ordinarily of compact limestone or marble, but cast-iron is now used with safety, provided the gudgeons work in gun metal. The runners or cylinders are six feet in diameter, and about eighteen inches thick, and should weigh about three tons each. The circular bed in which they travel is about seven feet in diameter. The thorough incorporation and combination of the elementary parts of the ingredients are most essential in good gunpowder. The operation is one of tact, and requires experience to judge of its sufficiency, the practical indication of which is a uniform grayness of appearance, and a liveliness of the composition during the latter part of the process. The incorporated material is termed millcake, and is then subjected to a pressure of about 75 tons per superficial foot, in Bramah's hydrostatic press, or by a powerful mechanical power, by which it is brought into a much harder substance called press cake; after which it is crushed between toothed rollers of different successive ganges, or broken by wooden mallets into small pieces, which are put into parchment sieves in a frame suspended at the corners, to which a shaken motion is given. Each sieve has in it two pieces of lignum-vitæ, which by the motion given to the frame, continue to crush the powder until it be of a size to pass through the holes which are pierced in the parchment, of the size required for the gunpowder, into hair cloth sieves, which retain the grained powder, and allow the dust to pass through. The powder is then glazed, *i. e.*, placed for 1½ hours in a canvas cylinder or a large cask, which is made to perform about forty revolutions per minute, by which process of abrasion of the grains the angular points are broken off, and the grains acquire roundness as well as smoothness and polish of surface. *The operations of pressing and glazing do not impart strength or propelling force to the powder*, but give an equal degree of density to the grains and a polish to their surface which render the powder less susceptible of absorbing moisture, and more competent to withstand the shaking and friction of carriage.

The next operation in the manufacture of powder is the drying it thoroughly by a degree of heat, of not less than 140 or 150 degrees of Fahrenheit, either in a gloom stove, or by a temperature raised by means of steam, so as effectually to drive off all remaining humidity, which the charcoal may have induced or any deliquescent impurity that might accidentally be still in combination with the saltpetre. In the ordinary process of manufacturing powder above described, the practical results are 8-9ths large grained, and 1-9th fine grained; and this proportion proves to be the average consumption used in war. The construction of the buildings of a gunpowder manufactory has hitherto been principally of wood: but, besides, that material, when dry and seasoned, is of itself combustible, experience has shown that its pores, as well as the connection of the framing of the building, become so impregnated with the dust, and liable to the lodgment of particles of powder, as to be highly inflammable and explosive; and therefore each building of wood is not only extremely liable to accident of that nature, but the ignited materials of an exploded building extend the danger to all parts of the establishment.

To remedy such a dangerous mode of construction is a subject of much interest to the engineer; and it is suggested that the buildings be slight sheds of the best bricks, built with cement, having brick piers at the angles or jambs, to support the roof, which would be flat, with sides forming a shallow cistern, so that any ignited matter falling on it would be extinguished. Some establishments have also small cisterns immediately over the powder undergoing the different processes of manipulation, so that on any alarm the quantity in operation may be immediately immersed by the person attending it. The building should be lined with painted floor-cloth, a surface easily kept clean, and strong enough to prevent accidental damage from a blow, and less liable to degradation than plastering.

The buildings should be amply furnished with lightning conductors, and should be separated as much as possible by earthen and chalk traverses, formed at an easy slope, and planted; and the manufactory grounds should be intersected by rows of trees, so as to afford natural impediments to the extension of mischief from any partial explosion.

The Wages of Labor.

NO class of society is treated with as great injustice, and so little consideration, as the workingmen. They are generally regarded as mere drudges, whose services are at the command of any employer, to whom they should feel grateful for the privilege of working hard all day, to be requited at night with a pittance of bread. We are so accustomed to see the mechanic, the artisan, and the laborer, at their daily task, that we forget the potent agency they exert in the great advance of civilization and improvement. We boast of our canals and railroads, our splendid mansions and public edifices, our fashionable clothes, fine linens, and agricultural productions ; and yet seldom turn even a passing glance to the men whose heads devised, and whose hands completed them. Warriors, statesmen, and authors engross the attention of the world ; while the humble workingman, albeit he may be engaged in erecting St. Peter's, or the Capitol, toils on in silence unheeded. This may be natural, but it is unjust. We propose to offer a few remarks on the present condition of the workingmen in this country. We desire to be understood to mean all those persons who earn their subsistence by their physical labor. We make no offensive distinctions between "bosses and hands." We shall speak of classes only, not of the sub-divisions of these classes. Ever since God condemned our first parent to earn his bread by the "sweat of his brow," mankind have been compelled to obey the decree. At least nine-tenths of every civilized nation have been from the beginning workingmen. They are so now. They must be so forever.

We scarcely take up a newspaper in which we do not find an account of a "strike," among the laboringmen, in some part of the country. These *strikes* are not confined to any particular trade, occupation, or employment. They comprehend all. We enquire into the cause, and what do we find it to be? Is it the cupidity of the workingmen, or the niggardly parsimony of their employers? It is neither. It is found in the flourishing condition of the country. The gold fields of California and Australia have furnished a stimulus to the trade and prosperity of the world, which has imparted to everything a vigorous, forward movement. The value of property of all kinds has increased, so likewise has the expense of living; and while these things have taken place, why should not the wages of labor keep pace with them?

There is no reason why the laboring men should be excluded from a share of the general prosperity. The wages of labor cannot, of course, be fixed at any absolute rate, because they must be graduated according to the price and value of all other commodities. In a country where one dollar would purchase as much of provisions and clothing as five dollars would in another, it would be obviously wrong for a laboring man to demand the same compensation as he would be entitled to in the other. The great question for consideration now is, whether the rates of wages which have been paid for some years past are just and equal, in the present condition of things? Do they bear the same relative proportion to everything else as they did when they were established? And did they sustain a fair proportion when they were originally fixed? These questions are to be answered upon a careful examination of the relative value of property, the cost of supporting families, and all other incidental expenses of life. We do not profess to be able to solve them in a satisfactory manner.

"Strikes," as they are denominated, or combinations of workingmen, to obtain an increase of wages, have been common, throughout the history of the world. We need not go beyond the strike of Wat Tyler, some six centuries ago in England, for a prominent example. Sometimes these strikes have occurred without a reasonable cause, but generally they have been justifiable. It is a fact, attested by all experience, that men who work for others are subject to the caprices of those who employ them. Each man, individually, must accept of such wages, and take such fare, as the employers choose to give. He has one method of redress only ; and that is, to induce all others engaged in the same occupation to unite in refusing to labor, except on such terms as they mutually deem fair and right. If workingmen must have food, those who employ them must have their labor, and thus necessity ameliorates their condition. It is seldom, indeed, that employers have voluntarily augmented the pay of those who toiled for them. Wages, like liberty, have most generally had to be wrenched from

those who grasped them by a strong hand. The many, who worked for the few, in early times were slaves. To a great extent, they are practically so still, in every other country but ours. Here they are freemen, with the right of claiming all that is due to them, in this exalted character. The workingman of this country is a public benefactor, and deserves the highest honor. He prostrates the forest; he levels the hills; he erects our cities; he constructs our railroads and canals; he builds our vessels; he plants and reaps our fields; in a word, he is fast making our nation greater than ancient Rome, or any in modern Europe. When we look forth at the situation of our laboring-class, it is gratifying to perceive how comfortable, how independent, how enlightened they are. They are the true "bone and sinew" of the nation, our glory in peace, our right arm of strength in war. We shall at all times rejoice in their prosperity, and be ready to vindicate their rights.

A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

WE have read with deep interest the manuscript pages of a work bearing the above title, written by a lady, which is to be published soon. The writer has kindly permitted us to copy the Introduction, and four chapters taken at random from the book. We commend them to the attention of our readers, as containing the most striking view of the subject of American slavery that has ever fallen within our notice.

The book when it appears will make a sensation.

The clear and comprehensive knowledge it displays, its cogent reasoning, withering sarcasm, brilliant wit, and graphic irresistible ridicule, render it the most terrific scourging of such flimsy, trashy abolition writers as Mrs. Stowe, that ever was administered by mortal pen. We can give no adequate idea of the admirable plot, or of the adroit skill with which the story is conducted.

We must let the book speak for itself. In the meantime the following extracts will serve to shadow forth the spirit, knowledge, and vigorous style of the author:

Introduction.

The consequences resulting from the existence of negro slavery, in a portion of the States of this Union, have for several years past been daily assuming a degree of importance, in the opinion of those who are accustomed to investigate the question carefully, which is well calculated to awaken apprehensions in the firmest and boldest minds. As our confederacy has extended its domain to the South and West, the vigilant jealousy of foreign Powers has become so aroused as to prevent them from concealing their chagrin and alarm. Great Britain, France, and other governments are on the alert and watching our advancing steps in all quarters with the eyes of Argus. They believe Cuba is destined to fall into our hands, and they fear St. Domingo may possibly share the same fate. They are too clear-sighted not to perceive that in such an event the United States becomes the monopolist of nearly all the valuable products of slave labor in those islands. Sugar, cotton, and coffee must henceforth be purchased from us. While these islands remain the property of their present feeble possessors, the great Powers feel no uneasiness on the subject; for they neither can become rivals, nor extricate themselves from the influence of their more potent neighbors. Let them be transferred however to the United States, and the danger becomes instant and appalling. The policy of Great Britain towards the slaves in her islands, has rendered these possessions comparatively worthless. She is already tributary for a large portion of her own supplies—once her own products—to foreign markets. France is in no better condition. This nation alone commands the trade, supplied by the slave labor of this continent. Hence it is obvious, for this end, that slavery is the great element of our power. When we acquired Texas, California, and New Mexico, the world resounded with *anathemas* against our insatiable ambition. We are censured in advance for our "piratical" spirit of aggrandizement in the West Indies. We shall be thus vilified, do what we may. Our country has just passed through a fiery ordeal of anti-slavery agitation at home, but patriotism and devotion to the Union triumphed, and our glory escaped without a stain. The contest is not yet over. It is to be revived, in a new form. Slavery is to be denounced as "unconstitutional;" the State legislatures are to be petitioned and invoked to come to the rescue; the Senate of the United States, "is to be filled with rabid abolitionists; all other offices and considerations are to become subservient to this; the judiciary is to be packed and tampered with; and from this high citadel of the constitution is a more fatal assault to be directed against the institution of slavery, on which the prosperity and very existence of the Southern States depend. Should such a movement be even partially successful, its baneful influence on the interests of these States can hardly be foreseen. How far their fertile fields are to relapse into wastes, their happy people to be beggared, and their slaves themselves are to be condemned to a life of pillage or starvation, is beyond the reach of human ken.

The abolition society abroad, and their allies amongst us, are regardless of the evils that might ensue. If the former could see our national power crushed, and our march to great-

ness arrested in mid career, their object would be achieved. They would rejoice to behold our liberated slaves, innumerable as the locusts of Egypt, "eating out our substance," or when they became discontented, as want and vice soon would make them, to find in them fit instruments in the hands of foreign instigators to devastate our country with all the horrors that follow in the train of servile wars. In such a state of things, there could be no middle course--the white or the black race must be exterminated or expelled.

Yet we have among us Americans, who are aiding this nefarious scheme forward with the most intemperate zeal. They visit Europe, to keep up an active communication with her abolition agitators; some of them write books, to calumniate their countrymen, and deeming the truth too tame for their purposes, invent false and highly-wrought pictures of outrages upon slaves that never occurred, and of wrongs inflicted on them that never happened, to display us before the gaze of mankind as the most unmitigated tyrants and oppressors that ever desecrated the earth. These books are puffed *usque ad nauseam*, by European editors and writers as "life-like pictures" of American slavery, when not one of these writers ever saw any other than a fugitive slave, and all are as ignorant of the true state of slavery in this country as of the inhabitants of the moon. Their inflated criticisms are recopied here, and these fictions, thus endorsed, pass for facts with the fanatical and the prejudiced.

The writer of these pages, herself a lady, deeply regrets that some of her own sex have lent themselves to this unworthy office, of traducing the institutions and citizens of their native land. Still more deeply does she feel the degradation which is evinced by these crocodile Niobes, who, while bewailing imaginary ills, are gloating over the thousands of substantial pelf they are receiving as the wages of their prostituted pens in this cause.

The authoress of this work is a native of a free State, but has resided for several years in various places in the South, and has had ample opportunity to become familiar with the treatment and condition of the slaves in that quarter of the union. The sketches she has given of slave life are in almost every instance the result of her own observation; and she appeals with confidence to all candid and impartial persons, who have lived or been in the southern States, for a confirmation of the truth of her representations. She has endeavored to write in a plain intelligible style, believing it to be more congenial to the taste of her readers than the negro gibberish and plantation slang which some other authors have thrust indiscriminately into the mouths of slaves and masters, on all occasions. The tone of feeling, and the general range of thought, which might be supposed to belong to the persons of whom she writes, is in all instances sought to be preserved.

The facts illustrative of the condition of the poor whites and free negroes of the non-slave holding States, are derived from the author's own observation, a thousand times made, with a pained and sinking heart. The statements in regard to the poor of Great Britain, are fully borne out by the reports of her poor law commissioners, and by volumes of evidence taken before committees of parliament. The deplorable destitution and misery of the emancipated negroes of Jamaica and St. Domingo, are obtained from the reports of those on the spot, whose veracity and accuracy are above all question.

The method adopted in this work, of presenting as an offset to the malevolent and distorted charcoal caricatures of the abolition agitators, recently scattered broadcast over the world, the real wretchedness and suffering, morally and physically, of the "lowly" portion of the white race, at their own very hearthstones, as well as those of the free negroes and the African tribes, is believed to be both legitimate and unanswerable.

I do not present the subject in this point of view, to prove that there may not be some practical evils attendant on slavery; but to show that whatever they may be, they are far exceeded by those under which a great proportion of the white race are doomed to drag out a hopeless life, in our free States, and in Europe. May not the South, with the highest justice, say to all who officiously interfere in her domestic affairs—"Look at home for objects of sympathy. Physician, heal thyself first, then offer to minister unto us, and we may hear thee!"

This book professes to have nothing to do with slavery in the abstract, but deals with it *practically*, as a fixed and recognized political institution which cannot be overthrown without entailing the most fatal evils on the master, as well as on the slave. That this is a great, incontrovertible fact, the history of the world from the beginning attests. The truth is mighty, it cannot be destroyed. I have endeavored to proclaim it with candor and fidelity, and now commit these sheets to the judgment of my country, without soliciting any indulgence from either critics or fanatics beyond that which justice is entitled to claim at every honest man's hands. Some interesting and valuable historical and statistical information will be found in the appendix, which will repay a careful perusal.

THE AUTHOR.

Washington, February, 1853.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Apostles of Liberty.

There is a beautiful quiet little village, in the interior of Pennsylvania, situated a few hours' ride from the city of Philadelphia, which has been for several years somewhat distinguished as the place of meeting for those zealous champions of human liberty, who have taken the cause of fugitive slaves into their especial keeping. No railroads or telegraph wires have ever disturbed the tranquility that usually reigns within its orderly precincts. Magistrates, constables, police officers, and all those classes of suspicious persons, who are prying into the misdeeds of their fellow men, have

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here very little to do, and indeed seldom honor it with their visits. The citizens of the town, and of the surrounding country are, for the most part, "Friends" or Quakers, and dwell together in becoming harmony and kindness. Left to themselves, they would take very little share in the affairs of the world at large; but being naturally shrewd, calculating, and *friendly* to the unfortunate, they have been easily stimulated to participate in acts and scenes not quite tolerated by the laws. Their secluded position has made the place a much coveted council ground for the crafty and mischievous leaders of the abolition agitators. On a certain day in the month of May, 185–, several carriages and snug little Quaker wagons were seen to enter the town, and distribute some dozen or more strange men and women among two or three of the principal dwellings. Let us in the evening walk into the house of "Friend" Zebedee Wardwell, and see what is taking place therein. Here we find the worthy gentleman himself, a tall, spare, demure looking personage, with gray hair, and sitting about in the back parlor, a goodly number of persons, wearing the neat and trim dress peculiar to the followers of Penn, and the strangers who had arrived that day among them. At the moment of our entrance we find the worthy host in the act of introducing an individual, who had just come in, to his friends, Garrison, Phillips, Douglass and Ward—the two latter "colored gentlemen," and to several others, three of whom wore the garb of ladies. Although the latter have since rendered most effective aid as writers and orators to the cause of liberty, we forbear to disclose their names. "We have visited your noble town once more," said the editor of the 'Liberator,' "to invoke your assistance in the execution of a mighty project we have devised for the emancipation of the poor manacled, bleeding, and heart-broken slaves of the South. It is now clear that we may write, print and preach in their behalf at the North till doomsday, yet it will not rend a single fetter from their limbs We must *act*, not *talk;* and thus only can we reach the slave-owner. The North fears us, the South despises us. It is high time we corrected the erroneous opinions of both. Let us snatch the victim from beneath the lash, and thus can we demonstrate our strength and our earnestness to both sections of the country. The slave States will be on fire, they will denounce the whole of the free States as our accomplices; this will exasperate many, and all of this description will be our gain. The times are propitious, the 'free soil' *mania* will come to our aid, and although the Union will be shaken and possibly rent asunder—so let it be, while our hand deals the fatal blow. Let us quit idle talking, and begin the higher task of showing the wretched slaves the road to freedom. We must send adroit agents along the whole slave frontier—to induce as many as possible to flee from the house of iniquity. If necessary, we must *steal them!* God will hallow the deed, and shower blessings on the heads of all who labor in the glorious work of liberation. Will you aid us as you have done before, and struggle to right the wrongs of the oppressed?" He had hardly concluded, when Fred Douglass leaped to his feet, and with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, exclaimed, "Yes, *steal* the slave, and *kill* the master if necessary God *wills it*, and it shall be done. I say if Washington, that hypocritical *canter* of freedom and practiser of oppression, was still living, I would be one to drive a dagger into his heart, to secure liberty to even one of his unhappy slaves!!! It is said the Bible justifies slavery: trample it under your heel!!! It is said the federal constitution sanctions it: that instrument is a compact with hell, and should be burned by the common hangman. I am ready to offer myself for this work. I have felt the stripes—they now burn upon my back, and will continue to sear me to the bone, till the fire is quenched in the blood of those who inflicted the outrage. Speak out, men of peace, are ye ready to go to war, for the freedom of your fellowmen?"

One of the ladies here arose, and in a gentle persuasive tone, deprecated the resort to blood. She said she hoped no such terrible alternative would occur; but if it does, let us pray to God to direct us how to act. She felt as strongly as either of her noble brother apostles of liberty, the foul wrong of slavery; but let us be "wise as serpents, yet harmless as doves." Let us not reject the Bible, or burn the Constitution, for both, properly understood, uphold our cause. They are powerful props, let us not cast them away. She was in favor of the method of proceeding suggested, and would do all in her feeble power to render it effectual. Although she would not herself *steal*, she would endeavor to immortalize those who did. She would perhaps write a book some day, to consecrate their generous deeds in behalf of the lowly and forgotten. She added, the name of Washington is held sacred by his countrymen, and it is bad policy to assail it. The cause will be seriously injured by such a course. The two colored gentlemen here muttered audibly, "we owe him nothing." "He did not set us free." These well-timed observations of the lady were like oil poured upon the troubled waters. The excitement subsided, and the consultation went quietly on. The "Friends" retired for conference, and in about an hour returned. Zebedee was spokesman, and delivered the following short and pithy address: "We agree to assist you. We have done much and can still do more. This very evening one of our most crafty and enterprising agents has returned with two fine looking fugitives from Maryland. These complete the number of twenty he has led to freedom." "Where is he with his *protegés?*" exclaimed the whole assemblage at once. Zebedee opened the door and said, "Enoch Sharp, come forth with thy two redeemed captives." As he spoke, a person rather tall and slim, with sandy complexion, small keen lynx eyes, in a rusty-genteel suit of black, entered, leading in each hand a strapping negro strong as Samson, and black as ebony, who trembled and hesitated, as if they feared some man trap was about to be sprung upon them. Enoch was congratulated and embraced

by the whole party, and his two negroes received, as if they had just descended from on high. This exploit was soon explained by the cunning Enoch. He had been teaching a small school in the neighborhood of their master's residence, and readily found means to *teach* these oppressed sons of Africa to shake off their chains, and come to a land of freedom. "Very well," said Zebedee, "I will take them to the farm and set them at work, till the *hunt* for them is over." The scheme of liberation above suggested was fully laid before Enoch, and he approved of it in a moment. He said, laughing, that he must change his vocation and his scene of action. He had played the parts of preacher, doctor, and schoolmaster; he thought he would now embrace the calling of book pedler, and take a trip down the Ohio river, as far as Louisville, or into that vicinity. He proceeded to offer some advice rendered needful by this extended system of operations, and among other things urged that a large supply of "market wagons," with false bottoms, which would carry and conceal five or six persons each, should be prepared, and a line of these vehicles be established as far as into the State of Ohio. His plans were sanctioned, arrangements completed to send him, and four or five assistants, to act under his supervision on this great work of liberation, and the assemblage broke up, devoutly thankful that the first step in the career of "private emancipation" was taken under auspices as bright and cheering as could be desired.

Before these coadjutors departed they placed a considerable sum of money in the hands of friend Zebedee, to meet pressing contingencies; and assured him that whenever more was required it would be forthcoming at his call. They hinted to him that zealous philanthropists abroad would not see the cause languish for want of pecuniary aid. Zebedee "set his house in order," preparatory to the expected arrivals of the fugitives, directed to his paternal care by Enoch Sharp; and in a few weeks it was fitted up to conceal and keep for months, in security, any number that could be seduced, wheedled, or stolen from the "Egyptian bondage" of Southern slavery. Picket guards were stationed to watch every approach to the place, so that neither slave-catcher nor constable could arrive without timely notice to be ready for his reception.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Peep into Uncle Tom's cabin.

On the bank of one of those delightful little sparkling streams that fall into the Ohio river, on the southern side, near the boundary line of Virginia and Kentucky, a few miles from its mouth, stands a large, commodious and genteel stone dwelling-house, in the midst of trees of various kinds, shrubbery, and brilliant flowers, of all hues and species. The large yard, or park, surrounding it, is enclosed by a neat and tasteful white picket fence, and the gravel walks that thread the grounds in every direction are alike fantastic and beautiful, and swept clean and smooth as a parlor floor. The valley is bewitching to the eye as the Vale of Tempe, the rolling hills that bound it are picturesque in the highest degree, and the amphitheatre of mountains in the distance lift their blue heads into the region of the clouds. Horses, cattle, and sheep are browsing in the green meadows within sight, or lazily combating the swarms of flies that tease them, in the shade of the old giant trees upon the hills. A herd of deer might be noticed gaily skipping on the lawn, and giving their white tails to the breeze, in sportive frolic. Peacocks, and various other kinds of birds, are wandering among the trees, or perching on their branches; and two majestic swans, convoyed by some dozens of chattering geese and ducks, are gracefully amusing themselves in a pond of some dimensions, formed by the streamlet of which we have spoken.

About one hundred yards below this edifice may be seen, dimly glancing through the foliage of the trees, a long row of neat little white framed cottages, with green doors and window-blinds; and attached to each a fine garden-plat, in the highest state of cultivation, consisting of nearly an acre of excellent ground. The little cottage nearest the dwelling is larger than the rest, and boasts a garden which for neatness and usefulness cannot be surpassed. The substantial vegetables for the table are abundant and flourishing; and roses, jasmines, and other flowers of the most dazzling colors, blush along the fences and walks, and around the windows of the cottage. This tenement consists of two good-sized rooms, comfortably furnished, and as tidy and cheerful in its appearance as the most fastidious housewife could possibly wish. There is a square space in front of the door, as even, and almost as solid, as if paved with polished marble, the use of which will appear hereafter. A small clock, a Bible, a hymn book, and a well-used violin were ranged on a little shelf over the "parlor" fireplace. We shall take a *peep* into this cabin in due season.

It is the 4th day of July, 185–, a little before noon. The day is bright; the balmy breath of the hills is invigorating and pleasant; the heavy dull booming of the cannon, in the neighboring town, comes echoing up the valley, reminding all who heard it of the glorious event it was fired to commemorate. A man in a small one-horse vehicle, arranged with a sort of case of drawers, that might contain books or other articles, drives up the main road to the top of a hill, opposite the house we have been describing; and catching a glimpse of the lovely spot halted, and gazed upon it with silent admiration. Let us survey him for a moment. He was rather tall and lean, and his sandy hair was cropped close to his skull. His eyes were gray, small, sharp, restless, and fixed deeply in his head. The expression of his mouth was crafty and sinister, and betokened the possession of no small share of that oily eloquence which can lead confiding ignorance and honesty astray. He was evidently a demure, shrewd, and unscrupulous man. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, and brown linen coat and panta-

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loons. He broke into a soliloquy: "Splendid place! Something going on here! Lots of niggers, all in their holiday rig, too. Must go and see; they may want some religious books at that house; or if they do not, I may want some of their blackies. Eh! bad business when Enoch Sharp cannot drive a trade." So saying, he turned his sorrel mare's head towards the front gate, and drove across the bottom of the valley. He was met, as soon as he reached it, by a smiling, happy negro boy, about 15 years old, who invited him to ride in, and said, "Massa begs the gentleman to 'light, and rest himself and his hoss." "What is your master's name?" inquired Enoch, with some curiosity. "Oh, you don't know him?" replied the juvenile darkie; "why, 't is Col. Vernon." "Ah!" whispered Enoch to himself, "the very place I was in pursuit of: I heard of the old fellow down on the river. An easy master; his slaves are under little restraint. A fine field for a man of my genius." Again the boy remarked, "Shall I take your hoss, massa, while you go up to de house?" "Very well," answered Enoch, casting him the reins of his jaded nag. Then musing, as he walked along, he mentally said, "Now, Enoch Sharp, *sharpen* your wits, and brighten your craft and deception; but wait a moment, my name and my vocation go together; I will assume one that is appropriate to my business; I will don the livery of an old friend and crony of mine, Jonathan Doolittle, of Vermont, itinerant vendor of religious and school books, and general agent to obtain subscribers for a ladies' magazine. This will do, and so forward to the breach."

As he approached the house he observed, in one of the beautiful avenues protected from the sun's rays by the overhanging boughs of the trees on both sides, a long table laid, with seats all round it, and literally groaning under the weight of roast turkeys, pigs, hams, and rounds of beef, which an English fox-hunting squire of the last century would have envied, together with such accessories of good things as are seldom seen at public feasts. Huge bowls of lemonade, barrels of cider, and bottles of sparkling table beer, were strewn about in profusion. Some two hundred negroes, neatly and cleanly clad, were busily engaged in arranging things; and as his quick glance marked all these indications, he exclaimed, "A Fourth of July dinner, by Jove! I am lucky, and in time." He had by this time come within a few paces of the broad open verandah of the house, and saw, for the first instant, several gentlemen and ladies assembled there, and apparently watching with lively interest the proceedings of the negroes around the table. A stout square-built gentleman, with iron-gray hair, and a calm, gentle, but firm expression of face, arose, as he advanced, and came forward to meet him. "You are welcome," said Col. Vernon, (for it is this gentleman who stands before us,) "to a plain Virginia mansion, on this great day of our national birth. Though not enjoying the pleasure of your acquaintance, you are not the less cordially received." This latter remark was put in rather an interrogative tone, which Enoch, or Jonathan as we shall now call him, comprehended in a flash. "I am a thousand times obliged to you for your kindness," he replied, "and will tell you at once to whom you have extended your generous hospitality. My name is Jonathan Doolittle, of Vermont, now on a trip in these parts as an itinerant vendor of religious and school books, and general agent to obtain subscriptions for a fashionable ladies' magazine. Your delightful house attracted my attention from yonder hill-top, and I made bold to call. I shall be happy to supply any of the wants of your family in my line of trade."

An elderly lady, of extremely genteel appearance, and with a bland, intellectual cast of countenance, accompanied by several beautiful young ladies, came forward, and said they would be pleased to examine his stock of books, and a sample of his ladies' magazine. The books were accordingly brought into the back parlor, and while Jonathan is displaying their gilt backs and illuminated pages to the ladies, let us bestow a few moments' attention on the three gentlemen who are sitting in front, under the shade. They are Col. Vernon, Major Johnson, and Judge Carberry, the owners of the three contiguous plantations hard by. They were all of nearly the same age, about sixty years old, and had been brought up and lived neighbors from boyhood together. Their fathers had emigrated from eastern Virginia into that savage country, in its early settlement, and had often fought shoulder to shoulder in defence of those fields which now their sons tilled in peace. They had received as good an education as could be obtained in that country, and had each alternately been members of the legislature, of the county courts, and officers of the militia, and the latter (Judge Carberry) held a high judicial station. Differing in personal appearance, in tastes, and in intellectual qualities, they still all agreed in mutual attachment to each other, and in their humane treatment of their slaves. The lady whom we have just seen was the excellent wife of Col. Vernon, the young ladies the daughters of his two visitors, both of whom were widowers. Having selected some books the ladies returned to the place occupied by the gentlemen, in company with Jonathan, and after displaying their purchases resumed their seats. "I think I heard you state," said Judge Carberry, addressing Jonathan, "that you came from Vermont?" "I did, sir," he replied. "I am glad of it," added the judge, "for you can now witness a little of the cruelty which slave-owners are reproached with inflicting on their negroes. You have little love for slavery in Vermont, I believe." "Indeed you are right," said Jonathan, "a slave-holder would be as good a show as Tom Thumb in some of the dingles of the Green Mountains." The whole company laughed at this sally, and Judge Carberry proceeded: "You see these preparations for celebrating the Fourth of July; they are all specially designed for the negroes that belong to us three old 'man stealers.' For thirty years we have been in the habit of giving our negroes, at one

or the other of our houses, on this day, a similar feast, a holiday, some presents, and a ball. Last year it was my friend Johnson's turn, this year Col. Vernon's, and next year it will be mine. On this day our negroes are as free as we are, and far more happy. We are to have a negro wedding, besides a ball. Remain and witness the scenes, and when you return to Vermont report us truly to your friends." Jonathan willingly acquiesced, but remarked, if he were to tell his neighbors what he saw they would not credit one word he said. An hour passed on in this general strain of conversation among the respective parties, when Col. Vernon directed the stars and stripes to be run up on a lofty old oak, that "reared its gnarled trunk on high." This was the signal for dinner; and the negroes, to the number of about two hundred, of all sizes and ages, quietly and respectfully took their seats. Each of the three gentlemen whom we have described took their stands, at different parts of the table, to witness and enjoy the hilarity of "their people." At the head of the table was stationed a fine broad-shouldered negro, formed in the mould of Hercules, and possessing a face of much intelligence, mildness, and determination. His eye was large, lustrous and benevolent; his complexion as black as that of his African sires. He was a little over fifty years of age, and from the deference shown him was obviously the presiding spirit of the festivities. "Tom," said Col. Vernon, "you are the master here to-day; proceed in your own way, no one will dictate or interfere." Bowing to his master, the negro we have described rose from his seat, extended his hand, and in a clear melodious voice said, "Let us say grace." The whole assemblage, old and young, at once imitated his example, and stood in an attitude of gratitude and humility, with eyes bent upon the ground. The gentlemen all uncovered their heads, and listened with the most reverent attention. "Almighty Father!" proceeded Tom, "we thank thee for thy goodness and loving kindness to us on this great day. Thy bounties spread before us, make our hearts glad and grateful. We thank thee that thou hast remembered thy poor and unhappy people, in this their day of debasement, and that when almost ready to faint and fall by the way thou liftest them up with thy hand, and bearest them in thy bosom. We thank thee for thy promise of redemption, through the blood of thy blessed Son; and for the rest which we shall find when thou callest all thy children, of all lands and colors, home to glory, with thee in heaven. Bless, we pray thee, our good masters, and all their households. Return them a thousand fold their kindness and charity to us, their poor unworthy servants. Bless this great country, whose laws protect us, according to our condition, whose prosperity enables our masters to be generous to us, and the spirit of whose people daily manifests their sympathy and benevolence in behalf of the poor and the wretched. Inspire the hearts of all those in our state of life with contentment and submission to the decrees of thy great judgment, and render them willing to abide thy coming—for the hour of enfranchisement. Bless the flag that waves over our heads! Uphold it in triumph and in glory! and may it never be struck to any conqueror! Amen." These words of Tom produced a deep impression on all who heard them, and every negro took his seat in solemn silence.

"Let us be happy and cheerful," cried Tom; "here are cider, beer, and lemonade, to moisten your throats; there is plenty, everyone help himself and his neighbors." Justice was done to all the good things, eatables and drinkables; and in a short time the most perfect satisfaction prevailed over all the feasters. Jokes were perpetrated, stories told, songs sung, toasts drunk—many of them quaint enough—and, at length, all terminated in the most agreeable manner. Col. Vernon and his friends were delighted, and even Jonathan confessed he had never supposed that slaves celebrated the Fourth of July like white men before. He added, "that fellow Tom is wonderful, he prays like a bishop." "You have not misjudged him," said Col Vernon; "he has been for years my overseer, during which time he has never struck a blow, or suffered any of my interests to be neglected. He is a pattern of true fidelity, and in his religious earnestness and sincerity may put to shame many a bishop, however fair his skin. A few years ago I sustained heavy losses, by endorsing for a friend, and I feared my property was about to be sacrificed. A Louisiana planter offered me a high price for Tom; the money would have greatly relieved me, and I confess, with humiliation, I was half inclined to sell him; but some of my neighbors, who knew his value and heard of the offer, came forward, and said they would pay double the sum he would sell for in the South. I resolved to keep him. I did so, and have long since paid off all demands against me. Valuable servants, like Tom, will bring far more here, where they are known, than they will in the South, where they are not known. We sell no negroes to the South but runaways, or those whose conduct is exceedingly reprehensible. Abolitionists tell other stories, which are sheer fabrications." "Indeed," said Jonathan; "how you Southern people are calumniated and misunderstood!"

The negroes all congregated in the large parlor of Col. Vernon's mansion, to witness the marriage between Maj. Johnson's favorite servant Sam and Mrs. Vernon's chambermaid Hetty, the youngest child of Uncle Tom and Aunt Sukey. Custom has established a law on this subject of slave marriages, which public opinion respects as much as if it was the result of positive enactment. Sam, a fine strapping young negro, about twenty-five years of age, was dressed like a colored gentleman, and Hetty, a comely little black damsel, with round shining eyes, looked very interesting in her white bridal robe. Uncle Tom and Aunt Sukey, of whom her daughter seemed the counterpart, stood forth to give her away. The gentlemen and ladies we have been noticing were present, and saw the cere-

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mony performed. The cake was cut and parcelled out; the oranges, fruits, and ice-cream, not forgetting the wine, were handed round, and the whole party, in high spirits, adjourned to Tom's cottage, or cabin, to open the dance. The bride and groom, arm-in-arm, preceded by Tom and Sukey, walked gaily down the avenue to the ball-room, in front of Tom's door.

"Uncle Tom, uncle Tom," shouted fifty voices at once, "now for dat ole fiddle, dat can make de music speak!" "My children and friends," said Tom, with grave emotion, "I do not know whether or not it is right to fiddle and dance for pleasure, but David danced, and so did some others spoken of in the Holy Scripture, and I 'spose it cannot be very wrong; I loved it in my days of wickedness, and cannot deny you the pleasure I used to enjoy." So speaking, he took down his venerable violin from alongside of his Bible, and after tuning it carefully, began to make it indeed "*speak music.*" The little square plot in front of his door was soon alive with dancers, "tripping the light fantastic toe;" and Tom, with his soul absorbed in the tones of his fiddle, beat time—head, feet, hands and body all yielding to the inspiring strains. Paganini, or Ole Bull, might have played with deeper science and more elaborate skill, but neither of them with feelings more rapt than his. The dancers caught the spirit, those who stood round were moved by its sway, and never did hours fly by so unheeded and so happily.

The dance is over—the dancers have dispersed—the old violin has resumed its place on the shelf—the Bible is on the table before Tom in his cabin, and aunt Sukey sits gazing at him, with pride and veneration. "I say, Tom, what a pity you was not born white." "What good would dat do?" replied he. "What a preacher you would hab made, like him, dat dey call Paul in de Testament.—" "No, No," answered Tom, "God did not mean it, or I would hab been white." "Dat am true, I did not tink of it." "Nine o'clock, by dat little tickler up dar! Well Sukey, we am alone, —last child married and gone—God am good, however, we can lib happy—enough to eat, drink, and wear—kind master and mistress—and got each other to lub.—" At that moment, a tap came at the door. "Come in," cried Tom—The door partially opened, and our old friend Enoch, *alias* Jonathan, appearing, said, he had ventured to "take a peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin," and hoped he did not intrude. "Welcome," quoth Tom, "walk in." "I have been delighted and astonished to day," proceeded Jonathan, "at the spectacle I have witnessed—slaves celebrating the Fourth of July—it is curious. The declaration of independence did not give you your freedom, the laws of the country enthrall you, its flag does not protect you, how can you rejoice?" "Oh! we have all we want, we are happy," rejoined Tom. "No you are not!" exclaimed Jonathan, "you would be free, you would be your own master, your wife wants you *white*, why not go and live where your color is no disgrace?" "How can I?" said Tom. "I will lead you—I have led more than twenty already, to the land of liberty—you shall have work—you can make plenty of money—in a year or two, you can buy your wife, and then, you are no longer a slave. I will call in a few days, and take you, if you are ready to go." "Oh! Tom," exclaimed Sukey, "*go.*—" "Leave you, leave a good master, take my chance to be caught, or to be ill-treated among strangers! no, Sukey; it would be wicked, it would be madness." But the insidious poison had struck his heart—we shall see its effect. Tom's beautiful cabin seemed no longer his home.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Old Ben's story of early times.

Let us pay another visit to Sam and Hetty on the Red river. There we find them happy and contented as we left them; the only change in the family affairs being that Hetty has now a little Sukey, as a sister and play-fellow to little Tom. She is still more proud of the ebony face and laughing eye of its grandmother's namesake, than she was of the successor to the name of Uncle Tom. The time is evening—the last cotton boll of the season had been picked that day—the negroes had a dance and a frolic. About a dozen of them were capering about the quarters, singing in that inimitable style, which nothing but a "plantation negro" can imitate:

"To night we'll hab a dance,
To night we'll hab a dance,
And we'l dance by de light of de moon."

Sam and Hetty were there with their progeny, and called into the neat and comfortable cabin of old Ben to have a little philosophical chat. Ben was a character, a perfect oracle. He was about 80 years old, still hale and healthy; his complexion was a rich brown, indicating that though of pure negro blood, his ancestors had lived for several generations in this country. He had a prodigious memory, and a degree of shrewd sagacity, which is occasionally perceived in old negro slaves who have seen the world.—Ben had seen it in many phases, and enjoyed them all. He could read, and even write some; and although not what is called a "religious negro," he was honest and faithful as steel. Ben's dancing days were over, but his talking powers had increased. No "Old Salt" could beat him "*spinning yarns.*" It was of all things his delight to gather around him a dozen or two of attentive listeners, and tell them his "experience." This evening a number of the oldest and gravest negroes had convened with Sam and Hetty in his cabin to hear him "spatiate" on past times. The flood-gates of Ben's eloquence had been loosened by a drink of "old Bourbon," and refilling and lighting his corn-cob pipe, he exclaimed, "Phil! you young rascal," bring in another bench—sit down friends—and let us 'moralize,' as de preacher says, on de affairs of de world. I spose I might as well gib you de history of my own life. I will begin by repeating de lines of de good old song I used to sing, when people asked, "whar did you come from?"

"I was born on de Tomac river,
In de old Virginia State."—

"My master was a merchant, and migrated to New Orleans about sixty years ago. 'T was a small town then—muddy, sickly, and filled with Spaniards and Frenchmen. My master opened a store—traded wid de flat boats and raftmen, and I was his porter. Here I learned to read bills and signs. Got along well for some years, when de yaller feber came, and soon put massa in his grabe. Dey took me, put me in jail, and sold me to a cotton planter. He was a rough, wicked man, and used to be a pirate. He said he had killed fifty men and women. De day I was sold, a Guinea slave ship came up to de town, wid two hundred African slaves on board. Dey was all naked, except having a piece of old blanket tied round deir waist. Dey was brought up to auction, and all sold cheap. My new massa bought ten of dem, eight men and two women. Dey was all put in a gang wid me, and drove up de Mississippi ribber to massa's plantation. His name was Lespree; he had fifty negroes on de place, raising cotton and corn; but it looked old, going to ruin—de fences were all down—de windows all broke, and de shingles knocked off de roof of de house, all in spots. He tied us together wid trace chains, and drove us like oxen and mules. De Guinea negroes did not understand English, and looked savage and *skeered* as wild beasts. We went along, some howling, some singing, some crying; I tried *to pray*. 'Shut up,' thundered massa, 'no prayers here. God Almighty does not lib in dese parts; he left afore I came.' I was afeared, and did not know what to say—'Sing a song,' said he, with angry tone. I reflected what would please him, and began—

"At early dawn, de nigger wakes,
Puts on his old attire,
An thro' de fields, his way he takes,
To labor for no hire.
All nature smiles to see him grin,
When hoing ob de corn," &c. &c.

"'That's right,' said he, well pleased—'that's better than Watts' hymns, and similar vapid stuff. I'll make you boss, some day, Ben!' He took out a jug ob whiskey, and gab me a good pull. We soon got home. Dar was niggers hard at work. Two big nigger bosses Sambo and Mose, cracking de long whip across deir naked backs, when dey stopped to breathe. 'Push ahead,' cried Lespree—'keep em to it. How many niggers did you whip to-day?' 'All of em once, some twice,' sniggered Sambo. 'Faithful fellow!' patronizingly quoth the master, 'here is something to gladden your tender hearts,' handing dem de immortal jug. Here a tall quadroon woman came up, who had once been pretty, and seen better times, and gabe massa a good scolding. He seemed afeared ob her, and tried to make her keep quiet; she called him ebery name, and made him beg off like a boy cotched stealing watermelons. 'Gassy,' said he kindly, 'let us be friends;'' 'Shut up,' growled she, 'you hab brung a girl here, called Liney, to *cut me out*, and fill my place. I will kill you both; you know me.' Ole massa pirate got bodered, and promised to send Liney back to New Orleans, and restore Gassy to fabor. Dis made her look kind ob pleased, but her eye shined still. Dey went into de house, and I saw no more ob dem dat night. Next morning Liney was at de door, she was handsome quadroon gal, always crying in de room alone. I went to field to work; massa got mad, knocked me down, cut my head, tied my hands and feet, and put me in de barn for de night. Gassy come to see me like a good angel from Heben; gabe me water, told me dey would kill me, said she had seen massa burn ten negroes at de stake, all surrounded by black coals—murder two negro women in de swamp, and starve four to death in de garret of his house; deir ghosts was up dare yet, and gib his bloodhounds women and children to eat. She told me massa was drunk, asleep, and she had put an ax by de door to kill him; now was de time for me. I 'flected on it, tought it was wrong, and refused, and I stopped her too. Gassy and Liney growed close friends, and resolved dat Liney should not be massa's mistress, for she did not lobe him, and she had another lober down South. Dey prepared to run away, told it all to me. Dey took up in de ghost room bread, meat, water, provisions for a siege—box of spermaceti candles, lamp and jug of oil, and a hatful of locofoco matches. Dey started in de night, went down to swamp, took de water, and came back in de creek—walked up to de haunted chamber, struck a light, trimmed de lamp, lighted two candles, sat down to supper, and looked out of a big knot-hole to see massa with six bloodhounds and twenty neighbors, riding about de house, trying to catch em. De dogs barked and growled—put up deir tails—scented dem down to de swamp, but could not track em up stairs. De ghosts no doubt covered deir tracks, and prevented deir lamps and candles from shining tro' de cracks and knot-holes. Could see *out*, but could'nt see *in*. 'Snug as a bug in a rug,' Gassy and Liney libed like fighting cocks up stairs, and walked about in de night wid sheets on, like de best ghosts in de world. Dogs could'nt find deir tracks—ghosts don't make any. Massa whipped me for not telling him all about dem; but I kept mum, and in a few weeks de two quadroons made clean heels of de place, and run fairly off. Massa kept drunk all de time, for he sort of lobed Gassy, though she could frighten him at any time out of his wits, and at last he got to seeing blue monkeys, and men with asses heads on dem, and great moccasin snakes that hissed in his ears, 'Gassy, Gassy, Liney, Liney,' and wishing de debil had de quadroons, one night he died just to get away from his trouble. Ebery nigger on de place was glad, but Sambo and Mose; dey was bosses no longer. De neighbors came in, buried him on a little sand-hill, and said it was lucky he did not die on de gallows—all agreed dat whiskey or hemp was bound to get him. We were sold to different masters, I was sent agin to New Orleans. Gassy and Liney went to Boston, and cut a great figure in de cause of

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abolition, and used to attend de parties ob de white ladies, and tell de story ob deir sufferings and redemption. Young massa has a book dat tells all about it, wrote by a friend of deirs; but she made one grand mistake, she tells de people my name was 'Uncle Tom;' she says also dat massa had a fist as hard as a *sledge-hammer*, and which was made so by 'knocking down niggers.' Dis is not quite correct; for massa never used his fist to strike negroes, he always carried for dat purpose a stout hickory cudgel. It was far better, and more agreeable to his taste. I had a hard time wid massa Lespree, he was a sharp customer; but I believe de last ob de pirate race. He has been dead fifty years, let him rest in peace; dere will neber be such another master, unless de abolitionists raise him up from de grave to shine in books of fancy, and to show British sympathizers dat it is horrible to produce an inhuman master among slave-owners here equal to one of their parish beadles, those affectionate guardians of de poor. I fell into de hands ob a good massa—drove coach—played stevedore on de wharf, and had pleasant times. I was sold twice, and last time to our good ole massa here. We lib well, gemmen and ladies, plenty to eat, drink and wear, and comfortable homes to sleep in, and work not very hard. Massa has to support us, sell de cotton, and find all de money to keep tings afloat. I shall lib a few years longer in ease and contentment, tell stories for your amusement, and lay my head down to rest on de top ob de hill up dar, and sleep well as de greatest king dat eber libed. Only one ting I would like to do, and dat is, to go back for a single day to see de place where I was born. Come, Phil, hand me dat jug. Now friends for a drop or two, and dat glorious ole ditty, dat always makes me so sad, and yet so happy. Join in de chorus—

"Oh! when I'm dead and gone to rest,
Lay de ole banjo by my side,
Let de Possum and Coon to my funeral go,
For dey was my only pride;
Den in soft repose I'll take my rest,
And I'll dream for eber more,
Dat I'm taken back to ole Virginny,
To de ole Virginny shore."

"Bless us! 'tis midnight—how dey am dancing and cutting de pigeon wing out dare—Let us go to bed." "Good night," said Sam, and as he and Hetty were going to the house of their master, he added with admiration, "Ben is almost a match for Uncle Tom!" "Not so much religion in his heart, but a great deal of philosophy about dis ole nigger."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

Let Well Enough alone.

The question is often propounded, in a tone of triumph, by the abolition agitators: "What is to be done with slavery in this country, if the negroes be not emancipated?" We answer, let it alone—God will, in his own good time, perform his own great work. We say to these agitators, desist from your intermeddling in this affair. It is no concern of yours.—The federal constitution forbids your interference in the subject, and every consideration of duty, as neighbors and as citizens, strengthens that high obligation. The slaves are far better provided for, than they would be if instantly set free—better than you provide now for your own free negroes, at your very doors. It is no answer to assert, that slavery is a sin; that sin is wicked, and that God will exact vengeance for its commission. How do you know this to be a fact? God himself has not, in either the Old or New Testament, proclaimed this momentous truth. Has he made a third Testament, and, if so, to whom has he revealed his will? Has it been to the abolitionists of this country and of Europe—who are eager to see the flames of civil war blazing over this land, and the blood of its sons fattening its fields? I would require proof of the most stringent kind to convince me that these persons have been sent forth on the mission of a God of justice, mercy, and love. There is every reason to believe that the negro slaves of this country are rapidly improving. The exclusion of native African slaves keeps out an immense influx of ignorance and brutality among those native born here. These will in a few generations become so far improved, if abolition agitation do not force their owners to a more rigid course, that important indulgences may be extended to them, and in time a qualified degree of freedom may be conceded which will ultimately ripen into its perfect enjoyment, either here, or in their native Africa. This mighty task is in the hands of Him who orders all things according to his will. It is not for us weak mortals to dictate or to frame laws for God. If slavery be repugnant to his will, why did he permit his chosen people, the Hebrews, to make and to own slaves?—why did he condemn Canaan to the most abject slavery?—why did not Jesus Christ rebuke it?—why did not St. Paul, he who feared not to beard vice and sin on the throne of the Cæsars, launch the thunderbolt of God's wrath at the sinning and cruel Romans who owned millions of slaves, and who worked them in gangs chained together, in the fields of Italy, under the eye of the Apostle; and who also, when they became old and infirm, cast them forth to perish on an island in the Tiber, without food or shelter, and where they were often driven by hunger to devour each other? These things were of necessity well known to Paul, and yet they pass him without reproof, and in fact over and over again are tacitly, if not expressly approved. Who of our modern disciples are wiser and more godly than our Saviour and Paul?—where is their commission from on high to censure what these great teachers sanctioned, and to interpolate into the laws of God a condemnatory article, which these heavenly missionaries, through ignorance or design, omitted? Where are the thunders and the lightnings of old, which announced the declaration of the law on Mount Sinai? Where are the miracles that attended the introduction of the new dispensation? We look for them in vain. Even Dr. Channing's writings, as one of the chiefs of this new sect,

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have been proved to abound in all sorts of errors. Those of Dr. Barnes as another are equally fallible. Where shall we search for the truth then? In the wild ravings of Garrison or Douglass, or in the classic pages of Uncle Tom's Cabin? We ask only for light. We exclaim with the Grecian hero enveloped in darkness:

"Give me to SEE, and Ajax asks no more."

There are in the United States about 3,204,348 slaves. The average value of these slaves is nearly $300 each person. The aggregate would be, of course, 961,304,400 millions of dollars. Were they to be emancipated, it would not merely result in a loss of this enormous sum of money directly, but the indirect loss would double that amount. Plantations with all their fixtures and appendages—improvements, cities, towns, and the vast uncultivated regions in the slave States, rapidly yielding to the empire of improvement and civilization, would be wholly, or in a very great degree stripped of their value, and reduced to or continued as wastes and barren deserts.—This is no picture of overdrawn horrors. Look at Jamaica for instance, which from its insular position is far less likely to suffer than our own country, opening as it does a whole continent to the emigration and cupidity of the slaves. Plantations in Jamaica, which before the emancipation act passed, were worth, and would have brought 40,000*l*, without a negro upon them, have since been sold for 5000*l*, and even at that price were considered a fortunate sale. The products of sugar, cotton and coffee have greatly fallen off—the most respectable planters are endeavoring to dispose of their property preparatory to leaving, and in a few years the residue will constitute such a population as few men would desire to associate with, on any terms. The evils in our own country would be augmented a hundred fold.—Perhaps one half of the slaves are too young, or too old, to be able to earn a support. How are they to be provided for? Will the parents of the young, or the children of the old, work and support them? No, they would abandon them to their fate. Could masters afford to pay even those who would work their wages? No, because having no assurance that they would remain a month or any definite time, they could make no calculations on their crops. The merchant would not credit them as they have always done heretofore, even for food and clothing for the negroes, and thus must desolation inevitably ensue—master and slave would be involved in a common ruin. Would the North escape its share of the disaster? By no means. The free States would feel it, almost as fatally as the South. They would be overwhelmed with negro paupers. The sale of millions of dollars worth annually of their manufactures would be instantly cut off. The flour, corn, pork and beef, of the West and North, would no longer find buyers—the farmers must consequently feel the deprivation as well as the planters, and no branch of trade or business in the free States would be exempt from a share of the loss. Our sugar, cotton, and coffee would increase in price as our means of paying for it decreased. Such would be our domestic condition, if happily civil war did not close the train of evils. Our steamboats and vessels would rot at our docks unemployed, and we should justly be the laughing-stock of the world for our folly. Abroad, how would we stand? In our trade with Europe we balance her vast account against us chiefly by our sixty or seventy millions of dollars worth a year of cotton, rice, and sugar exported. Emancipate our slaves, and this vast balance must be discharged in some other way, and would absorb all our resources in a few years. We should occupy before the nations a position as despicable as that of Mexico. The gold of California would hardly pay for the liquors and cigars consumed in each year. How would the tools of despotism rejoice at such a fatuity on our part!—They would pounce upon us as vultures scent the battle—stimulate the negroes to revolt—instigate civil war, and then the Republic founded by Washington and his patriotic compeers would live only in history—

"The schoolboy's tale, the phantom of an hour."

That the abolitionists of this country and of Europe look with cool complacency on such a catastrophe, is evident from their whole course. Read, in the appendix to this book, an article from "Spooner's Unconstitutionality of Slavery," a work of high repute among the agitators, containing suggestions for the extirpation of slavery. He asserts with perfect *sang froid*, that when slavery is abolished, all the slaveowners will be reduced to poverty—their influence and consideration will be gone, and that the negroes and non-slaveholders of the South will coalesce—regulate everything in their own way, and by their co-operation the Union will be preserved! Such a suggestion is worthy a council of Algerine pirates. It would have suited the ancient Danes, when they unfurled their "raven flag" on the shores of England. This would be, indeed, the grandest system of wholesale robbery the world ever saw. It would ruin this country—it would retard the advance of civilization for centuries in all quarters of the globe—and blast the hope of freedom forever. Such counsels come through an American, but they come from the other side of the Atlantic. "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau."—And they proceed too, from those patterns of honesty in both hemispheres, who denounce "fillibustering" in Cuba and in Mexico as the most atrocious of all crimes—who gloated over the assassination of Crittenden and his gallant companions, and of Lopez and his garroted friends, as the righteous doom of pirates and robbers.

Men who perilled their lives to liberate the oppressed whites, and thereby also to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, are to be branded as "pirates," and shot down like wolves; while those who would murder and destroy hundreds of thousands of the masters, only to render three millions of their slaves miserable outcasts, are to contest the palm of exalted humanity with Howard, and all other self-sac-

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rificing benefactors of mankind. Such is the frenzy of abolition agitators! They dare to insult the reason of man, and to trample on the laws of God; nay, they venture to revise his laws, and in his name to promulgate a new code.

> "And shall their weak and erring hand
> Presume His bolt to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land,
> On all *they* deem *his foe*?"

These fanatic infidels would snatch the sceptre from the hands of the Almighty! To his justice we consign them.

Foreign intermeddlers in our domestic concerns, of all nations, ranks and sexes!—When we invite you, *come;* but till we do, remain in your native Europe—you have work enough for all your charity, for all your sympathy at home. Feed your famished millions—clothe your naked—employ your idle—enlighten your ignorant--emancipate your bond servants—teach a knowledge of God to the myriads of your native heathen, that swarm in the very streets of your large cities, and then look abroad for other wretches to make comfortable, and other souls to save. We do not interfere with your domestic affairs. It is true we hear the groans of your poor, and the clanking of the chains of those you have cast into prison.—We pity them, and would relieve them if we could. It is not our duty, however, it is yours. Jehovah will exact its fulfillment to the uttermost point. We are taking care of our own poor—we are ameliorating the condition of our own slaves. We are even receiving in our arms and feeding hundreds of thousands of your unfortunate creatures, who have found their way to our land of freedom. We are ready to answer to God for our course. Dare you say the same? No, every starving beggar on your highways—every trembling wretch in your poor-houses, factories, and coal pits, would cry out shame on you! "Here in my rags; here in my visage, pinched with hunger; there in my dying wife and children, is proof that you stand condemned before God!"

People of the free States! are you willing to countenance, even by remaining silent, the atrocities which this party of madmen are seeking to commit? This is no time for evasion or delay--come up to the battle. "All who are not with us, are against us" Decide what banner shall float over your heads—shall it be that of the Constitution and the Union, or that of abolition, anarchy and civil war? People of the slave-holding States! you have no alternative—with you the contest is one of life or death--gird up your loins for the struggle—extend the hand of fellowship and brotherhood to all those (and they are many) in the free States who are on your side. Blow a trumpet on the mountains—plant your feet on the Constitution—the rock of your political salvation—and under the broad ægis of the Bible, and the protecting arm of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, you may defy the assaults of the world.

And finally, to the real and rational friends of the negro race, everywhere, we appeal, to unite in discountenancing and repudiating the rash and ill-judged schemes of the fanatical abolitionists, the inevitable tendencies of which must be to fix more firmly the bonds of slavery, and to shut out, more hopelessly, from their minds, every ray of the light of science and of religion. Nothing of such magnitude ever was, or ever can be, accomplished in a day. It is a mighty work, worthy the highest aspirations of man: it is no less than perfecting the sacred task committed to the Apostles. Let the negro race in this country be gradually brought under the united influence of civilization and christianity, and then let such portion as God sets apart for the work be transferred to Africa, and there, in Liberia, a city "set upon a hill, which cannot be hid," be employed to advance the great cause of African redemption. Let them contract friendly alliances with neighboring tribes—let them supply their wants—acquire their confidence—teach them the truth, by the mouths of native missionaries—and in time, it may be hoped, that the day-spring of the gospel will penetrate the darkest corners of that benighted land, and shed its radiance on the minds of the most abject wretches who now live under the curse of God, and by their brutal conduct give daily evidence that they deserve the ills they suffer. God accomplishes nothing by violating and breaking up the great order of nature. On the contrary, he acts by, and through, her essential principles. Our Saviour in the parable would not root up the wheat for the sake of destroying the tares. He waited with patience till the harvest was ripe, to separate the one from the other. It was left for these rampant abolition reformers to destroy the wheat, in order to extirpate the tares. They are in hot haste to perform the mighty achievement of "breaking the chains of the slave," an achievement which God himself, our Saviour, and the Apostles, all left to a time when it could be done without disturbing the peace of society, or exposing the slave himself to infinitely greater evils than those from which his liberation would deliver him. If slavery were even abolished in the United States, where it exists in a form so mild as to be little removed from freedom, what is to become of the forty millions of slaves in Africa—twice that number in Asia, and in South America and the islands of the seas, probably twenty millions more, nearly all of whom are treated as beasts of burthen, and beaten, killed, and even devoured, at the pleasure of their masters? What then do these potent vindicators of the "justice of Heaven," propose to do? Why, to emancipate three millions of slaves, out of about one hundred and forty millions, held in bondage; and these, too, the only three millions, who, if permitted to remain in the condition they now are, give promise of serving as the "leaven, to leaven the whole" vast myriads of their fellow-bondsmen, with something like the spirit of civilization and religion.

The head and front of all the mighty deeds which these mischievous agitators propose, in the name of civilization, religion, and love of their fellow men, to attempt to perform, "hath this extent—no more." They cannot prosper, they ought to fail ignominiously. Let Him who

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spoke as never man spake, judge them. A tree is known by its fruit; "every tree, that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire."

We here take leave of the subject. If we have done aught to preserve the Union, to maintain the constitution, to wipe out aspersions on the character of our country, to succor the slaves themselves, if their real interests be regarded, and to uphold the truth, we are satisfied—our labor will not have been in vain.

The "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin."

WE have read this last production of Mrs. Stowe with feelings of disgust and shame. Disgust, at its foul vulgarity; and shame, that a person professing to be a lady should be the author of such a farrago of amalgamation and bestiality. This book consists of two hundred and sixty-odd pages, and is filled up from the first to the last with advertisements of runaway negroes, selected from some hundreds of papers, published in the South, many of them written in extremely bad taste, and exhibiting details that are disgraceful to the authors, but still more so to her, who has cast a drag-net over the gutters and sewers of the South, and served up to us, with extreme *gusto*, the nauseous abominations which she has succeeded in raking together. We have on almost every page the story of some pretty quadroon, some straight-haired coachman, resembling his owner, or some other evidence of practical amalgamation, which Mrs. Stowe recites with evident pleasure. She has such a *peculiar penchant* for the association of negroes and whites, especially of opposite sexes, that we cannot help thinking, if that enlightened "gentleman, Fred Douglass," were in search of a wife, and she were a brisk young widow, he need not go far to find one.

Mrs. Stowe has given us extracts from letters and speeches of nearly all the abolition lecturers who have prowled through the southern States, either to steal negroes, or to incite them to murder their masters. These representations upon their part, of course, are of a most excited and exaggerated character. Some of these men who have been a little roughly handled, have written and spoken the most palpable falsehoods about slavery and slaves in the South. She quotes largely from the statements and theories of men long in their graves, and who, therefore, are unable to refute or contradict her representations; she attributes, for instance, to the late Hon. Henry Clay, a statement so absurd, that it casts a strong doubt upon the truth of anything she publishes. She pretends, to be sure, to give it upon the authority of that rampant abolitionist, Mr. Birney; but we have too much respect for the veracity and knowledge of Mr. Clay to believe one word of the fabrication. We will give the story in brief, as a sample of this most Christian reformer. Here it is: "A few years since, he (Mr. Clay) was at a brick-yard in the environs of New Orleans, in which one hundred hands were employed; among them were from twenty to thirty young women, in the prime of life. He was told by the proprietor that there had *not been a child born among them for the last two or three years.*" * * * * * * * We need not say to those who have the slightest acquaintance with the subject, that laboring in a brick-yard is not half so severe upon those engaged in it, as laboring on cotton, sugar, or rice plantations, or in many mechanical employments; and yet Mrs. Stowe would have us believe that it is so severe as to prevent twenty or thirty young women, in the prime of life, from having children. It is well known that female negroes, working at those employments, and on plantations, have more children than white women. We are a little surprised, on the perusal of this passage in this book, that Mrs. Stowe did not put a note of interrogation at the end of it, and ask what had become of their masters all this time. She pretends to quote largely from the New Testament, to prove that it recognises the doctrine of abolition. We have never seen language so perverted, interpolated, and abused, as we find it in these pages. In instances where our Saviour and the Apostles speak figuratively, as they frequently did, she seeks to interpret it literally as a fact, and not as an illustrative figure: and in other instances, where they spoke plainly and directly, she insists upon giving to their language a figurative or allegorical meaning. She asserts, for instance, that although the early Christians owned slaves, yet they were merely nominally slaves, and were in reality treated as "brothers." She admits that neither our Saviour nor the Apostles openly condemned the institution of slavery, but at the same time alleges that the precepts they taught were designed to mollify the hearts of their masters, and in this manner ultimately to effect their emancipation.

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According to her own account, it required some four or five centuries to soften the hearts of these Christian Pharaohs, so that they would "let the people go free." The reason she gives why our Saviour and his Apostles did not expressly forbid slavery, is as curious as it is unjust and defamatory to the characters of those illustrious pioneers of Christianity. She says that slavery was established by the Roman law, and could only be abolished by that law. Paul and the others, not being citizens of Rome, nor makers of that law, could not change it, and therefore abstained from condemning what it allowed to exist.* The amount of this reasoning is, that it would have been impolitic for the Apostles to have preached the doctrine of abolition, and therefore, like moral cowards, they shrunk from this holy duty. But, if there be one fact in history incontrovertibly true, it is this—that our Saviour and all his Apostles, acting, under the immediate command of God, faced popular tumult, lies, punishment, imprisonment, and even death itself, without trembling or fear.

In discharging what they believed to be the sacred trust committed to them, they encountered the high priest of Jerusalem in the Temple, and Cæsar on his throne, in Rome, without a a nerve quivering or an eye quailing. In the name of the Most High, they branded wickedness and sin of all kinds, boldly and openly, with the direst curse. They went forth in the world to reform it, and to redeem it; and they performed their work with a faith and zeal which were inspired in them from above; and yet Mrs. Stowe would have us believe that Paul, who had endured frequent stripes, imprisonment, shipwreck, perils of the land and deep, in the performance of his high trust, was afraid of some petty Roman centurion, if he ventured to condemn the institution of slavery, under which white men were held in bondage, chained together in gangs, famished, beaten, and often murdered outright! What would that zealous and fiery hero say, if such a dastardly accusation were made against him, were he once again upon earth? The result is, that what is now proclaimed to be the highest duty of a Christian to advocate—the abolition of slavery—Paul had not the courage to perform! Mrs. Stowe speaks of these glorious martyrs in the cause of truth, as she would of some skulking abolitionist in the South, who, afraid of popular vengeance, or of being decorated with a coat of tar and feathers, sneaked away in silence, and dared not meet the storm!

We have a far higher opinion of him who made Felix tremble. Had he believed slavery to be a sin, he would have proclaimed it with the gibbet or the cross before him. But this lady is making a fortune out of her runaway negroes, thumb screws, iron collars, negro-hunting dogs, and revamped stories of pretty quadroons and their amorous masters. We presume "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will need *white-washing* soon, when we may look for another dish of these negro giblets, served up with abolition sauce.

The class of authors of which Paul De Koch is the type and leader, must yield the palm to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the art of obscene and demoralizing writing. They painted sin in such attractive colors, strewed the boudoirs of the frail with roses, and perfumed the air with such sweet odors that they almost realized the profound remark of Burke, that "vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." She, on the contrary, has lifted the veil. She has given us a key to walk in, and witness debauchery and vice in their naked deformity, in all conditions, from the negro pen, the auction block, and the plantation cabin, up to the stately mansion of the master. Dinahs of all shades of complexion, from the ebony skin of Africa to the dashing and "beautiful" Elizas and Cassys, are paraded before us, to tell the stories of their amours, to inflame the passions of the young, and to fan the smouldering embers in the hearts of the old. The mischief which these abominable books will produce are inconceivable. We shall speedily see negro and white marriages, and elopements without number. The "Cassys" and "Elizas," having the "best blood of the South in their veins," are now at a decided premium. We have read the nauseous details of this book, with the same qualms rising at our stomach that we should feel in contemplating a buzzard or a jackal revelling in his feast of carrion. Mrs Stowe appears to have a sort of "fellow feeling" for such high-seasoned enjoyment. It is all a matter of *taste* at best—who shall deny her the right?

* See, however, Acts, chap. xxii, where Paul proves himself a Roman.

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Spirit Rappings and Table-Tippings Exposed.

WE have been favored with the perusal of the manuscript of a forthcoming work by Prof. Page, entitled, "PSYCHOMANCY, OR SPIRIT-RAPPINGS AND TABLE-TIPPINGS EXPOSED," and are highly gratified at being able thus early to present to our readers a brief notice of its character and contents. From the author's position, predilections, penetration, and scientific and practical knowledge, we expected much light upon this dark, mystical and all-exciting subject, and are by no means disappointed in the result. The position assumed and successfully supported by the author is bold, independent, and startling to the *honest* disciples of this popular mania, while it is unsparing towards the perpetrators of these frauds, and administers a calm, but most decided rebuke to those who undertake to make a scientific or psychological mystery of a base and mercenary cheat, or a weak and passive subjection of the mind to delusion and falsehood. This work has come in good time, for this epidemic is not only running riot through the length and breadth of our land, but has crossed the Atlantic, and is working its diabolical ends in England, France, and Germany, and will doubtless overrun the Continent. While these marvels are being dignified by grave discussions among learned men, calling forth the argumentative and persuasive powers of the clergy, some attributing them to Satanic agency, to evil spirits, some to a newly discovered psychological power, some to electricity or magnetism, and others to a new fluid or power, Prof. Page has taken a plain common sense view in opposition to all such authorities; has fairly upset all their philosophy, and his exposition will doubtless consign the whole affair to that oblivion which it justly merits. Coupled with an invincible demonstration of facts and scientific principles, the author has an occasional fling of irony, ridicule, and denunciation, which we should have thought *mal-ăpropos* in an experimental investigation of almost any other subject than that of these infernal and hallucinating practices. He has a difficult and motley class of persons to deal with. There are those evil and impudent perpetrators and workers of the fraud, the indifferent abettors of the same, the honest but weak and superstitious dupes upon whom reason and even facts are thrown away, the *learned* dupes who unheedingly give countenance to a set of hypocritical knaves and pedlars of this false religion, by magnifying their black arts into a *real something*, to be investigated by scientific and intellectual philosophers; and lastly, the many who have neither seen nor heard, but seem forced to believe, from the high character of the commentators, investigators, and theorizers upon this popular topic. The author needs all the weapons he has brought to bear—and more, if they can be found—to stay this many-headed monster, and we accord to him full scope

Planting himself upon a full and firm belief in Holy Writ, he takes issue with certain commentators and theologians upon witchcraft and Satanic miracles, while at the same time he professes not to rely merely upon Scripture for his argument. Only so much is cited and explained as seems to be necessary to attack *upon their own ground* the advocates of the devil's agency in these phenomena, and to show up the profane mockery of seeking after, and practising upon these spiritual manifestations, whatever be their origin and character, be they devilish or human, spiritual or natural. One point is briefly, boldly, and powerfully made, which will not be relished by those divines who attribute these things to the devil or evil spirits. It is this: "Miracles are God's prerogative, and the working of miracles by the devil or evil spirits would furnish a sufficient excuse for man's unbelief." We confess that we do not see how the two can be reconciled. The argument of the work, however, is drawn from science, observation, and common sense, and rendered triumphantly conclusive by ingenious simple and mechanical illustrations which cannot fail to give the finishing stroke to table tippings, and cause those who have been deluded by them to laugh at their own folly. An engraving accompanies the work, illustrating an experiment, by which table tipping is utterly disproved and exploded.

Upon the whole, we think the public will be greatly obliged to Prof. Page for this ingenious performance. While our lunatic asylums and hospitals, every where, bear testimony to the terrible power over the human mind which this spirit rapping delusion exerts, all benevolent and humane persons must rejoice to see any successful effort made to arrest the progress of

the evil. The work of which we are speaking is not only a timely and suitable offering to the popular wants, but it is a scientific and profound exposition of a subject involved in darkness and mystery. We trust its learned author will hasten its publication, and we feel satisfied that a liberal and enlightened patronage will reward his labors.

Lines on a Skull.

SHORTLY after the late war with Mexico, a party of gentlemen, on their way from San Antonio to El Paso and Santa Fe, through the south-western portion of Texas, found in the midst of a vast desert, several hundred miles from any civilized habitation, beyond the Pecos river, a human skull. Not a bone besides was near it, or any indication of the time or manner of its deposite in that solitary spot. It was evidently the skull of a white man of middle age, bearing proof of having lain there many years, and its phrenological developments were of a very superior order. The writer has made a faint effort to describe the train of reflections to which this discovery gave rise, in the following lines, but she is fully conscious how far they fall short of the truth. Standing in the midst of a boundless and barren *steppe*, or desert, the blue sky overarching you, and apparently resting on that scorched waste all around you, with that ghastly skull, bleached white as ivory, gaping before you, the emotions it awakened can be felt, much easier than portrayed. She has availed herself of the poetic license of addressing this skull in both a physical and spiritual sense.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

How cam'st thou here, mute witness
  That pale-faced men have trod
This vast and dreary desert,
  Devoid of tree or sod?

Did burning thirst and hunger
  O'ertake thee on this plain,
Or wert thou, with thy comrades,
  By fierce Camanches slain?

Did wolves and prowling cougars
  Feed fat on thy heart's gore;
Or dids't thou, faint and weary,
  Sink down, to rise no more?

Thou wear'st the glorious aspect,
  Of those who rule the world,
Whose reason leads, whose passion warms,
  Their ranks, on foemen hurled.

Perchance thou borst a banner,
  The cross of Christ adorned,
And came to save the heathen,
  Who all thy efforts scorn'd.

Dids't come in search of treasure,
  To find the land of gold;
Or did the voice of science
  Bid thee this waste behold?

Fled'st thou the lash of justice,
  The face of all thy kin,
Or did'st thou seek a refuge,
  Far from a world of sin?

Did friendly hands entomb thee,
  Or beasts and birds of prey,
Or cannibal marauders,
  Rend thy fair flesh away?

No tomahawk hath cleft thee,
  No scalping knife disgraced—
Proud "dome of thought," thou standest,
  Unshattered, undefaced.

Where dwelt thy ancestral nation,
  What sun smiled on thy birth,
Did despot's chains clank on thy limbs,
  Or freedom bless that earth!

What lured thee from thy household gods,
  What siren charmed thine ear,
Oh! tell us, what could tempt thee
  To wander, perish here!

Speak! but no tongue replieth,
  Look! how thine eye-holes stare!
Lost is thy tragic history,
  No name or deed is there!

Thy friends no doubt have mourn'd thee,
  Long lost to hope and life;
And asked how passed thy spirit
  Away, in peace or strife.

Earth's bosom shall embrace thee,
  Deep buried here alone,
Where driving storms and winds no more
  Shall o'er thee naked, moan.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
  Was all the service given,
To earth thy mutilated wreck
  Consigned, thy soul to Heaven,

When the Great Day shall come,
  The dead of land and sea
Must stand before their God,
  Then will He number thee!

WASHINGTON,
March 3, 1853.

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Negroes and Negro Slavery.

WE are indebted to Dr. Van Evrie, of New York, for the following chapter, constituting the introduction to a book which he has now almost ready for publication, to be entitled "Negroes and Negro Slavery." He has been engaged for several years in collecting and collating authentic materials for this work. We have perused a large portion of it, and do not hesitate to declare that it exhibits great acuteness, thorough research, and strong practical judgment. The general facts stated in the introduction are carefully divided into appropriate sub-divisions, and an array of evidence presented in support of each, from all sources, that is absolutely overwhelming. This work when it appears will be a hard nut for abolitionists to crack. It subverts the very foundation of their creed, and if its facts and reasonings do not silence, they will at least confound these noisy agitators.

INTRODUCTION.

Causes of Popular Delusion on the Subject.

The origin of mankind, their descent from a single pair, (Adam and Eve,) thus constituting a single race or *species;* or whether in common with the animals and plants that surround them, they were (originally) created in several localities or centres of existence; and therefore are made up of several distinct *species;* though long a question of interest to a few scientific inquirers, has only quite recently been of general interest to mankind at large.

It suited the political interests of European governments to confound the distinctions of *classes* with those of *nature*—the results of social or political contrivances with the works of the Creator; while the general belief or the general *understanding* of the Mosaic account of Creation, together with the almost universal ignorance prevailing on this subject, has been sufficient to settle the question *theoretically* in favor of the common origin, and therefore the common *equality*, of all mankind, however widely separated in fact, or however contradictory to experience and common sense. Thus it has only been, within a few years past, that the accumulation of scientific facts has become so overwhelming, and their reconciliation with the single-pair theory so utterly impossible, that naturalists have been compelled to dissent from it altogether, and to follow the facts of science, with the confident assurance, however, that that which is really true is best, and should be known. Among those whose love of truth is sufficient to overcome preconceived opinion, is an eminent Boston professor; but even this gentleman, with all his learning, furnishes another example so often witnessed among all classes of men, to shrink from declaring the whole truth, when such declaration contradicts received opinion, or conflicts with popular prejudice. While presenting facts and arguments that demonstrate, beyond doubt, that man forms no exception to those general laws that govern the organic world, and must therefore have come into being in several localities or centres of existence, like the animals and plants that surround him, Professor Agassiz yet seems especially anxious to declare that *diversity* of *origin* has no necessary connexion with *diversity* of *species;* or that while men were originally created in separate centres of existence, they may yet constitute only a single and uniform *race*. We do not desire to contest, or contradict, any opinion of so eminent a personage, or of a man who has done so much, and is still doing for the cause of science, and therefore for the cause of humanity; but we cannot avoid saying that such a supposition is as *unphilosophical* as it is untrue in fact. There are but few animals of the same *species*, of the higher organized classes, on different continents, or at remote distances, and those most probably carried there by man's migrations. Why create in separate localities at all, except to conform to and harmonize with the external world about them? Why, above all, create man a single and uniform *species* in separate localities, with ample powers of migration, which enables him to transfer himself from one of these centres of existence to another with perfect ease? Would not such be indeed a work of supererogation?

Technically, or in a certain sense, the question of *origin*, it may be said, does not govern that of the *diversity* of the human *races;* but as the latter is the only one of practical importance, and the former of no consequence whatever, except as a means for determining these *diversities*, it is unfortunate that Professor Agassiz did not rise above the prejudices of Boston, and boldly grapple with the real question at once.

The question of the origin of mankind, isolated from that of races—the *specific* differences, and the relative capabilities of the several forms of man—is as perfectly useless to mankind at large, as would be a knowledge of the first moments of his own existence to the individual. The individual man needs to know who are his parents, his brethren, his relationship to those about him; for on this knowledge depends his duties, as it also involves his rights. While, where he was born, or when he was born; at what moment, or in what house; unless as the means for determining his individuality, is of no manner of consequence. So, too, with the several *races* of men: when they were created, or where they were created—whether six thousand years ago, or sixty thousand years ago—in the centre of Asia, or in the several localities where history first finds them—is of no consequence whatever, except as the means of determining their *specific character;* for on a knowledge of the latter depend the rights, as well as the duties, of the several races to each other; and with ourselves, surrounded or mixed up with two separate and distinct races, one interlaced, as it were, with our whole social fabric, and the other at no distant day *threat-*

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ening to become so, this knowledge is of transcendent importance.

The Creator has hidden from the individual both the beginning and the ending of his existence. We see and feel the wisdom and beneficence of this provision. Were it otherwise, could we know the first moments of "puling infancy," and the last moments of "mortal agony," life would be divested of all its blessings; but while this knowledge is forever hidden from us, while the individual man can never know his actual origin, of himself, or by himself, such are the laws and relations, or conditions of human existence, that his actual identity, his family relationship, all that is necessary to his happiness, his rights, or the performance of his duties to those of his blood, is as perfectly attainable as if he had been endowed with matured reason at the moment of his birth. The individual is a type of his race; and whatever is true, or natural, or inherent in the individual man, is also common to the race or equally true of the aggregate. Thus, while the race may never know its origin or starting point, any more than its death or final termination, it can, nevertheless, determine with as entire certainty its identity, its *specific* character, its relationship to other races, and the rights as well as responsibilities that are involved, as can the individual man his family relationship; and it is as entirely within the scope of our knowledge to understand and define our true relations to the other races of this continent, to determine what are our own rights as well as what are our duties to the Negro or other races inhabiting it with us, as can an individual those rights or duties that attach to his individual existence.

Commencing with the simpler forms of organized existence, and ascending in the scale till reaching the Caucasian man, (the most elaborate in his structure, and the highest endowed in his faculties,) all intermediate in the series, whether human or brute, Mongolian or Negro, Ouran-Outan, or Chimpanzee, are alike subject to classification, as well as the lowest and simplest forms of organic life. Indeed a classification founded upon positive facts, and a true knowledge of the *specific* differences in human races, is a work of less difficulty than it is in the simpler forms; for the superadded moral nature of the former furnishes additional facts for our guidance. Throughout the whole world of organic existence there is a perfect adaptation of means and ends, and the structural arrangement of each *species*, or each original and permanent creation, is in perfect harmony with its faculties and the purposes assigned to it by the Creator. This is a truth equally palpable in the organization of the individual; those organs, most elaborate and complex in their structure, are those performing the most important functions. Thus the heart, the centre of the vital functions, is comparatively simple in its structure; while the brain, the centre of the animal, as well as the intellectual functions, is wonderfully complex. Thus, too, the sense of sight is performed through an exceedingly complex and exquisitely delicate apparatus, while the organism of locomotion is comparatively simple.

This great and fundamental law of organized life pervades the whole world of animated being, and serves as a positive and unmistakable test or admeasurement of the character and relations of all the innumerable series that compose it. In precise proportion to the complexity of an organ in the human body is the importance of function; precisely too as is the complexity of structural arrangement in any *species*, whether human or animal, so, too, is the superiority of faculties in such *species*, or elevation of purposes assigned to it by the Creator. In nothing, perhaps, is this truth more palpable than in the case of woman; who, with a far more elaborate and exquisitely organized nervous system than man, has also finer moral perceptions, and purer as well as more delicate sensibilities, while her muscular system and organs of locomotion, necessary alone to mere physical power, are infinitely inferior to the other sex. The facts of organic life, its laws of development, its necessities, and in the more elevated forms, its rights as well as the duties that attach to it, that are indeed inseparable from it, and especially in the several human races or *species* of men, are so little studied or understood even by educated persons, that nothing is more common than such to lecture the public on their duty, to force their civilization or modes of action on other *races*. Thus an American Secretary of State will talk learnedly about some *races* who, amalgamating with others, beget a mongrel breed, utterly good for nothing, while others with an aptitude for amalgamation, beget a more vigorous and progressive race than either of the originals. How near a truth, and yet what an immense distance from it! Had the orator of the Colonization Society said that amalgamation with separate *races* of men, as ourselves and the Negro, is followed by a mongrel brood, however superior mentally to the Negro, yet vastly inferior to the white, and as certain to perish as the mule, or any other hybrid generation; but that amalgamation with the Irishman or German, or any other *family* of our own *species* or *race*, would be followed by a more vigorous stock than either of the originals, he would have declared an *eternal truth;* but we may also say, that had he known this truth, he would not have been the orator of the Colonization Society, or if he had, his lecture would have been very different indeed from that absurd effort to convince his audience that they were bound to go to work, and compel the different and *inferiorly* organized Negro to perform the functions of the Caucasian; or that two widely separated organizations, differently endowed and differently designed by Almighty power, should be compelled by human force to exercise the same faculties, and perform the same purposes: a supposition about as rational, and as much dependent on fact, as that a watch and saw-mill are equally designed to measure time, or elephants and mice should catch their prey, or supply themselves with food in exactly the same manner.

Not many centuries since, ignorance of organization doomed woman to a degraded, almost brutal position; and at this moment,

throughout Christendom, with the exception of the United States, the rights, as also the duties of her sex, are imperfectly comprehended. Thus an English or European peasant will harness his wife with his donkey, or sell her at Smithfield with a rope around her neck; and a European *gentleman* will drive from her seat in the coach or car a delicate and fragile woman, and with equal readiness grovel in the dust before another, when he discovers that she is a Queen or a Duchess, though the first may be of his own *race* and the latter the wife of a Haytien Negro, or the daughter of a Musquito Indian. On the contrary, an American, no matter what his social position, or political importance, that would refuse to give up his seat to a woman, however humble her condition, would be universally despised—indeed would lose caste as a man. This difference between an American and a European is no accident or caprice of public manners, but alone the result of higher intelligence in the case of the former. It is not to the individual woman that respect is paid, but to the sex—to that delicate and fragile organization which appeals to the noblest instincts of the rougher and stronger manhood, and is based on clearer conceptions, and a wider knowledge of the true relations that naturally exist between the sexes. It is often said that Christianity has changed the relations and elevated the position of the female sex; but it would be more correct to say that increased knowledge of her true *nature* has thus elevated her. In barbarous times, even among the Romans, she was but little better than a slave, doomed to perform the drudgery of labor: she was rarely permitted, even in the patrician class, to be the companion, and never the equal of man: but with the increase of knowledge, with clearer conceptions of her real nature, her delicately organized nervous system, and her feeble muscular powers, her relations to the other sex has undergone an important change: thus it may be said that in precise proportion to the intelligence of a nation will be its regard and respect for its women. The same ignorance of organization which in its blind fanaticism would compel the Negro, or would seek to compel the Negro, with his different and *inferior* organization, to perform the same uses or faculties of the white man, also busies itself about "woman's rights," and true to the instincts of barbarism would compel women to perform the functions of the other sex—to be captains of steamboats and bricklayers, as well as housekeepers, or directors of the nursery—indeed the advocates of "human rights," and "woman's rights," are from very necessity associated together, and the delusion in one case is certain also to exist in the other. In Europe, except perhaps in France, the masses, kept in profound ignorance of their own nature, look upon those who govern them, their Kings and nobles, as a superior creation; and many amongst ourselves with somewhat of the same notions hanging about their minds, think that equality or "equal rights" is some abstract principle that has been discovered in modern times, and capable of universal application: thus they are shocked at the (to them) seeming injustice of withholding it from negroes and women, and each approve its immediate application to them. Instead of "equality" being a principle, or modern discovery, it is simply a fact which has existed from the first creation of man. All men created equal, or all the forms of existence that are organized alike, *are equal:* thus "equality" is a fact, while those created unlike, are *unequal;* and to seek to contradict this, to force the Negro to an "equality" with the white man, or to compel the woman to exercise the rights, and consequently perform the duties of the other sex, is equally a violation of the fact of "equality," as it is an outrage on nature.

Each *specific* organization or form of existence, with its distinct physical structure, is also endowed with specific or distinct faculties, and designed by the Creator for *specific* purposes. To disregard this, to demand the same rights, and compel the same duties, to say that the *inferiorly* organized and *inferiorly* endowed Negro shall be a member of Congress, while the *superiorly* organized white man shall black boots; or the former a professor in college, while the latter hoes cotton; or that a system shall be brought to bear upon them to force an equality, when nature has made none, and permits none, is a contradiction of all the laws of organic existence, and as entirely beyond the power of man to effect, as the attempt to do so is repugnant to reason.

So too with woman: with a distinct organization, endowed with distinct and peculiar faculties, and designed for distinct and peculiar purposes, those who would seek to force her out of, or beyond her sphere—to compel her to study law, or command a steamboat, as well as nurse a baby, or cook a dinner—would equally violate nature, and inflict an outrage upon her. Each sex, like each *species*, has with its peculiar organization distinct duties and purposes to fulfil; and the harmony and well-being of all can only be accomplished when these are understood and acted upon; and when men become sufficiently acquainted with themselves to know that all of the same race or *species* are *equal* in fact, they will insist upon "equal rights;" or that the Negro or other inferior races are *unequal* to themselves, they will insist that the former shall not have the same rights with themselves, or comprehending the *true* relations of the sexes, they will also demand that the rights and duties of each shall be in conformity with these relations.

To violate these laws—to say, because the Negro has certain general resemblances to the white man, or that the female has some qualities resembling the other sex, that the same rules shall apply to them universally; to compel the white man to conform to the faculties *specific* with the negro, or to seek to raise the Negro up to the level of the former; to compel a woman to chop cord wood, while her husband nursed her baby; is not only warring against progress and the nature of things, but would be a rapid stride towards barbarism. Indeed, in such an absurd application of inherent right or "*equality,*" there is no stopping place in the whole organism of nature. If women must exercise the "rights," and perform

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the duties of men, (for the two things are inseparable,) why not children? Certainly a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age has as strong muscles, and is as capable of manual labor, and has a capacity to perform the duties of men, as well as most females. As a physiological fact, there is no *positive* boundary between men and animals; and though the Negro is further separated from the "Ouran Outan" than he is from the white or Caucasian man, the actual difference between the latter is as distinct, or rather it is a *fact*, as well as the former, the differences being only in degree; the former being that of *genera*, and the latter that of *species*. Again, the white, or Caucasian man, as well as the Negro, has some qualities in common, not only with the Simiadæ, but with the whole Mammalia, and remotely even with still lower forms of organized life. Thus the whole world of organism is bound together in one continuous chain; though the links in that chain are distinct and *specific*, and as plain and comprehensible to human reason as they are wisely and beneficently designed by the Creator.

Where, with these facts before us, can we or should we stop? The Negro has not only more in common with us than he has with the Ouran Outan, but really has nothing in common with the latter that we ourselves have not, except that he has them more prominently; but should we therefore attempt, in all respects, to make the Negro our equal, and deny to the Ouran Outan everything? Or rather, should we not, in conformity to the eternal and immutable facts of nature, grant to the Negro all that he posse-ses in common with us, and no more; and to the Ouran Outan, and still inferior creatures, what belong to them, or have consideration for them to the extent that tney approximate to us? Unfortunately the distinctions that separate yet bind closely together all the *species* of men, have not been investigated or understood, and a few general resemblances have been confounded and mistaken, so that a very large portion of mankind are entirely ignorant of their true character.

For a long time the *specific* distinctions, and therefore the proper uses of animals, were similarly misunderstood. Even the Caucasian man once used the horse for food instead of labor; and yet among Mongolic nations horse meat is regularly sold in their markets. A few general resemblances, or accidental coincidences, have indeed governed the world. An ignorant old woman has found a patient to recover from chill-fever, though nothing has been done except to cut as many notches in a stick as the patient has had paroxysms, and straightway she becomes a great fever doctor, and her skill trusted in by respectable people; so, too, ignorance of organization of the *specific* qualities, and therefore the proper uses of animals, and the *specific* qualities of human races, has been misunderstood; a few general resemblances or accidental circumstances are alone seen; and ignorant self-sufficiency jumps to the conclusion that notches in a stick will cure chill-fever as well as quinine; that the horse was made for food instead of labor; and that white men and negroes are designed for the exercise of the same rights, and the practice of the same duties.

If the Creator had designed the horse for food, he would have created it differently, and, instead of the tough and stringy muscles so appropriate to strength and swiftness, would have constructed it with reference to human digestion; and if he had designed the Negro for the same purpose as the white or Caucasian man, he would have given him the same faculties—or rather we should say, he would not have been created at all, for the single fact that he exists is decisive of the will and intention of the Creator. In Europe, where women are placed at the head of nations and rule over millions of men, and their husbands, whom *nature* places at the head of the household, stand behind their chairs, to receive their orders, and outraging common sense as much as nature herself, fathers kiss the hand of their own offspring, as their slaves or subjects, "woman's rights" might flourish in a congenial soil: for the more the laws of nature are violated and reason trampled under foot, the longer such a "system" may be continued; or when the millions in profound ignorance, live from day to day without being permitted to enjoy the tenth part of the proceeds of their labor, while a mere fraction (men like themselves) live in idle and extravagant luxury at their expense, it may be expected that "human rights" or "negro rights," or the elevation of the Negro to that same level which the millions occupy, would be actively advocated; for here too, as in the case of family relations, the more the laws of *nature* are trampled on, the longer those who profit by such a condition of things may hope to retain them.

But in the United States, among a people almost universally educated, and where the fact of "equality" is almost universally understood, and acted on personally as well as politically, the advocacy of woman's "equality" in the sense that they argue it, or "equality" of the Negro to the white man in any sense whatever, is inexcusable on the ground of ignorance; and those thus warring against the laws of nature and the progress of society deserve to be treated as its enemies—or as absolute maniacs, and irresponsible for the evils they seek to inflict upon it.

Unknown probably to themselves, they are the dupes and tools of the enemies of Democratic progress; and if their monstrous crusade against the harmony of nature, as well as the progress of society could be successfully carried out, the nation would not only go back to the anti-progressive and brutalizing "systems" of Europe, and the masses degenerate again into the wretched serfs or slaves of kings and aristocrats, but intermingling their blood with an *inferior* race, and turning their men into women and their women into men, they would relapse into barbarism, and from being the noblest nationality recorded in history, become the most degraded and contemptible assemblage of mongrels—of monster women and emasculated men, ever known upon the face of the earth.

To effect this result—at any rate to hold in

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check the tendency of democratic ideas, to sustain and prolong its own existence, its sway and control over the masses, European monarchism, especially the British portion of it, originated the "idea" of "free negroism," and a crusade in favor of *inferior* races. Its design was twofold: first, as an antagonism for holding in check the progress of the American Democracy; and, in the second, as a false issue to its own oppressed masses. It originated with Johnson, Wilberforce, Pitt, and others of the most bigoted school of British tories; and though some well-meaning but deluded persons, like Fox and Sheridan, gave it their support, as a general thing, both in Europe and America, those most bigoted and bitterly hostile to the freedom and liberty of their own race are its especial advocates. The time has not yet arrived to estimate this "negro" movement at its true value; but it will come, and when it does, British "philanthropy," "human freedom," "emancipation," "abolition," or whatever it may be termed, will be known, as it is in fact, the widest spread *imposture*, and the vilest fraud ever practised on human credulity.

To carry on this imposture, the theory of a single race was absolutely essential; for on that alone hangs not only the merit of British "philanthropy," but the character of the British Government; indeed, the continued rule of the British aristocracy. Thus there has been brought to its support an extent or amount of literary ability, of perverted science, of political, social, moral, and even religious influence, unexampled in history; and the actual *facts*, so plain and simple that any one might investigate and thoroughly comprehend them in far less time than it would require to read a Negro novel or an abolition report, have been kept hidden from millions of men whose dearest interests are directly dependent on a true knowledge of them.

The reaction of these efforts is felt amongst ourselves. British books and British writers are standard authorities with a portion of our people. Thus, the reasoning however absurd, or the assumption of facts however unfounded, are never disputed or inquired into. The very terms of *freedom* and *slavery* are wholly perverted, and in the eyes of this misguided portion of our people, the British aristocracy the most deadly, as the most powerful enemy of liberty, is believed to be its especial and reliable champion. Of the many absurd and far-fetched comparisons relied on to sustain their theory of a single race, and consequent "equality" of the negro, that which assumes an identity between the *infancy* of a *superior race* and the *present* condition of an *inferior* one, has been most resorted to. Thus, remembering that their ancestors were once savages or unbelieving Pagans—at any rate, according to Bulwer, got along without the aid of pantaloons—they assume that they were exactly in the same social condition as are now the woolly haired or typical tribes in the interior of Africa, and that circumstances or opportunities are alone needed to enable the latter to become the equals of the modern Britons.

Even Hamilton Smith, generally as sound in his reasonings as correct in his facts, is constrained by the abolition sentiment of his countrymen to give in his adhesion to this ridiculous parallel; while Pritchard and others exalt it into a positive proof of their favorite theory of a single race; when in truth the *facts* which they thus rely upon, even if admitted to be true—that is, if the ancient Britons were, socially considered, in the exact condition of the typical Africans of our times—the fact would be a fatal objection to their theory. But there is not, nor can there be, any parallel between them. The ancient Britons were not *heathens*, in the sense given to that term in our times. The Romans called all other nations besides themselves barbarians, and thus applied that term to the Britons; but there could be but little, if any, resemblance between their condition and that of the typical Africans, or of the dark races found on the islands of the Pacific. They were doubtless emigrants from the continent, and must have carried with them a portion of the art and intelligence of the continental communities; and the simple fact of working the metals, of having manufactures, of drawing huge chains across the entrances or outlets of their rivers to exclude the Roman invaders, shows conclusively that they were infinitely advanced beyond those wretched tribes in the interior of Africa, or the islands of the South Seas, who thousands of years after that event have not the slightest idea of working metals, and whose highest advancement in art is to fashion their spear-heads from wood or the bones of fishes.

Compared with the polished Romans, the primitive Celts of the British islands were doubtless only half civilized; but from the remains of Druidical monuments, and the accounts of Roman historians themselves, there is abundant evidence to show that they bore no resemblance to the black and brown races that under the name of *heathens* enlist such a large share of misguided benevolence in modern times. Indeed, from the very earliest moments of authentic history to the present day, there has never been an instance where any branch or portion of the white or Caucasian race has been found in a state of *heathenism*, in the modern sense of that term; and it may also be said that there has never been found any dark race except in that condition.

Some branches of the former race have been at times more advanced than others, as some of the black or olivaceous races have been more barbarous than others; but giving the term *heathen* exactly its modern meaning, no *white heathens* have ever been known to exist, as no branch or tribe of the dark races has ever been discovered that was not such. This single fact is sufficient to show not only the original differences of the races, but the immense natural superiority of the white race, and to show also the blind, however well-meaning inhumanity, which prompts deluded persons to become missionaries to inferior races, under the mistaken notion that they are doing them an immense benefit, when, in fact, they are simply destroying them, by forcing upon them ideas

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and habitudes unnatural, and indeed impossible to them. The truth of which may now be seen in the Sandwich and other islands, where the inferior race has fallen a victim to this well-meaning but misguided proselytism. We do not desire to cast any unkind or ungenerous aspersions on those well-meaning but deluded persons who engage in what is termed missionary labor ; but the truth must be out some time or other, and the sooner the better, especially for the *victims* of the delusion. It does not follow that the inferior races, or those in our times termed *heathens*, may not, under certain circumstances, receive Christianity. Its divine truths are suited for any and every degree of mental condition—to the feeble child, as well as the philosopher ; but the civilization, the ideas, the mental habitudes of the Caucasian race, are as impossible to the Negro organization or the Negro faculties, or to the multitudes of *heathens* of the Pacific islands, as the most abstruse problems of mathematics are to the capacities of an infant; and when forced upon them, or sought to be forced upon them, as certainly ends in their destruction, as it would destroy an animal to exercise faculties, or to force upon it the habits of another *specifically* different.

The results of missionary efforts demonstrate this truth beyond all doubt. In some parts of India or China, or elsewhere, where a portion of the population is Caucasian, they have made a few permanent converts ; but in every single instance where these converts have been of a different race, they have soon relapsed into *heathenism ;* or, (as in the Sandwich islands, and universally with our Indian tribes, where the *ideas* of the white man predominate,) the converts,or rather the victims, perish. Thus that mistaken and perverted benevolence, which, turning it sback upon the mass of ignorance, and vice, and misery of its own race, traverses seas and continents to waste itself on impossibilities, has undoubtedly committed greater injuries than it has conferred benefits upon the objects of its labors.

While, however, there is no correspondence, and but little resemblance, between the condition of the ancient Britons and the present typical African, it is true that the latter is a *type* of the early, or supposed early, social condition of our own race. Although we do not possess any actual knowledge on the subject, it is believed that the hunter profession or condition was the commencing or starting-point of the Caucasian man; but this (to us) *transition* state is normal and permanent with the Negro. Thus, had the ancient Britons been the perfect *heathens* which their descendants, in order to make up a case for the Negro, assumes them to have been, the fundamental differences between the races is strikingly manifested in the fact, that while the Briton has carried his name and power and civilization over a large portion of the earth, the Negro remains at this moment where both stood two thousand years ago. And while, if the British language and British ideas, or the results of British progress, were instantly annihilated or stricken out of being, the whole world would be left in comparative darkness, yet the entire Negro race might be stricken out of existence, without disturbing the intellectual welfare of mankind ; or, beyond the mere human instinct that might shudder at this destruction of physical existence, have any more influence on the moral world than the destruction of all the horses, or of any race of animals.

Again: were the Negro of to-day like the Briton of two thousand years ago, why has the former stood still, while the latter has made such wonderful progress? The assertion that the Negro only requires opportunity to manifest his capacity for progress, aside from the physiological impossibility in the case, is historically disproved ; for whatever the degree or extent of British savagism at the time of the Roman invasion, the Britons were far less favored by circumstances than the Negro. Indeed it is difficult to find any race or nation so favored by circumstances as the typical African. He was in direct and immediate contact with Egyptian, Carthaginian, and Roman civilization—with the earliest forms and conditions of human improvement, and surrounded with art and intelligence, with the highest manifestations, of the human intellect, centuries before the Anglo-Saxon, or indeed any modern branch of the Caucasian race, had emerged from barbarism; but while witnessing, he had no connexion with this early civilization, or, if he had, it was exactly such a connexion as he has with us at the present time. There is no single instance to be found in all history, where any branch of the negro race, or any tribe, or even an individual, who has been *civilized*, in the sense we generally understand that term. Their relations to the Egyptians, and afterwards to the Carthaginians, were those of *involuntary*, or rather we should say *voluntary* servitude ; for there is no instance to be found where the race in its pure form ever fought a battle for its independence, or contested the natural supremacy of the Caucasian.

Centuries before the British islands became Christian, the Negro was under the full blaze and within the very focus of christianity. Before there was a Pope of Rome, or a Bishop in Britain, African (Caucasian) Bishops might be counted by scores : thus, instead of requiring circumstances only or opportunities for manifesting equal capacity for progress with the descendants of the ancient Britons, the Negro has not only had greater opportunity for improvement than has the Briton, but infinitely more than any of the nations of modern Europe. The Negro has however remained throughout all these changes and mutations of other races exactly the same—either a *heathen* or a *servant*, either a nomad or wanderer of the desert, existing as an animal of prey on snails and bugs, or within the precincts of civilized life in that natural subordination to superior races assigned him by the hand of nature. And to say that because the white man may once (as a transition state) have been a nomad or hunter, as well as the negro, that therefore the latter only requires opportunity to manifest equal capacity for progress as the former, is as absurd as it would be to say that the negro at the South may yet rival his master, because he has as much capacity now, as the former had when a child.

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Another notion (more common in Europe, however, than with ourselves,) attributes the differences in *races*, or that which distinguishes white and negro, to some such causes as those producing the Durham and other choice breeds of domestic animals. Pritchard, the most eminent among the single-pair theorists, after a long examination of this supposition, was compelled to give it up, as well as climate and other absurd and imaginary causes; and after an immensity of conjecture on the subject, abandoning all hope of arriving at any reasonable conclusion, contented himself with the declaration that, whatever they were, they were totally hidden from human detection; and in suggesting the possibility of some mysterious and incomprehensible "atmospheric chemistry." The physiological process of "breeding in and in," and thus producing choice breeds of domestic stock, is a very simple one. It consists merely in *amalgamation* of the choicest varieties. There is, however, no change in the *type* of the most improved, and whatever may be the general superiority in size, &c., as soon as the care of man is withdrawn or relaxed, it again reverts to the standard character of the race or *species*. This is seen at a glance to have not only no resemblance, but is the exact opposite of the results of amalgamations between whites and blacks—the *mulatto* or hybrid, whatever superiority he may manifest to one race being always essentially inferior to the other.

The physiological law, however, of "breeding in and in," whether in the brute or human races, is a vastly important one, and in all the improved *varieties* of either it may be said to be the fundamental cause; and in the case of the latter, those communities or nations who mingle their blood most extensively with other branches of the same race, will always be found the most energetic and powerful.

The best example of this in ancient times is seen in the Romans, who, from a mere band of outlaws, became the most powerful people recorded in history. They were originally adventurers, fillibustiers, vagabonds, from all the surrounding tribes or communities; and after laying the foundation of their city, stole their wives of the Sabines, and thus still more extensively crossing their blood, built up that magnificent nationality which governed the world two thousand years, and which finally decayed and fell to pieces for the want of that very thing which produced their greatness, quite as much perhaps as from any other cause.

When conquering the surrounding nations, all of whom were of the same race as themselves, instead of amalgamating with them, and thus preserving their energy and power by crossing their blood, they made slaves of them. Thus, in the later days of the empire, when all political power passed from the hands of the plebeians, and the Roman nobility or patrician order, (like the European nobility of the present day,) became a sort of close corporation, intermingling their blood only within their *order*, the empire rapidly declined, and the name of Roman finally became as contemptible as it had once been formidable.

Never before, however, has the result of admixtures of the *same race* been so remarkably manifested as at the present moment in the United States. Here, all the *varieties* and *subvarieties*—the Celtic, Germanic, Sclavonic, and their offshoots the English, Irish, French, Spanish, Prussian, Polish, Hungarians, &c.—mingle their blood in a common reservoir, and have already laid the foundation of an empire unparalleled for its material growth, or for the enterprise and energy of its people. Even with the purely native population, the result of admixture is strikingly displayed. Thus, New York, with its extensive intermixture of Dutch and New England people, has the most vigorous and enterprizing population of any of the old States; and the two vast columns of emigrants constantly moving westward from the old Puritan and Cavalier States, and mingling their blood together in the valley of the Mississippi, have resulted in forming a population which in all the essentials of true manhood, of bravery, enterprise, high and chivalrous sense of honor, of patriotism, and devotion to freedom, is unequaled and unapproachable on the face of the earth. While the results of extensive intermarrying or amalgamations of *varieties* are thus manifest, and conformity to the physiological law attended with such widespread benefits to the nations or communities, or indeed individuals, that obey it, a departure or a violation of it is equally marked in the punishment that Nature always inflicts on those who disobey her laws.

In regard to the first or a mere departure from the law, European "royalism" presents a striking instance.

Assuming to be superior to the masses of their own race, they intermarry within their royal circle, and a time soon comes when, from being *equal*, they become absolutely *inferior* to those they govern. Thus, with the exception of the Bonapartes and Bernadottes, and possibly the royal family of Russia, all the kings and queens of the day are *naturally* considered inferior to the most degraded portion of the populations they rule over. It may be difficult, perhaps, to determine the precise point where this inferiority commences, or the extent of it; but of the fact itself there is no doubt whatever. Nor does the punishment stop with mere mental inferiority; the whole physical structure is equally involved; insanity, or more often perhaps idiocy, scrofula, epilepsy, the most frightful, as the most disgusting of human diseases, become heirlooms in royal families, and, like their crowns and sceptres, are transmitted to their contemptible offspring. Finally, as if to stamp upon them an inferiority beyond possibility of mistake, Nature dooms them to *impotency;* and, like accidental hybrid or monstrous generations, they ultimately perish. The pretence so common in Europe of royal or noble persons tracing back their pedigree for countless generations, like everything else connected with this sham humanity, is all a fraud. There are doubtless persons among the English aristocracy, who fancy themselves the direct and lineal descendants of the companions of the Conqueror, but who are far more likely to be the

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descendants of the peasants or yeomen of the times of Cromwell, and, by the way, have vastly deteriorated from that point since.

Such a thing as lineal descent, or descent of blood instead of name or title, beyond a certain point or extent of time, is a physiological impossibility. Thus, the present hereditary royalty and nobility of Europe, feeble and emasculated as it is, is entirely dependent for what little vitality it actually possesses to legitimate or *illegitimate* intermingling with the blood of the people; and if the present roya houses would strictly and in fact, confine their interunions within their own *royal* circle, but very few years would elapse before they would become totally extinct.

The *violation* of the physiological law we are considering, is equally manifest, as evasion or departures from it; indeed, intermingling the blood of races essentially different, is, in respect to the superior race, at least, attended with wider spread mischief than the decay or destruction of royalty, or a class, as it involves the destruction of a whole people. It is, in fact, social suicide; and can only under favorable circumstances, or where the superior race vastly predominates in numbers, be practised without ending in complete social destruction. Its consequences are now to be seen in Mexico, Central America, Lower Canada, or wherever amalgamation with the native race has occurred. The Spanish conquerors, Cortez, Pizzaro, and the Alvarados, the proudest and noblest of the great race to which they belonged, are in our times represented by the wretched hybrids and mongrels of the South—more intelligent, perhaps, but yet in many respects actually inferior to the inferior race itself. By this amalgamation the Spaniards parted with their own superiority, while the inferior race has only temporarily gained what the former lost. It is a fundamental law, that hybridism must perish; and no mixed race or accidental generation can exist beyond a determinate period: thus the mongrel population of Mexico and Central America, located mainly in the cities, since the supply of white blood has been cut off by independence of Spain, rapidly declines and falls behind the native race of the rural districts; and a time will come when the former totally disappearing, the native race will return to the condition it was at the time of the Spanish conquest, and every thing impressed on this continent by the Spaniards as utterly and entirely disappear as if it had never existed. The same results, though modified somewhat, may be seen in Canada. Here, however, unlike the case of Mexico, the superior race predominate in numbers; and though embarrassed, and, for the time being debased by absorbing the inferior one, ultimately recovers from it; while Mexico—indeed all Spanish America—is only protracting a sickly existence to end in death, so far as Spanish blood, and Spanish ideas, and Spanish civilization are involved. On the contrary, the Anglo-American, with that high instinct of superiority that so remarkably distinguishes it from all other branches of the Caucasian race, utterly refused all admixture with the aboriginals; and this great fact, instead of Puritan sermons or Puritan morals, or any other or all other causes, alone or mainly explains its present superiority. It made no compromise with the native race: in deeds, if not in words, they said to the natives they must be as they were, or die; and as the latter would not, and indeed could not, be only as God and nature had made them, they are driven first over the Alleghanies, then the Mississippi, again into the recesses of the Rocky Mountains; and now, met by fresh invaders on the Pacific coast, the time is probably not distant when they will totally disappear within the boundaries of the Union,—*a fate universal with all inferior races, when in contact with superior ones, unless saved by the protection of servitude, as at the South, or through the ruin of the latter by amalgamation, as in Mexico.* Thus, of the twenty or twenty-five millions of American citizens that form the nation, all are of pure blood, though interlaced with two other distinct races; and while these twenty millions of pure Caucasians are giving the greatest possible development to the physiological law of extended crossings or interunion with their own race, that only portion of it (European royalism and hereditary aristocracy) which is tainted and impoverished, is, together with the blood of the inferior races, totally excluded; and the noblest and healthiest blood of the most elevated of all the human races alone throbs in the mighty heart of the American Democracy.

Instead, then, of the Negro being, as some English and European writers have supposed, a product of some kind of amalgamation, or that our own race is the result of some remote admixture of other forms of men, it is plain to the most unthinking, when they contemplate for a moment the results of admixture on this continent, that while our national energy and greatness is mainly the result of wide spread intermixtures with branches or *varieties* of our own race, that energy and that greatness is alone the result of our refusal to amalgamate with the Negro or Indian. And it is equally clear and unmistakable, when we contemplate the results of Spanish interunion with the native race in the southern portion of the continent, that should we ever lose the instinct of superiority, so as to dilute our blood, and descend to the level of the inferior races; especially, should we ever become so deteriorated as to seek to realize Negro "equality," the same results would follow us, and though vastly predominating in numbers we would never actually die out, as the Spaniards are destined to do, yet the physical pollution would be followed by moral debasement, fatal to the nation, and finally end in our conquest and subjection to some purer branch of our own race.

The actual condition of European society, however; the extreme poverty, misery, ignorance, and brutishness of the laboring classes; the enormous wealth, luxury, titles, and artificial superiority of the aristocracy—the long continuance of this state of things from century to century, and generation after generation—

has become so fixed, so impressed upon the mind, almost upon the very nature of the people, that they believe it perfectly natural; and having no other *standard* by which to judge, suppose the Negro, in some way or other, to be as much a product of oppression, of accident, or external circumstances, as their own peasantry, or any other depressed and brutalized *class* among themselves.

Thus nothing is more common than English writers boasting of the liberality of British institutions, because the English peasant, with all his admitted degradation, is still superior to negro "slaves;" and the English laboring classes are often seen to contribute, from their scanty support, to glorify some abolition hero or heroine, under the deplorable delusion that the condition of the negroes being infinitely worse than their own, they are bound to sympathize with them, and do honor to those who would *elevate* them, or, in other words, who would change the nature which the Almighty has given them.

Utterly ignorant of the Negro—of his nature, of his wants, his capacities—assuming him to be like themselves; that centuries of oppression, of slavery, of outrage, has not only crushed his intellect, but blackened his skin and twisted his hair—in a word, transformed and deformed his physical as well as intellectual nature, American "slavery" is, to their ignorant minds and distorted imaginations, a frightful monstrosity. Thus there are, doubtless, multitudes of over-worked, famishing wretches, swarming in British factories and British mines, who feel profound gratitude to their kings and nobles who have not reduced *them* to the same deplorable condition. There are in England four millions of paupers, and ten millions of laborers, to whom the ownership of property, whatever may be the theories or abstractions about British freedom, &c., is just as impossible, as a *fact*, as it is in the case of Southern negroes. Most of them are also in a far less favorable position for acquiring intelligence than those same southern "slaves;" and there are multitudes of men and women and children, whose joints and muscles and skeletons are so distorted by excessive labor, by privation and physical suffering, as almost to seem to belong to another race. But all these results of wrong and oppression, frightful and monstrous as they are, are nothing in the minds of Englishmen when compared with American "slavery," or to the oppressions and wrongs supposed to be inflicted on the negro, which, according to *their* notions, have not only crushed his intellect below that of the most degraded *class* of their own population, but, in some incomprehensible manner, changed his whole physical structure, and turned his skin black, as well as degraded his mind. Thus are two things, or two conditions, totally dissimilar, confounded with each other; and the single fact, that the British peasant is vastly superior to the Southern negro, is assumed as conclusive proof that he is less oppressed or less wronged; and British and American abolitionists rely mainly upon this fact as the basis of their hostility to negro slavery. The delusion in the case consists in confounding the results of human contrivances, or of man's oppressions, with the works of the Creator. The English peasant is the work of British institutions; the negro the creation of nature. The former *artificially* degraded; the latter *naturally* inferior.

Of the multitudes of stolid and debased peasants that till the lands of a British "noble," there is probably not a single one who, if taken when in his cradle, and bred as the offspring of a Sutherland, but would be his equal; indeed, in view of the physiological deterioration of *hereditary* aristocracy, most probably superior to the standard of the noble order; while the offspring of Sutherland, bred in the hovel of the laborer, would, in no respect whatever vary from the ordinary standard of peasant life.

Among the thousands of deformed and brutalized women of the mines of Cornwall, except those deformed by scrofulous diseases—and this, by the way, amid all their filth, and want, and suffering, is not as often the case as among the "noble" order—there is not a single one who, had she been exchanged with Mrs. Sutherland while in their cradles, but would exhibit all the personal graces and mental capacities, if not the "philanthropy," of that interesting person. Nor would the latter, excluded from the light of day from very childhood, and compelled to perform the labor of the other sex, as is the fate of these unfortunates, differ from them in the slightest particular.

The law of reparation, or restoration, perpetually in action in the human body, which counteracting accidents or external circumstances restores health and preserves individual existence, is also in constant action to preserve *species* or original creations; and no matter what the external circumstances, or what the oppression of a ruling class, it is utterly beyond its power to alter the laws of nature. It may enact laws of primogeniture, and hedge itself about with all manner of fictitious rules or usages; it may oppress, and starve, and murder, even as it has some three millions of Irishmen; but it cannot change the eternal laws of nature in a single particular. The English peasant, and the woman of the mines, however deformed or distorted their limbs, or however repulsive in their brutal physiognomy, as well as their moral habitudes, only become so after their birth, and through the operation of the artificial system under which they live. Thus, of all that horde of brutalized womanhood in the mines of Cornwall, there is probably not a single one that does not bring into the world as perfectly formed children, with all the inherent and natural capacity of intellect and of physical beauty, as the females of the ruling class. Nature is always true to herself, and permits no departure from that eternal *type* stamped upon the race by the hand of the Almighty. A man may lose a limb, or both, or all his limbs, and his offspring will be as perfect as ever; even congenital deformities are not propagated; monstrosities usually perish, or at any rate are incapable of begetting offspring. This law is invariable and immu-

table ; and no morbid or abnormal growth, or departure from the original *type*, is ever permanently possible. Those instances of the transmission of disease sometimes seen in families or individuals is no exception. A man may violate the physical laws of his own being ; he may be a glutton, a drunkard, or lecher, and his tainted and diseased blood be transmitted to his offspring ; but this is a condition of disease throughout—it is the punishment that nature inflicts on those who violate her laws—a process even for restoring the normal and healthy order. The descendants of such suffer for the sins of their fathers; but avoiding these sins themselves, and intermingling their own with purer blood, all taint or trace of the original sin disappears in a generation or two ; or if, as in the case of "royalty," they mingle their blood within a limited circle with those as tainted and diseased as themselves, they become idiotic and impotent, and totally perish. Thus it is, that the original form, stamped upon a race or *species*, is perpetual and invariable. The rule or oppression of a class, or of one nation over another, can never, in the slightest degree, change or modify its actual nature. It may pervert or cultivate, degrade or elevate, brutalize or improve, a single generation, but all this terminates with such generation, and the succeeding one again comes into being just as it came from the hand of God on the morning of creation.

The artificial difference between a British "noble" and a British peasant *seems*, to be sure, immense. The law of primogeniture, and the ten thousand other contrivances which produce these differences, can go no farther, however, than the life of each. Their offspring again comes into being exactly alike, exactly equal ; and again the *machinery* must be resorted to, to make them artificially unlike and unequal. One, from the moment of birth, is surrounded with every appliance for developing all the mental capabilities ; the other, from the moment of birth, is surrounded with all the influences that prevent this development. This *machinery*, worked for centuries, is now brought to such perfection, that should some outside power—some Louis Napoleon, or American Democracy—invade the country, and retaining the system, only change the *persons*—place the Palmerstons, Stanleys, and Mrs. Sutherlands, in the factories and mines, and an equal number of mining women and laborers in the castles and palaces of the former, the only perceptible difference in the succeeding generations would be a more vigorous and energetic nobility, thus renovated by the stronger and healthier blood of the people.

Ignorant of this eternal and immutable law of *equality*, which God has impressed upon all those who belong to the *race* or *species;* and the only departure from which is in the very class that assumes to be superior—and even that is only temporarily inferior, for the constant tendencies to idiocy and impotency in *hereditary* royalty or aristocracy, is the process that Nature employs to get rid of them altogether, and restore the natural order, or healthy standard of the species, Europeans, accustomed to such an artificial and unnatural condition of society, actually believe that the "noble" (so called) is *naturally* superior to the peasant. Thus, though they also probably think the planter superior to the negro servant in some similar manner, yet the peasant, being vastly superior to the negro, is, to them, conclusive proof that the oppression of the latter is infinitely greater ; and negro "slavery" a far greater outrage on the natural rights of man than monarchism or the rule of an aristocracy.

But the condition of things at the South has no resemblance whatever to the artificial one confounded with it. The negro servant, or "slave," taken from some Uncle Tom's Cabin, when an infant, and bred in the mansion of the planter, unlike the case of the British peasant, remains the same. He may be taken north—to England—may be educated at Oxford, or bred in the family of the Sutherlands, and supplied with all the wealth of the Rothschilds; yet the whole combined power of mankind will be utterly incompetent to change him the millionth part of an atom.

To be sure, his intellect will be, or may be, cultivated beyond that usually manifested by his race ; but with the same color, the same hair, the same formed limbs, the same animalized pelvis, the same small and receding brain—in a word, with the same physical inferiority, will be the same mental inferiority that the Creator has stamped upon the race. He may, with the fullest development of the faculties inherent in his race, together with the imitated or borrowed intelligence of the superior one thus forced upon him, *seem* superior to vast multitudes of uncultivated white men. But if of pure negro blood, it is as impossible for him to reach the *standard* capacity of the white man, as it is to change any other order or form of nature, and as wholly beyond the power of human force to accomplish, as it would be to change a cow into a horse, or to raise the dead, or, in a word, to change the color of his skin.

The British "noble," the Sutherlands, and people of that kind, with all the wealth in their hands, with the thing called government—a mere machine for manufacturing paupers ; with the entire Shopocracy, or middle class, as police agents to watch and guard the people with a large standing army, while the latter are totally disarmed—are yet compelled to resort to fraud and fiction to keep up the delusion that they are superior, or that their assumed superiority is real. Thus they paint and decorate themselves something after the fashion of our Indian "medicine men," and with high-sounding titles, keep themselves at an immense distance, and employ flunkies, or middle men, who affect a profound awe and reverence for this painted and bespangled humanity, and thus impress their ignorant dupes with the notion that it is indeed what it pretends to be. On the contrary, the southern planter, with a consciousness of superiority that would be ashamed to resort to fiction or imposture of any kind, takes off his coat, and works in the same field and at the same labor as his slave. The thought of the latter contest-

ing his superiority never once enters his mind. As said by as sound a statesman as gallant soldier of the South, "we no more think of a negro insurrection than we do of a rebellion of our cows or horses." The planter rules as *naturally* as the negro obeys *instinctively;* the relation between them is natural, harmonious, and necessary, and their interests, being indivisible, there can be no cause or motive, either for the abuse of power on the part of the master or of rebellion on the part of the servant. Of course there are instances of brutal masters, as in all the conditions of life, however natural and harmonious ; there will also be instances or exceptions to the contrary. But the fact that there has never been an attempt at insurrection of the blacks (for the few instances of murders and outrages on some plantations have nothing of the character of an insurrection,) and that not a single soldier has ever been employed to preserve order in the slave States—with nothing, indeed, but the ordinary constabulary force, and that even less than in the free States—is a sufficient proof of the *naturalness* of the relations which unite so harmoniously two such widely separated *races*.

In all the countries of Europe, nearly half the people are armed to keep down the other half. England is no exception ; for though her standing army is less in perfect keeping with the fraud and hypocrisy of her whole system, an armed police, equal to the regular soldiery of the more manly despotisms of the continent is kept in pay and constant, unsleeping activity to keep down the people. Were the European aristocracy to place itself in the same position towards the people that the planters of the South do always in respect to their negroes—were kings and nobles to disband their armies, to present themselves stripped of all artificial support, face to face with their subjects, as the planter does daily and constantly to his negroes—to trust to their assumed and *fictitious* superiority, as the planter does to his *real* and natural superiority, the entire crew of fictitious and painted humanity would be received with a roar of derision from the Volga to the Thames; and their actual inferiority and utter insignificance would be so palpably revealed to the people, that the latter would scarcely condescend to even punish them for their past transgressions.

Even as things are now, if some Sutherland, for instance, should go among his peasants, and, taking off his coat, go to work with them, and trust to his supposed or assumed superiority, where would he be at the end of a single week? The men who only see him at a distance, living in a castle surrounded with hordes of miserable menials, and followed by lordly retinues, thus brought in actual contact with him; thus discovering the cheat and imposture that is imposed on them ; thus able to see what it is that rules and governs them ;—however ignorant these men, the illusion would vanish forever, and from this single point would commence, in all probability ; a movement that would end in revolutionizing the country. The southern planter, on the contrary, needs no artificial support to sustain *his* authority—no fraud or fiction, or intermediate flunkey or hireling, to work on the imagination of *his* slaves—no paint and feathers, or high-soundings titles, or any part or parcel whatever of that vast and complicated machinery of fraud and force, so universal in Europe—to keep down his inferiors. *His* authority is stamped upon his nature by the hand of God, instead of being the work of laws of primogeniture or the *creation* of human contrivances.

These two things, which have no resemblance whatever—which are as far apart as truth and falsehood, as right and wrong, as the laws of nature and the results of human contrivances, are confounded continually, and the ignorant and deluded masses in Europe are constantly prompted by the agents and hirelings of aristocracy to consider the condition of the negro and their own to be the same in principle—indeed, to look upon themselves as even far less oppressed than the negro. They have not the most distant idea that the negro is in a perfectly natural condition, while theirs is wholly artificial; nor a single glimpse of the eternal truth, that it is a greater crime against nature to force the negro to an *equality* with them, than to make even a class of their own race artificially superior to themselves. All the combinations of human force are indeed incompetent to affect either in fact ; yet the effort to elevate the inferior species to an equality with that which God has placed above it, would be vastly more injurious than even the artificial superiority of a class of the same race. But we repeat, both alike are impossible in reality. No matter what the action of Parliaments, or the laws of primogeniture, or other efforts, the *artificial* superiority ends with the single generation ; and the succeeding one again comes into existence with the eternal and inherent "equality" that God has stamped upon the *race*, complete and perfect as ever. So, too, should efforts be made to violate nature in respect to different races or specie—should Virginia pass laws *equalizing* the planter and his slave, it would only be a *fiction*. Should external force be resorted to, to accomplish the impossibility—should the whites of Virginia refuse to learn to read, or cultivate their faculties, and devote themselves wholly to the mental elevation of the blacks, all their efforts would end with the present generation, and in the succeeding one, Nature, true to herself, would vindicate her rights. The white would be again just as *superior*, and the negro just as *inferior*, as if the natural order and harmony had never been disturbed. No mental *equality*, short of physical *equality*, could be possible ; nor, indeed, could social suicide, amalgamation itself, realize the abolition idea of equality. To the extent that it occurred, there would be only *extinction* of the specific character of both parties ; while, beyond that, the specific character and the eternal "inequality" of the races, would remain undisturbed, with the integrity of each as perfect as ever.

The continued ascendancy of the aristocracy, or ruling class, on the contrary, instead of the laws of nature, rests wholly on the ignorance of the masses. With the Government, the wealth, all the forces of the State

in its possession, it cultivates its own intelligence, and withholds all the means of mental improvement from the people. Thus the same Parliament in England which voted forty thousand pounds to educate the people, appropriated eighty thousand to repair the queen's stables; making the physical comfort of the dumb animals of double importance to the moral well-being of the people. Thus, too, while plundering the laboring classes of some five millions annually, to pay the interest on money squandered to *elevate* the negro to a common level with the former, they annually appropriate about a hundred thousand pounds for education, or allow the people to use about the fiftieth part of the former amount to *elevate* themselves; or, when robbing a British laborer of *fifty* cents to *elevate* the negro to his own level, permit him to use *one* cent to *elevate* himself to the level of those with whom God and Nature have created him equal. Yet strange indeed this atrocious imposture and unapproachable villany passes for "philanthropy;" and there are even Americans so debauched by Britishism, and so stultified in their moral perceptions, as to glorify it as an act of *humanity*, and a great national effort in behalf of *liberty*. Nor ist his misconception or confusion between *artificially* degraded classes of a superior race, and the *natural* condition of an inferior one, confined to Europe. Throughout the northern States, those with whom British books and British writers are standard authorities, universally adopt the same notion; and it will always be found that those most in favor of class distinctions in their own race, or most in favor of special legislation, and all those schemes or contrivances that foster artificial distinctions amongst the whites, are those most hostile to what is termed "southern slavery."

Thus it is, that the false theory of a single race, applied to the social condition of the south, assumes the presence of facts that only exist in the diseased imaginations of those who apply it; and these imaginary facts thus generated by the theory become in turn its main support. And while the actual condition of the negro, which is infinitely better than any other portion of his race, proves conclusively that that condition is a normal or natural one, the fact that he is mentally *inferior* to the European peasant, which simply proves that he belongs to a different race or *species*, is by a monstrous lie; and so far as the welfare of both races is concerned, a deplorable delusion perverted into proof that he is suffering under still greater oppression than the former. Thus, too, with the notion of a common wrong and a common cause, from the very necessities of falsehood is also associated the idea or notion of a common origin, and a single race.

When the facts, however, become known, and the true "higher law" which forever places the Negro in subordination to the Caucasian is understood, all these delusions will vanish, and abolitionism be remembered only as a phantom of the past.

"The Star-Spangled Banner."

WE have been kindly permitted to print the following copy of this beautiful patriotic song from a manuscript in the handwriting of its distinguished author. It was written with marked care—for a friend—and may be relied on as strictly correct. Our readers will thank us for this gem.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is the foe that so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
His blood has wash'd out his foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven rescued land
Praise the Power that has made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—*In God is our trust!*
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

For Mr. James Maher, of Washington city, from F. S. Key.

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Protection to Americans Abroad.

THERE was no part of President Pierce's Inaugural Address which received such unqualified approbation from all men of all parties, as that portion in which he declared that it would be a prominent object of his policy to protect American citizens and American interests in foreign countries from aggression. This subject has been, from the foundation of our Government, one in which all administrations of all parties have been remiss in extending to those of our citizens abroad that protection which they had a right to claim. We do not accuse any of our Presidents of want of true national feeling, or of that spirit which is required to uphold the national honor. The cause of this apathy is to be found in the peculiar structure of our Government. Separated into numerous States, with checks and counterpoises on the federal authority, and embarrassed and crippled by dissentions, every President must necessarily act with extreme caution, and often in a manner that looks very much like a want of genuine spirit. In early times the European Governments chose to look upon ours as a sort of a petty *outside*, little confederation, which might be treated with annoyance and contempt, just as suited their whims and caprices. It was not till after the war of 1812, that enlightened British statesmen ceased to sneer at our flag as a piece of "striped bunting." That war taught the proud boasters of England that this striped bunting floated over the heads of men who dared to clip the claws and pluck the mane of the British lion. Since that period times have changed, and power has changed, and the sons of those who were denounced as the "bastard refugees" of Europe, are now complimented as the cousins, friends, and relatives of the proudest in the land of their ancestors. We were in early times insulted by France, and over and over again by Great Britain; but during the last few years the respectful conduct of these powers apprizes us how highly they estimate our strength. While civilization and christianity have greatly ameliorated the feelings of respect for the rights of others on the part of men, as individuals, they have exerted a much weaker influence on the policy and laws of nations. In the relations of these nations towards each other, the barbarian maxim still prevails to a great extent, that "might is right." The strong nations overpower or overcome the weak ones, and a great Government like that of Russia plays the part of the herculean bully in the ring, who snubs and knocks down every one who does not approach in a cringing and submissive attitude. We have at length risen to the dignity of the first rank of nations, and have nothing to fear from the most powerful in the shape of national insults; and while they hardly dare venture to treat with indignity the "Stars and Stripes" of the country, there are some nations whose secret dislike for us will exhibit itself in insults and outrages upon individual citizens who happen to be within their jurisdiction.

Numerous instances might be cited to establish this fact, but we forbear. We will not state the frequent occasions on which our vessels have been stopped on the high seas, and searched, by Spanish and British cruisers; or on which our citizens have been seized and imprisoned, or expelled, by Austrian and Mexican authorities. We will add, however, in regard to the latter government, that under the guise and pretext of legal proceedings, our citizens resident or travelling within its borders have been so often imprisoned, plundered of their property, and forced to a bandon the country, that it has become one of the most crying evils, demanding the interposition of this government for redress. We know that claims for damages, for the seizure, and unlawful condemnation of pr operty, by the Mexican authorities, amounting to several millions of dollars in value, have been submitted to the Federal Government, and presented to the Mexican Government, without the least satisfaction being tendered, or even an acknowledgment that such claims had been made.

At the present moment, no American citizen dares import into Mexico goods of any description, on which he has paid all the legal duties, with the certificates and permits of the Mexican officers themselves, duly authenticated, in his pocket, and the public stamp of that Republic on each bundle or parcel, without running the risk of having the same seized by a file of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, before he is out of sight of the custom-house, in which he has just entered them and paid the duties. When so seized, this property is brought before a judge, directly interested in its condemnation; and before such a tribunal, it is not

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difficult to find flaws enough in the papers, or if they do not exist, to make them to declare the seizure legal, and the property forfeited. The only chance of escape lies in bribing the judge, and the janizaries of the military commandant, by handing over to them one half, at least, of the property seized.

We have known such outrages to have occurred frequently, and they have been invariably perpetrated upon American citizens. To have committed such a wrong on a British subject would have led to an immediate protest from the minister, backed by the cannon of a British fleet. Had it occurred in the case of a French subject, the same result would have followed. An American citizen, however, when he can be caught, is considered fair game. Rob him, imprison him, and drive him from the country, with every species of insult—and what is the result? He applies to this government for protection ; he forwards proofs of the wrong committed upon him—difficult to be obtained in Mexico—and in about six months the Secretary of State informs him that his complaint has been received, and will at once engage the attention of the department. In another three months a copy of it is forwarded to our minister in the city of Mexico, with instructions to ask that immaculate government what all this fuss means. President Arista, or President Santa Anna, takes the papers, shrugs his shoulders, and tells our minister that as soon as the next revolution is over they will let him know all about it. He waits, patient and good-natured soul, about three months, drops in some fine morning upon the President of Mexico, takes a glass of specially imported "old Bourbon," and asks his excellency whether he has had time to investigate the complaint made by his American fellow-citizen. His excellency informs him that he has been so particularly engaged that he has not had time to do so, but that he will immediately forward a copy of the papers to the judge, who has shared the spoils of the seizure, and inquire of him whether or not it is "all right." Our thorough-going minister makes a bow to the President, and leaves, entirely satisfied. He calls again on the same subject, in another three or six months, and is told that the information necessary to give a definite answer has not yet come to hand. Thus is the business procrastinated from year to year. Our minister is duped, our government despised, and our citizens ruined. We rejoice that a different spirit is about to animate our Chief Magistrate. The Senate, at its last session, in precisely such a case as has been suggested, where the property seized was protected by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, resolved that they could not interfere for the relief of the party wronged, while the negotiation remained in the hands of the executive. The committee on foreign relations, in their report, intimated that the President should communicate the facts of the case to Congress, and that the *ultima ratio*, war, would be the only resort. Perhaps the committtee were correct in their view of the subject ; and it will remain to see, in the happening of such contingencies as these cases present, whether or not the President will adhere to his own manly and patriotic declaration. We feel confident he will not shrink from it. A government like ours—powerful, advancing, and commercial—should make its name be respected, and the rights of its citizens be regarded as inviolable in every other country on the globe. We exercise, at this hour, on the destinies of the world, a greater influence than ancient Rome did, in all her glory.

We are told by one of her distinguished orators, that among the most remote and barbarous nations, the exclamation, "I am a Roman citizen," was a passport and protection to the humblest of her sons. It was Oliver Cromwell who first gave to the words, "I am an Englishman," that talismanic guarantee in every nation, which has since made the subjects of the English Government the best protected and the most independent of all foreigners. They owe to this sturdy old hero this proud privilege, and it would be one of the highest advantages this country could enjoy, were such a man as Cromwell or Jackson here in the present emergency, to infuse into our national policy towards foreign nations a little more of that firm and dauntless spirit, without which our name and our vengeance are alike feeble and contemptible. We say to General Pierce, then, fix your foot firmly on this declaration; let no consideration on earth induce you to yield a hair's breadth of the privileges that belong to the humblest of our citizens, over whose heads the "Stars and Stripes" of the nation have ever waved. For every aggres-

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sion offered on the high seas, or on land, a most decisive demand for reparation should be made, in terms prompt and emphatic. If this be refused, every power invested in the Executive by law should be instantly exerted to secure it. If the law itself be defective, and does not grant adequate authority, appeal directly to Congress and the country to amend it, so as to bestow the power. In this manner we can sustain our national dignity, defend the rights of our citizens, wherever business or inclination may lead them, and, above all things, attain a national character, which will do more than all other influences combined, to enable us to conduct our intercourse with foreign nations on terms of equality and justice. Pusillanimity in the policy of a nation is even more despicable than in the case of a single individual. It invites aggression, and emboldens the most insignificant powers to encroach on the rights of such nation, because they can do so with impunity. Our relations with the nations of the world are very different from those that existed twenty years ago. We were then, in a great measure, isolated from the eastern continent by two broad oceans, and were in no danger of being embroiled in its affairs. Now we have extended our territory to the Pacific ocean—reached the trade of the East Indies by a new route, and lie in the immediate pathway between the nations of Europe and Eastern Asia. Whether we are willing or unwilling, we are thus forced by circumstances into a closer intercourse than ever with foreign powers, and shall be exposed on frequent occasions to their jealousy, hatred, and rapacity. It becomes us, therefore, to assume a prouder attitude, and speak in a firmer tone than has been usual on the part of this Government. We do not desire to see the President play the part of the bully or the braggart towards other nations; but we would have him, whenever and wherever our rights are invaded, or our citizens injured, require redress, in such form as to show that he is in earnest, and if it be refused or needlessly delayed, employ the only arguments that have weight with some nations—and these are the arguments delivered at the mouths of our cannon. Should such disgraceful scenes occur as have within the last two or three years characterized our relations with Spain, in Cuba, we confidently trust the black and bloody stains on our national escutcheon will be wiped out, and that the brutal instruments of despotism will be taught that the flag of the American Union is no longer to be treated with insult and scorn.

Empire in France.

EVERY nation has an undoubted right to establish any form of government it sees fit, which may be suited either to its condition or its caprice. While we recognise this right, we shall exercise the privilege of expressing our opinion upon the wisdom and policy of its choice. We do not belong to that class of politicians who believe that any nation is so ignorant as not to be qualified to enjoy freedom. It is a favorite dogma, with the adherents of monarchical power, that mankind are incapable of self-government; to this we reply in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "If man cannot govern himself, when did he ever find Angels, in the form of Kings, to govern him!" The French nation has preserved its national characteristics in a greater degree of consistency and precision than any other nation in Europe. The English of the present day are totally unlike those whom Cæsar found when he invaded that island. The Germans of the present day are not the wild, furious, and resolute men, whom that conqueror invaded in their native forests. The effeminate organ-grinding Italian, of the present day, is a very different man from those veterans who composed Cæsar's tenth legion. But the Frenchman of the present time is the same happy, laughing, volatile Gaul, that Cæsar found upon the same territory, and whom he and Tacitus so graphically described.

Let the world go as it will with a Frenchman, he is content. Louis Philippe as a general, a beggar, a schoolmaster, or a king, bore each change of fortune with equanimity and good humor. Napoleon the III, or Napoleon the Little, as a fugitive, an exile, a prisoner, and an emperor, has displayed similar traits of character. What each of these men has been on a great scale, every Frenchman is on a smaller one. He dances, fiddles, and eats frogs, with a good appetite, no matter whether his chief ruler be Robespierre, the mob, Napoleon the Great, or Napoleon the Little. He takes it into his head occasionally to indulge in a revolutionary frolic; he brings a few thousand men, women, and children to the guillotine, or shoots

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a few thousands at the barricades, kicks one ruler out, and lifts another upon his shoulders in his place, and laughs and chatters on, as if nothing serious had happened. This facility of temper is the real secret of the elevation of the present French emperor; the Frenchmen cared very little who it was, so that they had some ruler who would keep the streets open and prevent the mob from breaking into their houses. However people may be fond of mischief and confusion, no person, not even a Frenchman, likes to have his brains knocked out, whenever he happens to thrust his head out of the window. The influence of the first Napoleon in France is still of the most wonderful potency; it would be difficult to find a Frenchman, no matter how much he hated Napoleon personally, who does not feel proud of him as the leader of the French armies throughout all Europe. Louis XIV was a great king and a great conqueror, but his name never excited any great degree of enthusiasm in the French nation. Henry IV was a great king and a great hero, and was very much beloved by his nation; but religious intolerance prevented this attachment from being as cordial and as universal as it would otherwise have been. Napoleon Bonaparte, on the other hand, appeared upon the scene of action at a most propitious season; discord and anarchy had rent the social fabric in France to pieces; he came forward to gather them together, and to reconstruct it; it so happened that the gratification of his highest ambition enabled him to pursue a course of conduct, which, though intensely selfish, looked like patriotism.

He was a theoretical republican, a practical despot. The French people recollect only his words, they forget his acts; he talked freedom, and they fancy they still hear his voice. He fertilized the fields of every part of the continent of Europe with the best blood of France, and the bones of her sons falling under his lead, are now scattered from Rome and Lisbon to Moscow. And what is there to offset this fearful account? Some palaces, some triumphal arches, some aqueducts, some bridges, ten thousand captured standards, and the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz. Frenchmen remember these great events, and recall to their minds that stern, stout man, with his hands behind him, dressed in a grey surtout, and a little cocked-hat, and they fancy that he is again to make France the great nation of Europe. The present French Emperor was not elected for anything he had done, or is ever capable of doing for France; he had only proved by two or three sorry adventures that he was a rash incompetent leader, and did not possess those essential qualities which excite a lively enthusiasm. We cannot help smiling at the ridiculous figure he cut, when he put on the cocked-hat and grey coat of his uncle, in order to seduce a regiment of French soldiers. These veterans were excessively amused at the farce, and some of them cried out, "the hat and the coat are all right, but where is the man who wore them at Lodi!" Crest-fallen and abashed, he sneaked out of a back door, and sought to conceal himself from his pursuers. It would be idle to deny, however, that Louis Napoleon is possessed of much craft and good sense; he has usually succeeded in extricating himself with much address out of those awkward scrapes into which his ambition and folly have led him. He is a man of patience, of great secretiveness, insatiable ambition, and utterly destitute of all principle;—nothing can be more dishonest and detestable than the means by which he has attained his elevation; hypocrisy, perjury, and fraud are the steps on which he has ascended; and he is now exercising the power which he possesses, with a spirit of as unmitigated tyranny as that of Louvois, Richelieu, or Mazarine. He has crushed the liberty of the press; he is throttling the freedom of speech, and casting into prison or driving into exile all the noble spirits and masterly intellects of France. He evidently fears that the volcano on which he stands will burst forth in a flood of fire, and consume his ephemeral authority in an hour. He is directing his policy, so as to prevent this catastrophe; he thinks by muzzling the press, and by sending into exile or to prison all the patriots who would venture to speak or write against his despotism, he is entrenching himself behind an unassailable rampart. But it remains to be seen what will be the result of such a system. Will the French people, active, meddling, inquisitive as they are, consent to relapse back into that condition in which Louis XIV exclaimed, with his heel upon their necks, "I am the State!" Will they be the willing instruments of a Government, which, while it oppresses, despises them? Will they forget so

readily that they have enjoyed some fever fits of liberty? And is it possible for any Government to suppress the longings of its subjects for enjoying it again? We believe that before three years have expired, France will be shaken by such a convulsion as has not passed over that nation since 1789. There is only one method we can discover of escaping this conflict; and that is, to engage in a foreign war. England would be the nation with which above all others a war would be popular. The French Emperor is rapidly increasing his navy; and for what purpose we can hardly discover, unless it be preparatory to such an event.

A foreign war would draw the attention of the French people from affairs at home to those abroad, and a few brilliant victories would make them hug their chains with rapture. There is at present in the French army no great military leader competent to direct this vast movement, but chance and necessity would soon raise up a proper man. We doubt ourselves whether Louis Napoleon possesses military genius for any higher office than that of captain of artillery; but he has in every thing so exactly aped his uncle, that we do not doubt that he would endeavor to play the hero.

It may be possible, however, that he will prefer giving a chance of stopping a ball to some other leader. It is not probable that there is another nation in the world but the French in which a man like Louis Napoleon could grasp and retain supreme power by the foul means which he has employed; and we cannot believe that even in France, what he has gained can be permanent. Sooner or later vengeance must overtake the man who has usurped and abuses the government of his country. We do not know how much better off France would have been under the rule of Cavaignac or some other aspirant, than she is now. It is possible that pretty much the same system of government would have been pursued, as is now practised by Louis Napoleon. Santa Anna has attained power in Mexico, in a very similar mode, and is standing on a volcano, as threatening and as dangerous as the one beneath Louis Napoleon's feet. Will these two accidental rulers unite their interests, or will they, single handed, try their respective fortunes alone? Which will maintain himself longest, and how will they terminate their career? Both are extraordinary men, and have witnessed in their lives changes of condition, and most wonderful adventures, whose reality outstrips those of fiction. Of the two, Santa Anna is without doubt the ablest man, but he is growing old, and losing much of that energy which distinguished him in former days. He still, however, grasps the reins of state with much firmness, and will restore tranquility to Mexico, or be himself hurled from office. The United States have great interests at stake, and should watch with extreme jealousy the movements of these two ambitious and unscrupulous usurpers.

The Spirit of the Age.

ALL ages of the world are distinguished by some striking event or some great leading tendency. During one age, all nations appear to be actuated by a spirit of warlike aggression; during another, the sword is sheathed, and these nations are found in the peaceful walks of commercial or scientific rivalry. The present age is totally unlike any one preceding it in history. If we take the first half of the present century, we must be forcibly struck with the manifest tendency which the human mind has been following, in the pathway of advancement. We shall perceive, during the first few years, all Europe and our own country involved in bloody, desolating wars; commerce destroyed, agricultural and all mechanical pursuits crippled and languishing, and every hill and every valley resounding with the thunders of cannon, and the shock of charging squadrons. The ocean was covered with men of war, prowling about for prey. Suddenly the scene is changed: the giant spirit which was directing the whirlwind is snatched from his throne and sent to die a prisoner on a distant island of the sea. The storm is hushed; hostile nations shake hands in peace; improvement begins, and advances with the rapidity of light. Steamers plough every ocean—locomotives, those prodigious "iron horses," are dragging hundreds of tons in a train, over hills and along valleys, as fast as a falcon can fly. Printing presses, worked by steam, are throwing off sheets and volumes as fast as they can be counted; and, to crown all, the magnetic telegraph is outstripping the sun itself, and is conveying intelligence from one

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part of the world to another more rapidly than if it were written on the beams of that luminary. The boundaries of nations appear to be almost obliterated, and the intercourse among them is more intimate and convenient than it was formerly among different states, counties, and districts of each nation itself. To render this intercourse more close still, the great scheme was devised of inviting all nations to assemble with their inventions, arts, and scientific improvements, at the World's Fair in London; they came, and exhibited such a spectacle to the eye of the beholder, as cannot be found ever to have occurred before in history. This great scheme of national fraternization is to be continued; the United States have the honor of giving a like exhibition. This competition in the arts of peace, is one of the most auspicious signs of the present times; gladly do we hope that it may never be interrupted by the harsh notes of war again. From this brief summary it may be plainly seen that the striking characteristic of this age is its tendency to advance the practical and the useful arts of life; but while, thus far, there is much to admire and much to rejoice at, in this aspect of affairs, there is yet a heavy drawback to be taken into consideration. While we are going forward in every thing with lightning speed, is there not great danger that we, in consequence of our haste, shall lose much of that intellectual thorough training and masculine strength which are not the work of a day, and can only be compassed by energetic and persevering application. Evidences of this deterioration of solid strength are seen in many of the transactions that are daily occurring. Take for instance the magnetic telegraph; this great agent is gradually introducing a new system into the management of our whole newspaper press. Events of importance that happen at a distance are telegraphed all over the country to the most remote points. These despatches are usually very brief, oftentimes inaccurate, and yet, on account of their very brevity, are universally read with avidity. Ten days or two weeks elapse before the newspapers of the place in which the event referred to transpired, come to hand, with a full detailed account of the occurrences, filling a column or two; nobody reads this account; the news is already stale. Thus inaccuracies, rumors, and all sorts of stories are set afloat which have no foundation in fact, or if any, not to the extent represented, and they all pass current for the truth. How far the use of the telegraph will circumscribe the distant circulation of newspapers, is a fact which experience must develope. The character of our current literature attests, in our opinion, that the craving of the public for light, trashy, useless reading, is obviously on the increase. When we see hundreds of thousands of copies of such wretched performances as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Paul De Kock's obscene novels, and a hundred others of like character, but generally displaying less genius than the latter, written by others, the conviction is forced upon us that the taste of a nation which can patronize such worthless works is not of a very high order. It is much to be deplored that this class of writers is on the increase; every boarding-school miss thinks she is bound to write a novel, and every love-sick sophomore believes that he is destined to rival Sir Walter Scott. These ephemeral pamphlets, flaunting in green, blue, and yellow covers, stare us in the face wherever we go, and have become a positive nuisance. It is the duty of every writer who is competent to perform this task, to brush away these buzzing insects, and restore, if possible, a healthy tone to public taste. We trust the evil has nearly reached the highest point, and that Mrs. Stowe has finally administered a dose which will nauseate the public sufficiently to cure its morbid appetite for such pernicious reading. These are some of the evils that are incident to the tendency of the spirit of this age, but its advantages preponderate so greatly, that they are affected by them as little as spots obscure the light of the sun.

It required all the genius, sarcasm, and wit of Addison, Pope, Swift, and Johnson, to scourge the "Grub street" curs into their kennels, and even then their barking was not entirely hushed. The "Grub street" geniuses lived in an unfortunate age for themselves; they were poor, seedy, half-starved, and despised; and even in that condition their rhyming and their scribbling were difficult to be arrested. Had the unlucky wights lived in these times, and turned their attention to writing love tales about quadroon Venuses, or runaway negroes, they might have amassed fortunes and have been invited as a sort of national guests to visit Europe and be crowned with honors. We have

their exact counterparts now, who are doing a thriving business—not writing in a garret, but lounging in fashionable parlors and patronizingly nodding at men of genius who are ten times their superiors. Pope has described them exactly:

"The dog star rages—nay, 'tis past all doubt,
Bedlam, or vile Parnassus is let out;
Fire in each eye, and *pamphlet* in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."

The Condition of Mexico.

THE Republic of Mexico presents a spectacle to the eyes of other nations of a most extraordinary character. With a constitution professedly an imitation of that of the United States, and in theory establishing a government nearly as free and independent as our own, yet that government is in its practical operation as despotic and oppressive as that of Russia.—The press is muzzled; the Post Office Department under the absolute control of the government. Her executive officers, and her judicial officers, tools of power, and open to all species of bribery and corruption. Having no trial by jury, or writ of *habeas corpus*, her prisons are filled at will with those who have incurred the displeasure of any petty tyrant; and these victims are huddled together in squalid and filthy cells, without even a blanket to cover them. Of her seven millions of population, at least five millions are practically slaves, under the denomination of peons. These miserable creatures are treated with the harshest barbarity by their owners; they are worked hard, not half fed, and clothed in rags. There is probably no country in the world in which bigotry and superstition prevail to a greater extent than in Mexico; the priesthood is corrupt and depraved to a depth almost surpassing belief; often illiterate, to the degree of inability to read and write, yet this priesthood exercises an influence over public opinion in Mexico, that is absolute and irresistible.

The church in that country possesses property of more than 200,000,000 dollars in value, and the income of the higher ecclesiastics is princely in amount. This wealthy and powerful class of men can without difficulty build up and pull down civil rulers in a day; no man who did not act in concert with them has been able to sustain himself for any length of time in the office of President of Mexico. The true secret of Santa Anna's power has been the fact, that he was an able auxiliary and an unscrupulous adherent to the hierarchy. Whenever he became embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties, and the national treasury was empty, the church has supplied him with necessary means to enlist, equip, and maintain, the army, which has always been his main reliance for support in the hour of trial. Such is his position, and such his strength at the present moment. President Arista was never trusted by the Mexican priesthood; they feared that he had lived too long in the United States, and imbibed too freely the spirit of our institutions. They feared, constantly, lest some measures should be adopted, which, through the medium of taxation or division, might render the possession of their enormous church property insecure. It may be proper here to remark, that the church in Mexico, although nominally Catholic, is yet almost entirely independent of the See of Rome, and has adopted practices and precepts totally unlike those that prevail in any other Roman Catholic church; it tolerates abuses and irregularities of life in its priests, which should shock the moral sense of every sincere Catholic. Its priests openly live and cohabit with females, raise families of children, attend and bet upon cock fights on the Sabbath, and frequently bet at, and own monte tables, for gambling purposes. There are some honorable exceptions, but this is the general character of the body. What must be the religion of the flock, when such is the conduct of its spiritual keepers? These observations may serve to explain, in a slight degree, the numerous revolutions and outbreaks which are constantly occurring in that distracted country. There is in reality no such thing as general public opinion among the people of that nation; they are controlled by temporary impulses, or by the will of military leaders and the priesthood, who are striving to grasp supreme power. We have accordingly seen, in the period of less than three months, four acting Presidents in the city of Mexico; each of them elevated to the place by a revolutionary movement, and during the mean time two-thirds of the States of that confederation in open rebellion against the central government. Such are the events that have preceded the restoration of Santa Anna to dictatorial power. It is a subject which may

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well engage our earnest attention, as to what will be the effect of this movement on our relations with that government. This man, Santa Anna, is a very extraordinary personage, ambitious, keen, subtle, and unprincipled; thoroughlyacquainted with the Mexican character, Mexican prejudices and weaknesses, he is the most powerful auxiliary the hierarchy in that country ever employed; while he has consented to be their tool, he has had the adroitness to render them his instruments, and has afforded them protection, while they have guaranteed to him power. He and his employers are confederates; hate everything American most intensely; and would, if they dared do it, shut us out from all intercourse, all positions, and all rights, within their boundaries. But there is one thing which will prevent any open display of hostile feeling, and that is the experience Santa Anna possesses of our national strength and superiority.

Our armies have once marched in the conquering footsteps of Cortez to the capital of Montezuma, and Santa Anna and the priesthood tremble lest this feat should be repeated, and their territory be permanently annexed to the Federal Union. This apprehension, on their part, will produce civility, if it does not cordiality; and if our rights or our privileges are invaded, it will be indirectly, by conferring some peculiar advantages upon other governments, that are not extended to ours. The extension of our territory to the Pacific ocean, the rapid development of our mineral resources and increasing population on the Pacific coast, have given to the position of Mexico immense importance, not only to us, but to all the commercial powers of Europe and Eastern Asia. Owing to the fact of the central position of Mexico, and the peculiar facilities she presents for the construction of a line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, she has become an object of the deepest solicitude to enlightened statesmen of every nation. It would be idle to deny that great anxiety is felt by the governments of both Great Britain and France lest the Government of the United States should acquire by some means the absolute control of the destinies of Mexico; they perceive at a glance, that if this were done, we should at once seize the key to the richest commerce of the world; hence they look with extreme jealousy upon every movement made by citizens of this country in relation to Mexican affairs. Santa Anna sees and knows perfectly well the extent of this jealousy; and it is exceedingly probable that he will not be backward in availing himself of the advantages it offers. The Government of Mexico, penniless, feeble, and distracted as it is, needs some powerful nation to succor it. On what Government or Governments will Santa Anna rely, in this emergency? We answer, on any other in the world, rather than ours. France or England would doubtless be his choice; and either of them would snatch the sceptre of a protectorate with exulting delight. It behooves our Government to keep a vigilant eye on every step taken by Santa Anna, in regard to any European power. We may anticipate secret treaties and artful negotiations of every description. We should send a Minister to that Government, of the deepest sagacity, the most thorough experience, and inflexible determination; to detect and to defeat these mischievous schemes. We trust the President, in making the selection, of a fit person to fill this place, will not forget that our interests to be protected and to be guarded, in that country, are of far higher moment than those existing between us and any other nation with which we have diplomatic relations.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, we have casually read in the newspapers a letter, purporting to have emanated from our Minister to Mexico, recently appointed, from which we copy the following extract:

"Free and uninterrupted intercourse, *commercially* and *socially*, with Mexico, will accomplish more in harmonizing the disturbing disagreements between the two countries than all the treaties and negotiations which diplomacy may accomplish. They are the great panacea of peace on earth and good will towards mankind; the foreshadowing of the Christian millennium."

If this letter be genuine, we are sorry for it, because it shows that our Minister has duties to perform which he imperfectly understands. If he expects to find intercourse, either "*commercially* or *socially*," with Mexico, "free and uninterrupted," he will be sadly mistaken. Does he know that an American merchant dares not import into that country one yard of our cotton *manta*, or sheeting—one plug of tobacco, one pound of sugar—or, indeed, scarcely a single article of our manufacture or pro-

duction, without incurring the risk of its seizure as contraband? Does he know, also, that the Government of Mexico cannot, and dare not, open her ports to our trade, without the consent of Great Britain and France, both of which Governments, or their subjects, enjoy particular monopolies? As to our "social" intercourse, our worthy Minister will soon discover that even *his* protection to American citizens will not save them from insult, plunder, and imprisonment by the Mexican officials. And yet he anticipates the speedy approach of the millenium! This verdancy is amusing. We fear our confiding Plenipo. will afford a rich treat to Santa Anna. That crafty demagogue will lure him on with hopes, never to be realized, and entangle him in negotiations, never to end. We doubt whether the "millenium" will begin during his mission. Let us, however, wait and see.

Letter of Gen. Jackson.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

MR. James Maher, of this city, has placed at our disposal a letter addressed to him by Gen. Jackson, and written by his own hand. We are obliged to him for allowing it to grace our pages. The words in italics were underscored in the original. This letter discloses a fine trait in the character of its illustrious author, his blended benevolence, sympathy for the afflicted and submission to the will of God. How touching, how appropriate, how beautiful is his condolence! It has almost the warm gush of a woman's heart. But true to the affairs of the country, we behold the fiery ardor that blazed out at New Orleans, and the stern determination with which he throttled the National Bank, as fresh and as vigorous as ever. The true character of Gen. Jackson is hardly yet fully appreciated. His firmness, decision of mind, and emphatic will, have led many to believe that he was a harsh unfeeling man. Nothing is more erroneous. In private and domestic life, no one was more warm in his friendships, or more constantly devoted and tender to his family and domestics; or to those who approached him in sorrow, more compassionate and kind. This letter demonstrates that our estimate of his character is just.

HERMITAGE, Dec. 18, 1837.

(*Private.*)

Dear Sir:—Often since the receipt of your kind letter of the 23d Oct. last, by Major Donelson, have I taken it up to reply to it, but have been interrupted by company.

I thank you kindly for the interest you and your good lady take in my health. Those sentiments I sincerely reciprocate, and trust that a kind superintending Providence will bless you and yours with an ample supply of those earthly blessings, which your honest industry so well entitles you to.

I sincerely regret the bereavement you have suffered in the loss of your children, and condole with you and Mrs. Maher, on this mournful occasion. He that giveth, has the right to take away, and we ought to be consoled with the idea that they have gone to happier climes than this, and are resting in the smiles of our Saviour and our God. Peace to their manes, and consolation to you and your good lady.

My health in the last month has improved, but still is checkered and feeble. I have still to use the lancet to prevent the return of hemorrhage. I am thankful for its improvement, and that I am in retirement under my own vine and fig-tree, surrounded by my little family, and happy; smiling at the bitter abuse of the Federal aristocracy—the bankites and ragocrats, with calm complacency and unruffled feelings. The political battle now raging between the labor—the democracy of the country, and the aristocracy of the few, who by their money power, are endeavoring to make the laborers "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for them, must end in the entire overthrow of the aristocracy. Fear not, *the Republic is safe in the hands of the people*, who cannot be corrupted by the money power. They love their liberty and *rights*, and will defend them.

With my best wishes for your health and happiness, and that of your wife and family,

I am, respectfully yours,

ANDREW JACKSON.

MR. JAMES MAHER.

Letter from La Fayette.

ORIGINAL.

WE have been favored with permission to insert the following original letter from the pen of our distinguished revolutionary ally, Gen. Lafayette, whilst on his return to France from his visit to this country in 1825. It was written to Major Wm. A. Williams, then of Alexandria, Va., as an acknowledgment of the many compliments paid him at a dinner given him by his masonic brethren of Washington Lodge of that town. A song is also appended, which was composed by a citizen of Alexandria, and sung in honor of the General on that

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occasion, by Major Williams. The letter is now in the possession of the Major's family, and is considered as a valuable relic of the past. The modesty displayed in this brief epistle is characteristic of its author.

HALIFAX, *February* 28th, 1825.

With the most grateful feelings I have received the copies of the kind, and if it was in honor of any other of the brethren, I would add, beautiful song composed by one of the members of our Washington Lodge, so well sung by you, and forwarded by the author; and I beg them, and other Alexandria friends, to accept my affectionate acknowledgments.

LA FAYETTE.

To MAJ. WM. A. WILLIAMS,
Alexandria, State of Virginia.

SONG TO GEN. LA FAYETTE.

"Hail to the chief," whom the world in admiring,
Honors as first in the patriot band;
"Hail to the chief," who in glory retiring,
Freemen now greet in their own happy land.
Welcome the chief who in war's dread commotion,
Bled in the contest that tyrants commenced,
Whose heart has been ever in noble devotion
To Liberty's cause, and Freedom's defence.

All hail our noble guest—
Joy wake in every breast,
Honor and love to the chief we adore;
Long may he live to see,
Brave sons of Liberty,
Hail him as father from every shore.

Dark was the hour when our foemen insulting,
Brandished the torch and the murderous blade;
Tyrants themselves in wild triumph exulting,
Smiled on the ruin their votaries made;
'Twas then from the east the young hero arising,
A glorious light to Columbia gave;
Hope led the vanguard, and danger despising,
Victory followed the noble and brave.

Europe, the darkness of ages dispelling,
Shall rise on her despots in glorious might;
And battles for freedom shall not be rebelling,
But scourging the tyrants to reason and right.
Then shall the name of our hero be sounded—
The watchword of nations resolved to be free;
Ages shall bless him, by freedom surrounded,
And raise for his monument—Liberty!

Church and State.

IT is a curious and instructive inquiry to run our eye along the history of empires, and see with what uniformity, in all ages, in all countries, and under every form of religion, it has been the practice to make its regulation an affair of the civil government. The Pagans, the Jews, the Christians, and the Mahomedans, have all alike submitted to learn their pathway to heaven from the rulers of the state. In most cases it has not only prescribed what religion should be adopted, but it has prohibited the exercise of any other. *Religious toleration* is of modern date, and owes its existence to a progressive knowledge of the true spirit of the religion taught by our Saviour. He addressed the understanding, the faith and the heart. He proclaimed the momentous truths he came to announce, in terms perspicuous and impressive, to all mankind, and left them free to believe or not, as they pleased. He did not commission the powers of the state to disfranchise, imprison, mutilate, or burn those who remained infidels. This has been, on the part of the temporal authorities, a flagrant usurpation of that power which belongs to God alone.

Since the advent of our Saviour upon earth, no personage, either divine or human, has appeared as intercessor for mankind, collectively or individually, whose belief, prayers, or death could save any soul but his own. In the possession of this awfully important power, Mahomet and Joe Smith were equals. If there be any one great truth clearer than another, it is this: that *each human being must make his own peace with God*, and abide the consequences of his own religious faith and conduct in life. This truth lies at the foundation of religious toleration. Where each individual must stand or fall on his own merits or demerits, he should be allowed perfect freedom in choosing and following his own course.

"As a tree falleth so it lieth," and as a man believes and acts, so he will be judged. To force mankind by civil law to adopt or reject any system of religion, is an act of the highest arrogance, tyranny and impiety. It is assuming that the maker of the law has the *right* to prescribe religious dogmas to others, and that he has acquired that right by some commission from above. There is no right or privilege so essential and so sacred to man, as that of religious freedom. In this respect, even the word *toleration* does not express the whole truth. It is the right to religious freedom, rather than toleration, that belongs absolutely and indefeasibly to every human creature. It is because every professor of every creed feels and recognises the inestimable value of this right, that religious persecutions and wars have al-

ways been so bitter and so bloody. It is for the same reason that we see martyrs marching to the stake, the scaffold and the guillotine, with the courage and firmness of heroes, and with a radiant smile of hope beaming on their countenances. They believe the portals of heaven are opened to their admission, and that bright angels stand ready to bear their spirits to the bosom of their God. What an example did Christ himself, the greatest of all martyrs, bequeath, in his sublime death, to the world! How striking and how just is the remark, that "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God!"

In the most bigoted and benighted ages, there have been men of firmness and faith, raised up by the Creator to bear witness to the truth of religious freedom, by their glorious deaths, in resisting the despotism of state religion. They are beacon lights of the truth, along the dark *vista* of the past; and never may their memory perish from our minds or our hearts! What authority has one man to *force* his belief upon others? Have not they the same power to force their belief upon him? If I, a Protestant, go to my neighbor, a Catholic, and say to him, "you are in the road to hell; you must renounce your religion, abandon your church, and disclaim the supremacy of the Pope,"—how would he answer me? By telling me to mind my own business, or to save my own soul by pursuing the course of conduct towards the Protestant Church, that I had recommended to him. This would be sensible, and it would teach me the folly and injustice of dictating to the religious consciences of others.

The American people, and the world, owe to the Fathers of our Republic a debt of gratitude which never can be discharged, for that immortal guarantee of this great right, in these words of the constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," nor can religious tests be required, as qualifications for office. Here at last we find the true principle of government relative to religion, fixed on a firm basis. We believe it is unexampled in the annals of nations. Some European Governments, it is true, "*tolerate*" certain dissenting creeds, but in the very act of doing so, they declare the power to control them. Here, it is not toleration; it is a clear, unqualified, constitutional *right*, to religious freedom, that every man enjoys. Some of the States have passed or continued laws, which confer certain privileges on particular churches; but none of them, we believe, are now in force, as they once had laws that infringe upon the right. There are a few mischievous agitators, who would, if they could, practically abridge or deny this right altogether; but their numbers are not great, and their influence is less than none at all. It is well that we have these intermeddlers amongst us. Their railing serves to admonish us that slavish partisans and fiery bigots are not all yet extinct, and that it behooves us to look to the preservation of this great privilege as we would to that of our lives. Scurrillous abuse and malicious falsehood do no harm to a good cause. They recoil on the heads of those who propagate them, and strengthen the side that is assailed. Such is our experience of free discussion. It has been beautifully and truly said, that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated, when truth is left free to combat it." To no subject is this observation more justly applicable than to that of religion.

"Truth crush'd to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers—
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies, amidst her worshippers."

Among an enlightened people like ours, no man can establish or overthrow any religion, by going forth to promulgate it, or to oppose another, with a Koran or Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other. Neither will whips, chains, and dungeons make converts. They may produce hypocrites in abundance, but never one true believer.

It was predicted in early times, that the establishment of religious freedom, in this country, would destroy all religion, and render us a nation of infidels. But what has been the result? There is no country upon earth where there is so large a proportion of the people who are truly sincere and earnest in their religious belief and conduct, as there is here. In no country is religion so pure and so animated with the spirit taught by the Apostles. We have, to be sure, hypocrites, worldly knaves, and wolves in sheep's clothing, but they are usually exposed and disgraced as they ought to be. Our numerous sects keep watch on each other, and are by no means backward in revealing each

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other's short-comings to the world. The corruptions that are engendered by the union of church and state have here no existence, and we can declare with pride that none of our public officers wear "the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in." Every church and every religion that has been transplanted to this country manifests visible signs of a rapid tendency towards a more liberal, more enlightened and more comprehensive organization, than distinguished it under other forms of government. They all expand and flourish under our free institutions, and furnish one of the most triumphant vindications of our system of government ever presented to man. The Christian religion is a *divine plan of democracy*, established by God himself. According to its declarations, all men are equal before their Maker. The king and the beggar will sit on the same seat in Heaven; and he who wore the diadem, and he who flaunted in rags on earth, will be both clothed in the same bright garments before the eternal throne. A religion that teaches these sublime doctrines is peculiarly suited to our institutions. It needs no state protection. It shrinks from the iron grasp of secular power. It breathes a higher, holier, and purer atmosphere, than that which envelopes the office-seeker and the politican. Were it exposed for a single hour to the contact of this foul breeze, its purity would be gone, and its eyes would be turned from the contemplation of things on high, to the wretched cares and distracting perplexities of this world. Ambition would enter the shrine, and the very ark before which David danced, would be desecrated by hands that reeked with sacrilegious corruptions. We feel no apprehensions of such a catastrophe. Should an attempt ever be made to unite in unlawful wedlock the church and state, the American people would rise up as one man, and indignantly "forbid the banns." Let every man, agreeably to the lights before him, choose his own way to Heaven, and let whoever would bar his road be regarded as both a bigot and a tyrant.

Our Frontier Defences.

THE immense extension of our frontiers, which the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo secured, has made the subject of their protection, one of paramount importance. Not only is the dividing line between the Republic of Mexico and ours, from ocean to ocean, every mile of it open to the incursions of Mexican banditti on one side, and of Indian marauders on the other, but we have bound ourselves to act as sureties of the peace to a certain degree, for the good conduct of our Cammanche and Apache Indians, who make frequent forays into Mexico, to plunder, kidnap, and kill any unfortunate Mexicans that happen to fall in their way. For all the injuries thus inflicted on Mexican citizens, by Indians living within our own territory, this Government is directly answerable under her treaty stipulations. The amount claimed already, on account of these depredations, is some eight or ten millions of dollars; and what it may reach in a few years no man can estimate. Our own citizens, living along that line, have been robbed by Mexicans of property worth at least a million and a half of dollars, since the treaty of peace. Many of them have been murdered in cold blood, under circumstances as insulting as they were revolting. These outrages stimulated the most bitter national antipathy among the inhabitants on both sides of the boundary line, and were the immediate cause of all the outbreaks and *filibustering* movements that have recently taken place on that frontier. When men see their horses, cattle, and sheep stolen and driven off under their very eyes; their brothers, fathers, wives and children insulted and oftentimes murdered by Mexican outlaws, it is unnatural—nay, it would be despicable—if they allowed such wrongs to be perpetrated with impunity.

Our citizens called on the Government for protection; it turned a deaf ear to their complaints; they applied to Congress for the same purpose; an adequate bill was reported, by General Shields, chairman of the committee on military affairs of the Senate, to that body, which it passed without opposition. But when it was called up in the House, it was defeated by an opposition, as dastardly in spirit as ever submitted to be *snubbed* by foreign aggressors. The citizens, in despair, besought the aid of the military force stationed on that frontier, and they were answered by the commanding officer, that he could spare no men for that service, and that if he even could, he had none of the right class to employ in that

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emergency. The Indians and Mexicans mounted on fleet horses can commit their depredations in the night, and ere the dawn of day be twenty miles off from the scene of action with their plunder and their captives. The soldiers on that frontier being chiefly infantry, stand as good a chance to overtake these American Bedouins, as a venerable land tortoise would to outstrip "Eclipse" or "Fashion" on the turf. To do these officers on that line justice, we must say that their "situation did not correspond with their intentions," and that they probably accomplished as much as they could, with the means at their disposal. In some instances they went so far as to send out detachments of infantry in pursuit of these flying robbers, accompanied with *ox teams* to transport their munitions and provisions of war; they were the laughing-stock of those they came to chastise; and whenever they spoke of them, they pointed their fingers at the myriads of snail shells which whitened the tops of the chapparals of that country, and sneeringly said, "one ketch us same day as 'tother." We do not desire to be understood as casting any imputation on the officers in command on that frontier; whatever fault existed must be laid at the door of the federal Government; all the property stolen, and all the blood shed, constitute a fearful accountability on the part of the late administration. The President, kind-hearted and worthy man as he was in private life, was totally unfit for his high position; he saw man traps and spring guns menacing him at every step, and trembled and hesitated when he should have sprung forward to the discharge of his duty, with the force of a thunderbolt. The Secretary of War was still more inefficient; ignorant of his duties, shrinking from all responsibility, he would answer the most emphatic representations of murders and robberies practised on our soil, by a sage nod of the head, and a significent shrug of the shoulder, with this universal *panacea* of his, for all national and individual wrongs.—"I am very sorry for these unfortunate people; they must expect, if they go to live in the neighborhood of Indians and Mexicans, to be robbed and abused"—and this *patriotic* and high-spirited declaration was the last that ever was heard of the affair. Under a Government actuated by such motives, and pursuing such a policy, what are we to expect from any foreign nation, or any petty tribe of Indians, but insult and contempt? The gallant Governor of Texas took the matter in hand, and in a few weeks, without the countenance of the federal Government at all, three companies of "Texas Rangers" scoured that frontier of marauders of all kinds, and gave to its harassed inhabitants tranquillity and safety. There are now symptoms of new difficulties in that region becoming every day more apparent, and it will be impossible to restrain them, unless the administration conduct the affair with a strong hand. We have every reason to put implicit confidence in the vigor, firmness, and patriotic spirit of President Pierce. We have equal reason to repose like confidence in Colonel Davis, the Secretary of War. He has served in the army with high distinction for gallantry and prudence; he possesses, we know, sound practical judgment; and we believe that he will allow no morbid scruples about the form of power which might pass review under the eye of a lawyer's clerk to restrain him from vindicating the honor of his country, wherever and by whomsoever assailed. The first great duty of any administration is to preserve the flag of the country from insult, and the rights of its citizens from being infringed by foreign nations. If a Government do not possess this power, it is feeble and despicable; if it does possess it, and dares not exercise it, it is cowardly and pusillanimous. Shall it be said that our Government can be justly reproached with either of these alternatives? Shall it be said that it has not the power to resent insult, or that having the power, it will tamely submit to be insulted? It has, it is plain, acted as if one or the other or both of these conditions might be true. We trust that this meek acquiescence in wrong has reached its close. The weakness does not lie in the laws, or in the Government; but it belongs to the men who are elected and appointed to administer those laws. Had General Washington, or General Jackson, been at the head of executive affairs during the last four years, our frontier defences would have worn a very different aspect from what they do now. Instead of being mere decoys, luring unfortunate settlers to come within what they consider a safe line of protection, they would have been a real and effectual guard; and whatever plunderer ventured to cross our line,

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would never have recrossed it again. We call the attention specially of the administration to this long neglected question of frontier defence; it is shameful and disreputable to our national character, that it has been so constantly disregarded. We feel confident that Colonel Davis will immediately turn his attention to the correction of this evil, and guarantee to the citizens of that border safety, while he, at the same time, wipes out the foul disgrace that has tarnished the flag of the country.

Turning our attention from the Mexican frontier, let us take a glance at the immense interior line, both of the Atlantic and Pacific States, which is infested by fierce and blood-thirsty tribes of Indians. The whole interior portion of the State of Texas, when you advance about 250 miles from the coast, is exclusively overrun by them; very much the same condition of things exists in the State of California. The territories of Mexico, Utah, Washington, and Oregon are in even a far worse condition. There is hardly a place in either of them that is exempt from these Indian forays. There is not a man in either of those territories who lies down at night with a comfortable house over his head, and corralls filled with horses and cattle, who does not fear that before the rising of the sun his house may be burned, his stock be stolen, himself killed, and his wife and children be dragged into a hopeless captivity among savages.

The extent of territory in the States and Territories to which we have just referred, is much greater than the old thirteen States were, which declared and maintained our independence; a large portion of it is extremely fertile, and abounds with mines of the precious metals, so that it has been called a land "*paved with gold.*" The mineral treasures of California are now pretty generally known, many rich silver mines have been discovered in New Mexico, and very recent developments conclusively prove that there is in Texas a deposite of gold and silver ore falling little if any thing short of those in California. They are much more accessible, and are attracting a large body of explorers and workmen into these tempting fields. Here we have, then, these immense interests at stake; this extensive region of country to protect from barbarous savages; and, in addition to all this, the construction of a railway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, to explore and survey the route of which, under the auspices of the Government, four parties, each under the direction of a skilful engineer, are about to commence operations.

These suggestions all tend to show the extent, the necessity, and the importance of our frontier defences. The number of Indian warriors in this vast untrodden region of our country, consisting of all tribes, cannot be accurately ascertained; but one thing is certain, despite all the efforts made to diminish their numbers, by those who denounce all former estimates as exaggerations, that they reach hundreds of thousands. After all, it is not the absolute number of Indian warriors which is to be so much considered, as the extent of country over which they are dispersed, and the number of subdivided bands in which they assail our frontier settlers. No man in his senses supposes that the Indians of this continent will ever form a general league among themselves, organize an army of several hundred thousand men, and fight for it with the whites, in a great pitched battle, like that of Phillippi or Waterloo, for the Empire of the world. They are the most formidable when they act in small marauding parties; and hence, singular as it may appear, one hundred Indian warriors thus distributed may give active employment to five thousand of the best organized troops of the line.

If we could even send mounted men to check and chastise them, the Indians would still have the advantage; the best blooded horses in this country, raised, fed, and pampered as they are, will break down in that terrible service, when their only food is the coarse grass of the prairies. The Indian horses are inured to these hardships, and can therefore stand, without injury, service which would break down the energies of the best horses we have in the country. As riders, the Camanche and Apache Indians are unsurpassed: like the Arabs of the desert, they may be said to have been, if not born on horseback, yet to have been brought up from childhood in that manner. A Camanche boy of 16 can easily teach the best riding-master in the United States the alphabet of the science of riding; they are, in fact, perfect Centaurs—a part of their horses themselves. In addition to this, the truth is not to be overlooked that these Indians and their horses can subsist on any rough fare they

may pick up in the desert; while our men and their horses must have a full supply of food, which cannot be found in those inhospitable regions. From this view of the subject, it is apparent that the Indians have an advantage over the whites, in any desultory warfare that may occur in those remote prairies. To control them, "*to conquer a peace*" with them, or to expel them from their fastnesses, would require an expenditure on the part of the Federal Government, of millions upon millions of dollars. Cost what it may, however, their depredations must be restrained; these fields of gold and silver must be worked; the Pacific Railroad must be completed, and safe *transits* upon it must be secured. The fertile valleys scattered through the gorges of the mountains of this central continent must be cultivated, and cultivated too in peace; and how are these things to be done? It is for the Government to determine; shall it be done by the slow process of fighting the Indians to disadvantage, or shall it be under such system of warfare as gives a decided advantage to us? We are unequivocally in favor of the latter method. "And pray what method is that?" says some croaking antediluvian. We answer, it is to introduce the use of camels and dromedaries, against these freebooters. This is not an original suggestion of ours. It is due to George R. Gliddon, well known for his learned and valuable works on Egyptian antiquities; he resided for many years in that country, traversed it in all directions for thousands of miles, and in the course of his travels he became thoroughly acquainted with the native country of the camel and dromedary, with their habits, food, and aptitude to accustom them to different latitudes. He made a proposition to the government, two or three years ago, to proceed to Cairo or some other suitable point, and there purchase for the government some twenty camels, and twenty dromedaries, which, with their trappings, and experienced natives to attend upon each, were to be delivered in this country at about $300 apiece.

The camel, it is known, is a more powerful, but slower moving animal than the dromedary. The camel has been called the "ship of the desert" with very great propriety; carrying out the simile, we may with equal propriety denominate the dromedary the "Collins steamer of the desert." Mr. Gliddon states, most emphatically, that the food which could be obtained on our western and southern praries is exactly suited to the wants of these animals. The desert, destitute of water, has not yet been discovered on this continent, which they could not easily traverse in three days; this they could do without the least inconvenience, on account of thirst or hunger; and this renders it obvious at a glance how beneficially they might be employed. They are used in all climates, in Asia and in Africa, from the eternally snow-capped mountains, down to the burning sands of the plains, and are found to endure both extremes without injury; thus it is clear that they are adapted to the climate in which they would be employed in our country. A camel, it is believed, will carry a driver and four hundred pounds of luggage, at the rate of fifty miles per day; a dromedary, in the like manner, will carry a driver and two hundred pounds of luggage at the rate of seventy-five or one hundred miles a day for any period.

The camel is adapted to act as the baggage wagon—the dromedary for the active purposes of pursuit. They are fearless and docile, and can be easily trained, as they often have been, to be most useful in war. Mount upon each dromedary two expert marksmen, and upon each camel three or four, with their baggage and supplies, and it will be seen at once what a formidable front they would present against any Indian marauders. There is something in the appearance or in the presence of both camels and dromedaries, which inspires horses not accustomed to them, with the most deadly terror; such horses cannot be made to approach them, but will run away in spite of all efforts to restrain them. No band of Indians that had been committing depredations could possibly escape such pursuit; if they had a week's start they could easily overtake them, and as the camels and dromedaries came near them, their horses would take fright and run away, and not an Indian could make good his retreat. Such a mode of pursuing, capturing, or killing the Indians who molested us, would soon spread universal terror throughout their bands, and afford a protection to our frontiers, to effect which an army of 50,000 men would be employed in vain. This proposition is worth the most deliberate consideration of the President; and as we have reason to know that it has engaged the attention of the Secretary of

War on a former occasion, we hope it may be received and acted on in such a spirit as its importance demands.

Resources of the South.*

DURING the pendency of the great questions relating to the North and South, which so long distracted the Union, and seemed to threaten at almost any moment its violent disruption, there appeared many able and elaborate essays upon the wealth and resources of the different sections, the relative means they contribute to the national aggrandizement, their capacities for separate existence, their means of offence and defence, etc., etc. Although these discussions have been happily closed in the measure of pacification, entitled the Compromise; and we sincerely trust, closed for ever; there are many facts and figures which were elicited in the discussion, which have a permanent value, and ought to be kept in the memory of every good citizen—showing as they do, how strong is the dependency of section upon section, and in regard to the South in particular, how much her institutions, her energies, and her wealth, have had to do in building up and strengthening and rendering invincible this great confederation.

Never before in the history of nations have the madness of fanaticism and the dreams of wayward enthusiasts, threatened to inflict upon the body politic and upon society at large an amount of mischief greater and more incurable than must have resulted, had not this pacification been effected.

In the present paper we intend to include such statistical data within our reach as will tend to illustrate this interesting subject, together with extracts from various sources, etc.; and though we may not agree in every point with the authorities we quote from, there can be no doubt of their reliability.

We begin with an extract from a paper prepared by T. P. Kettell, Esq., of New York, now editor of the United States Economist. It may be found in vol. 1 of the work before us.

"There are few persons who reflect upon the immense superstructure of wealth and power which is reared upon the foundation of American slave culture of cotton. The U. S. trade is almost altogether based upon that industry; although the cotton manufactures are made at the North, they are based upon slave labor. Some approximation may be arrived at, taking the last year, 1850—

Exports from the United States, 1850.

	Southern produce exported.	Value of whole production.
Cotton, raw	$71,984,616	$105,600,000
Cotton manufactures	4,734,424	100,000,000
Tobacco	9,951,223	15,000,000
Rice	2,631,557	3,000,000
Naval stores	1,142,713	2,000,000
Sugar	23,037	12,396,150
Hemp	5,633	695,840
		$138,691,990
Provisions from New Orleans,	3,523,809	
And other articles from the South	6,000,000	
Total	99,992,012	
Northern and western exports	34,903,221	
Total exports	134,900,233	

Under the head of "other articles from the South," are embraced corn and flour from Virginia, manufactured tobacco, snuff, and there might also be included gold to the extent of $1,000,000 per annum; but we have not included gold in the exports. The provisions from New Orleans embrace flour, pork, bacon, lard, beef, and corn, exported to foreign ports direct from New Orleans, and which are purchased from the northwestern country for sugar, tobacco, and cotton, sent up the river—an operation equivalent to an annual export of those articles. The value is thus given in the New Orleans price current, and it will be observed that the whole amount exported from the Union of these articles is $19,146,658, consequently one-fifth of the whole export of farm produce goes from New Orleans. It is thus apparent that 75 per cent. of the exports of the Union are the product of slave labor, in northern ships, and that consequently, as the imports of the country are paid for in exports, 75 per cent. of the importations are the remuneration for the product of slave labor. Inasmuch as that the whole exports and imports of the country taken together, are derived 75 per cent from the slave labor, the same ratio of freight is derived by the shipping, which is owned as follows:

United States Tonnage.

Owned.	Registered.	Enrolled.	Total, 1848.	Total, 1850.	Increase.
South,	159,956	334,845	494,797	743,805	249,008
North,	1,201,930	1,456,314	2,658,244	2,791,649	133,405
Total,	1,361,886	1,791,159	3,153,041	3,535,454	482,413

*Industrial Resources of the South and West, by J. D. B. DeBow, 3 Vols., 1853, New Orleans. Washington, Frank Taylor.

The registered tonnage is that engaged in the foreign trade, and the enrolled that of the coasting trade. Although much the largest portion is owned at the North, the result of the comparison is, that the increase of the South in the last two years has been double that of the North; and, moreover, that increase of the South has been 50 per cent. of what was owned in that section in 1848, a marked step in advance. According to the official returns, the 2,700,000 tons of the United States ships engaged in foreign trade, make one voyage in a year; that is to say, two passages, one out and one home. The freights will average $12 per ton each way; this gives $64,800,000 freights earned in a year, of which $48,600,000 is earned by northern ship-owners by carrying slave products and their proceeds. The coasting transportation of southern products by northern vessels will give $7,000,000, making $55,600,000 earned by the ship-owners. To earn this money, it requires that ships should be built; and the census returns for 1840 showed the value of ships built in the Union for that year to be $7,016,094; and as the Treasury Reports showed the tonnage built in that year to be 120,988 which gives an average of $55 per ton, the census was probably correct. Of the $7,016,094, less than 300,000 was in slave states; all the rest was expended at the North among all those who live by that manufacturing—lumbermen who float the monarchs of the forest to the sea-board for the ship-wrights to fashion; architects, ship-wrights, blacksmiths, sheathers caulkers, riggers, cordage and sail-makers, with their backers, the hemp and flax growers and canvass weavers. Thus affording immense employment to busy ship-yards, until the ship "a taunto" has passed the hands of the cabinet makers and upholsterers, and is ready for her cargo, which employs gangs of stevedores, cartmen, shopmen, and clerks, with premiums to insurance offices, until, her shipping articles are complete, under the command of a thriving pilot, twenty stout seamen, whose families are provided with "draw-bills" for their wages, sheet home her canvass to the breeze, and she seeks in foreign climes a profit upon her southern cargo, to remunerate, the outlay of capital that has created her, and given activity to so many interests.

Of the chief staples of the south, the productions, exports, and home consumption of the year 1850, have been nearly as follows:

	Exported.	Home consumption.	Total production.
Cotton - - -	71,984,616	33,615,386	105,600,000
Tobacco - - -	9,951,223	5,048,777	15,000,000
Rice - - -	2,631,887	400,000	3,031,557
Naval stores - -	1,142,713	800,000	1,942,713
Sugar - - -	23,037	12,396,150	12,419,147
Hemp - - -	5,633	690,207	695,840
Total - - -	85,738,779	52,950,520	138,689,257

If we take a table of the export values of the leading southern staples with the total number of slaves, the total production will appear to be nearly as follows: *

	Naval stores.	Rice.	Tobacco.	Sugar.
1800,	460,000	2,455,000	6,220,000	
1810,	473,000	2,626,000	5,048,000	
1820,	292,000	1,714,923	8,118,188	1,500,000
1830,	321,019	1,986,824	8,833,112	3,000,000
1840,	602,520	1,942,076	9,883,957	5,200,000
1850,	1,142,713	2,631,557	9,951,023	14,796,150
1851,	1,068,842	2,170,927	9,219,351	15,385,185

	Cotton.	Total.	Number slaves.	Production per hand.
1800,	5,250,000	14,385,000	893,041	$16 10
1810,	15,108,000	23,255,000	1,191,364	19 50
1820,	26,309,000	37,934,001	1,543,688	24 63
1830,	34,084,883	45,225,838	2,009,053	22 66
1840,	74,640,307	92,292,260	2,487,355	37 11
1850,	101,834,616	130,556,050	3,179,509	43 57
1851,	137,815,317	165,034,517	3,200,000	51 90

These figures, for naval stores, tobacco and rice, are the export values, and not the whole production, of which there is no accurate record. The average production of the cotton States per hand and per head of the whole population was as follows:

	Slaves.	Product per hand.	Total pop. includ'g Whites.	Total pop. includ'g Free blacks.	Product per head.
1800,	893,041	$16 10	1,702,980	2,621,361	$6 00
1810,	1,191,364	19 50	2,208,785	3,480,904	7 00
1820,	1,543,688	24 63	2,842,340	4,502,224	8 00
1830,	2,009,053	22 66	3,660,558	5,848,303	8 00
1840,	2,487,355	37 11	4,632,640	7,384,434	11 00
1850,	3,179,589	43 15	6,432,669	9,830,889	13 50

We next introduce some extracts from an address prepared by Mr. De Bow, the author of the work we have been quoting from:

It is by our commercial relations that we are known to the rest of the world. This rears for us fleets and navies, and from it come the revenues for the most part of the nation. Before the revolution, or from 1760 to 1769, the southern colonies, with a less population than New England, New York and Pennsylvania, exported nearly *five* times as much produce. In the same period, Carolina and Georgia exported twice the value of New York, Pennsylvania and New England. In the years 1821 to 1830 New York alone exceeded these states. Under the policy of the Federal Government of protecting American Ship builders and ship owners, who, from the peculiar nature of the country, are from the North, the larger portion of this trade has been attracted away from our ports and concentrated in yours. Yet is the case unaffected if we may still trace the products of our industry and our skill. Whatever may be the value of the great foreign trade

* De Bow's "Industrial Resources," vol. i. p. 48.

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of the nation, it is evident the *imports* of the country must only come in exchange for the *exports*; and that, if we had nothing to export, we could get nothing, in return. Whence then does this nation seek its *exports?* Let us take the last five years. In 1846 the exports of *Northern* growth or manufacture—and much of this manufacture is out of Southern material—were $27,331,290, whilst those of *Southern* produce, cotton, tobacco, rice, naval stores &c. were $74,000,000, or *three times as much!* In 1847 the Southern exports were $102,000,000, against the Northern $48,000,000; in 1848, $98,000 against $34,000,000; in 1849, $99,000,000 against $32,000,000.

Thus then is it, that the South is lending annually to the North one hundred millions of dollars to be used by her as capital in conducting the foreign imports of the country, which nearly all come in her ships and to her cities, and enrich her people in an extraordinary ratio!

Mr. Kettell, of New York, estimates the the profits which have been made by northren ship-owners upon Southern productions, at $40,000,000, in round numbers, annually.

The South has carried the production of *cotton*, which at the close of the last century, was thought by Mr. Jay, and others, never could be an American product, to an extent which has distanced the wildest calculations; in the fineness and excellence of its production, excelled every nation upon earth, monopolising the industry entirely to herself. Of what avail has been British competition in the East, on a soil adapted to the culture, with labor so cheap, that a beggar in this country would starve upon its results, with the fostering regards of Ministers and Agents? Of what moment have been the rivalries of the Pacha of Egypt, of the West Indies and South America? *Southern enterprise* and industry have triumphed over all, and have for a quarter of a century, monopolized this staple to themselves. The cotton, wool and its fabrics of the South are even sent to China and to India, where the cultivation of the plant seems to have thrived as far back almost as the fabulous age of Fohi, and where it has been manufactured into fabrics so delicate, that the Orientals call them "webs of woven wind."

Professor McKay remarks in reference to this subject, "In the table of supplies we may observe, that while other countries have been nearly *stationary*, our production has *advanced*, with great rapidity. In twenty years our average crop has increased from 848,000 bales to 2,351,000, or nearly three hundred fold. If the period of 25 years, from 1825 to 1850, be divided into five equal intervals the increase for each will be found to be 27, 37, 38 and 15 per cent. In the same time the production of all other countries has only risen from 383,000 to 440,000 bales, having absolutely *declined*, in the last *five* years, over 16 per cent. In the first period of five years, the crop of the United States constituted 68 per cent. of the whole! In the second, 74; in the third, 77; in the fourth, 80; and in the fifth 84 per cent. of the whole. As our bales have increased very much in weight, and are now much larger than those of other countries, our advance has been still greater, and our rank still higher than these figures indicate."

It is this *cotton* which employs the millions of New England, and which throws the grave statistician of Old England, McCulloch, into ecstacies:

"Little more than half a century has elapsed since the British cotton manufacture was in its infancy, and it now forms the principal business carried on in the country, affording an advantageous field for the accumulation and employment of millions upon millions of capital, and of thousands and thousands of workmen. The skill and genius by which these astonishing results have been achieved, have been one of the main sources of our power. They have contributed in no common degree to raise the British nation to the high and conspicuous place she now occupies. Nor is it much to say, that it was the wealth and energy derived from the cotton manufacture that bore us triumphantly through the late deadful wars; and at the same time that it gives us strength to endure burdens that would have crushed our fathers, and could not be supported by any other people."

We will next take the article of *sugar*. In 1804, when Louisiana was purchased from France, her sugar product (we have it on the highest authority) was next to nothing. Indeed, it was only in 1796 that Mr. Boré conceived, as Judge Rost assures us, the desperate purpose of making sugar, amid the general existing prejudice that the juice would not "grain." Crowds from every quarter came to witness his experiment near New Orleans.

"Gentlemen, it grains!" was the exclamation of the sugar maker; and from the Balize to the Dubuque—from the Wabash to the Yellowstone—the great, the all absorbing news of the colony was that "the juice of the cane had grained in lower Louisiana."

Half a century has passed since then, and the population of our country increased from 4,000,000 to over 23,000,000, whose consumption of sugar is more than half supplied by the industry of Louisiana, and will in a few years more, in the rapid progress of the state, be entirely so supplied.

The gross product of the last five years has been nearly 1,200,000 hogsheads, against little over 600,000 hhds. in the previous five years. The crop of 1849--50 reached nearly 250.000 hhds. of the value of, with molasses, &c., about $15,000,000. Within a year or two, *one hundred new sugar estates will be opened.* What other community can show as favorable results? Our product is already one-sixth the product of the world, and one half the product of Cuba; and while we have been at work in developing it, Great Britain has seen her rich sugar colonies dwindle into insignificance, and must look abroad even for the supply of her own wants. The investment in mere *machinery*, &c., with us, is of the most costly kind—not less perhaps than $15,000,000; and experiments on the most liberal and largest scale are continually prosecuted. Five years ago, two of our most intelligent citizens went to the Spanish West Indies to examine into the state of the sugar industry,

and returned with the gratifying intelligence that they could find nothing there to learn, but that in every respect the Louisiana was in advance. These things we have effected, though—

"The slaves by which Cuba canes are cultivated, are, in spite of the suppression of the slave trade, imported from Africa, at a cost, which on an average does not exceed the price in Louisiana of a good pair of mules. The climate there permits these slave to be worked with as few clothes as they were in the habit of wearing in their native country; whilst our slaves are as well fed and clothed as laborers are in Europe. Canes in Cuba ripen during fourteen or eighteen months, and require no plowing, no ditching, and hardly any weeding; their rattoons last 15 to 20 years. With us, after having tilled our soil in a manner no farmer in the Union would be ashamed of, we must get sugar out of our canes, on an average, eight months after they have come out of the ground, and must replant every second year. They grind six months in the year; we can hardly calculate on half that time. With all these disadvantages against us, our planters make fully as many pounds of sugar to the working hand as can be made in Cuba."

We annex the following tables* to show the extent of the import trade of the country carried on almost exclusively by northern capital.

Statement of the value of imports, into the United States, for the last three years, designation the portion received at the North and the South:

	1849.	1848.	1847
New York - -	92,736,497	94,525,141	84,167,352
Boston - - -	26,327,874	28,647,707	34,477,008
Other ports - -	14,716,030	14,200,043	11,161,667
Total North - -	133,780,361	137,372,891	129,806,027

	1849.	1848.	1847.
New Orleans - -	8,076,910	9,380,439	9,222,969
Charleston - -	1,310,591	1,485,299	1,580,658
Other ports - -	4,688,577	6,760,298	5,934,978
Total South - -	14,077,078	17,626,036	16,738,605

From the above it is clearly shown, that the North acts as the great shop-keeper of the South. She employs us to take her productions send them to foreign countries to be sold, and returned in iron, cloth, and other articles. Dissolve the Union, and she would act as her own shop-keeper. She employs us, because we have ships and capital invested in commerce. Compel her to establish a Southren confederacy, and she must act for herself. She can build her own vessels, fill them with the products of her own soil, and import her own goods, not from the North, but from those foreign countries who may buy her cotton, rice, and tobacco. This trade the North would lose. If we look at the wealth and splendour in our large northern Cities, we see evidences of the profit derived from commerce and trade from the South. It is safe to estimate fifty per cent. after paying duties, upon the cost price of most of the articles imported into the United States before they reach the consumer. Who gets this fifty per cent? It is divided between the commission merchant, ship owner, importer, banker, and the wholesale and retail dealer. All, except the latter, are identifieded with the institutions of the North, and who, in a body, realise, in profit out of this foreign trade, an amount equal to the whole value of the cotton crop. What would be the consequence if the North were deprived of this immense inland trade with the South, by far the most important of any branch, connected as it is with their shipping and manufacturing interests?

Destroy the intercourse between the North and the South, and one of the very first acts that would claim the attention of the South would be to engage in foreign commerce. They would not only do it in preference to buying from the north, but would be compelled to take articles of foreign manufacture, in return for their cotton, rice, tobacco, &c., which the North would be shut out from, just to the extent the consumption of the free states would permit, for it is not likely the South would allow the North to compete with her in the manufacture of coarse cotton goods, when they would have the ability of fixing an export duty on raw cotton to the free states, that would ensure a preference of their own manufactures in foreign markets, where the northern fabrics have had the preference of the whole world. What a picture for the North to contemplate? What articles of production besides manufactured goods, would they be enabled to export, to carry on even a competition with the South in commerce?

The following tables show the extent of the exports from the free states, for the last three years:

Summary of the value of exports of such articles as were produced by the free states, or from abroad, by the capital of such as are identified with the interest of the free states, viz:

	1849.	1848.	1847.
Fisheries - - -	512,177	718,757	795,850
Oil and whale bone -	1,876,074	1,075,327	2,480,716
Candles - - -	159,403	186,839	191,467
Skins, furs, and ginseng - - -	839,194	770,427	811,612
Lumber and articles manufactured from wood - - -	3,718,033	5,066,877	3,806,341
Ashes - - -	514,603	466,477	618,000
Provisions, estimated at - - - -	10,000,000	8,800,000	7,300,000
Breadstuffs, estimated at - - -	10,000,000	18,000,000	42,000,000
Miscellaneous - -	1,800,000	1,500,000	1,200,000
	29,419,484	36,584,744	59,203,986
anufactured goods Mestimated at - -	12,000,000	11,000,000	9,000,000
	41,419,484	47,584,744	68,203,986

*New York *Enquirer*, 1850.

The following is extracted from an address of Wm. E. Martin, made at Fort Moultrie, S. C.:

The cotton crop of the old world cannot be accurately estimated, for want of correct accounts of the quantity consumed in India, and exported thence to China. We may, by approximation, however, arrive at a conclusion sufficient to illustrate our views. The quantity imported into the whole of Europe, from all parts of the world, during the years 1846, 1847, 1848, and 1849, reached 11,502,000 bags of 300 pounds, which, at the average of prices for these years, eight and a half cents, was worth $293,301,000. The production of cotton in the United States commenced in 1790, and in the next year only eighty-one bales were exported; and yet, of 11,502,000 above stated, 8,922,000 went from the southern States of America, which, at the same price, (eight and a half cents,) was worth $293,301,000. So that, in quantity, the production of the South is as 8,922,000 to 11,502,000, and the value is as $227,511,000 to $293,301,000; and thus we see that we produce more than three-fourths in quantity and value of this great staple. If the unascertained quantity consumed in India and exported thence to China, which is inferior in staple to ours, is set off against the quantity of our cotton consumed in the United States, (which I have not added to the computation,) the result, it is believed, will not be varied.

Let us look at this question in another point of view. The crop of the United States in 1823 was only 509,158, and yet the crop of the year 1848--'49 had reached 2,728,596—more than five times as great in 1848 as it was in 1823, twenty-six years before. This was worth, at last year's prices, (ten cents,) $81,871,000. Deducting 518,039 bales as the qnantity consumed in the United States, we have for exportation 2,227,844 bales, which, at ten cents, (a low estimate,) is worth $66,825,320

If to this be added the other domestic productions of the south, - - - - - 32,674,176

The whole value of southern exports for 1849 will be - - 99,500,000

More than two-thirds of the whole domestic exports from the United States for that year, which was - - - - 131,710,081

And more than three times as much as the whole domestic exports from the north for the same year, which was - - $32,210,081

The remarkable fact is also shown that the domestic export of the south, *exclusive of cotton, her great staple*, is $32,674,176, while all the exports from the north are $32,210,081, leaving the value of her cotton over and above. The fact that the north consumes less than one-fifth of our cotton, while four-fifths find so ready a market on our wharves, is significant of *the independence of the South;* and the North might well be reminded, by her receiving *all her supplies of raw material from us*, and sending it again to us in her manufactured goods, (even if less keen-sighted than our northerners are reputed to be,) how dangerous is the policy of converting an ally into an enemy, and a *customer* into a *rival.*

The following tables are taken from Mr. Garnett's pamphlet entitled "The Union—Past and Future." We have completed the first and second for the years 1849, 1850, 1851, and would have completed the others but for the fact that the results deducible from them would be little, if at all, affected by the later statistical returns:

A 1.—*Table of the Exports of Southern and Northern Domestic Produce.*

Years.	Cotton.	Tobacco.	Rice.	Total of Cotton, Tobacco, and Rice.	Southern share of the other domestic exports in the ratio of population.	Total export of Southern produce.	Total export of Northern produce.
1790–1800	$19,105,755	$49,311,260	$27,554,109	$95,971,124	$104,071,190	$200,042,314	$111,248,511
1801–1810	88,073,500	54,773,730	21,292,660	164,439,890	126,860,890	291,300,780	133,071,866
1811–1820	156,726,604	50,051,999	23,021,144	229,799,747	111,706,852	341,506,599	121,194,689
1821–1830	256,554,294	57,788,204	20,070,244	334,412,742	97,488,201	431,900,943	104,204,080
1831–1840	528,506,110	74,457,223	22,257,791	625,191,124	118,215,517	743,407,067	149,482,842
1841–1845 } June 30 }	256,846,765	42,605,511	9,886,144	309,338,410	71,041,660	380,380,070	95,781,386
1846	42,767,341	8,478,270	2,564,991	53,810,603	21,000,000	74,810,603	27,331,290
1847	53,415,848	7,242,086	3,605,896	64,263,830	37,736,170	102,000,000	48,637,464
1848	61,998,294	7,551,122	2,331,824	71,881,240	26,203,943	98,085,183	34,878,238
1849	66,396,967	5,804,207	2,569,362	75,000,000	24,500,000	99,500,000	32,210,081
1850	71,984,717	9,951,023	2,631,557	84,567,297	20,000,000	104,567,297	32,378,615
1851	112,315,317	9,219,251	2,170,927	123,705,495	25,000,000	109,705,495	28,841,060
1852 (Not published).							

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A 2.—*Table of the rest of the Foreign Trade.*

Years.	Imports, divided in ratio of the exports of domestic produce of the		Total imports and exports of domestic produce of the		Exports of forcign produce divided in the same ratio.		Total exports and imports.	
	South.	North.	South.	North.	South.	North.	South.	North.
1790–1800	$397,000,000	$217,845,454	$597,042,314	$329,093,965	$116,000,000	$74,883,449	$713,042,314	$403,977,414
1800–1810	631,680,000	295,083.510	922,985,780	429,055,370	222,300,000	100,233,845	1,145,780,780	529,289,221
1811–1820	591,119,274	217,000,000	932,625,873	338,194,689	93,800,000	33,391,314	1,026,425,873	371,556,008
1821–1830	643,633,400	155,000,000	1,075,534,343	259,204,080	185,400,000	44,243,834	1,260,934,343	303,447,914
1831–1840	1,084,676,032	218,000,000	1,828,083,149	367,482,842	165,700,009	33,751,994	1,993,783,149	401,234,836
1841–1845	487,551,662	131,000,000	867,931,732	326,781,386	48,600,000	12,005,023	916,531,732	238,786,409
1848	115,074,962	39,923,966	213,160,145	74,742,904	15,750,000	5,382,315	228,910,145	80,125,219
1849	110,892,858	36,964,601	210,392,838	69,174,682	9,816,627	3,269,238	220,209,963	78,443,920
1850	136,080,171	42,118,147	240,587,456	70,496,702	11,421,600	3,529,648	2[illegible]0,000,050	74,626,410
1851	181,297,391	34,927,341	331,003,086	63,168,401	8,165,579	1,573,116	339,168,667	65,341,517

B.—*Table of the taxes paid in duties by the South and North.*

[See Secretary of Treasury's Report in 1839 and 1845-6.]

Years.	Gross amount of duties paid after deducting drawbacks on foreign goods exported.	Amount paid in the ratio of the exports of their produce by the		Same sum apportioned in the constitutional ratio between the		Difference.	Tax paid by the South per head.	Tax paid by the North per head.
		South.	North.	South.	North.			
1791–1800	$76,665,028	$49,500,000	$27,185,028	$35,672.106	$40,992,922	$13,827,894	$21 60	$11 25
1801–1810	139,114,967	95,400,000	43,714,967	63,017,891	76,097,676	32,382,109	31 27	13 56
1811–1820	175,396,369	129,200,000	46,196,369	76,647,381	98,748,988	52,552,619	32 37	10 37
1821–1830	223,021,059	179,650,000	43,371,059	94,056,227	128,964,832	85,593,773	34 71	7 12
1831–1840	216,727,325	180,750.000	35,977,325	87,464,956	129,262,369	932,850,044	27 42	4 29
1841–1845 } June 30. }	96,125,349	76,700,000	19,425,339	37,849,356	58,275,993	38,850,644	10 46	1 99
	$927,050,097	$711,200,000	$215,850,097	$394,707 917	$532,342,180	$316,492,083		

C.—*Table of Revolutionary Pensions paid in each section, from* 1791 *to* 1838.

[Compiled from 307 Senate Document, 1838-9.]

	1791–1800.	1801–10.	1811–20.	1821–30.	1831-38.	Total.
New England - - - - - -	$326,438	$285,563	$2,285,216	$5,318,310	$6,070,039	$14,385,566
N. York, N. Jersey, and Pennsylvania -	433,262	323,754	1,839,456	3,971,623	5,525,189	12,093,254
The new free States - - - -		1,199	222,304	709,112	950,162	1,883,777
Total of the free States - - -	$759,700	$610,416	$4,346,976	$10,000,045	$12,545,260	$28,262,597
Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia - - -	$182,561	$183,549	$669,848	$1,250,123	$2,197,008	$4,483,099
The new slave States - - - -		549	288,944	756,667	1,807,108	2,853,268
Total of the slave States - - -	$182,561	$184,098	$958,792	$2,006,800	$4,004,116	$7,336,367

A 3.—*Table of the actual exports from, and imports into, Southern and Northern Ports.*

Years.	Actual exports of domestic produced from the ports at the		Actual imports into the		Total.		Exports of foreign goods from the		Grand Total.	
	South.	North.	South.	North.	South.	North.	South.	North.	South.	North.
1790–1800	$170,541,654	$140,749,171	$244,000,000	$370,845,454	$414,541,654	$511,594,625	$51,921,480	$138,961,969	$466,463,134	$650,556,594
1801–1810	262,075,114	162,297,532	232,000,000	695,663,510	494,075,114	857,961,042	121,844,860	200,678,985	615,620,974	1,058,640,027
1811–1820	275,861,276	186,840,012	202,000,000	606,119,274	477,861,276	792,959,286	25,315,687	101,875,627	503,176,969	894,994,913
1821–1830	310,466,097	225,638,926	135,475,117	663,158,283	445,941,214	888,797,209	27,096,343	202,547,491	473,037,557	1,091,344,700
1831–1840	676,430,086	216,459,823	220,382,975	1,082,295,107	896,813,061	1,298,752,930	37,637,446	161,814,548	934,450,507	1,460,567,478
1846	57,428,144	44,713,749	13,435,111	108,256,686	70,863,255	152,970,435	714,683	10,831,940	71,577,938	169,602.375
1848	75,934,570	56,969,551	17,628,137	137,370,791	93,562,707	194,340,342	1,874,611	19,258,704	95,437,318	213,598,946

A 4.—*Table showing the gain to the North, and consequent loss to the South, of southern capital in the foreign trade, based on the preceding tables, A.* 1, 2 *and* 3.

Years.	On exports of domestic produce.	On imports.	On both.	On exports of foreign produce.	On all.
1790–1800	$29,500,660	$153,000,000	$182,500,660	$64,078,520	$246,579,180
1801–1810	29,225,666	299,680,000	428,915,666	100,444,140	529,350,806
1811–1820	65,645,323	399,119,274	454,764,597	68,484,313	523,248,910
1821–1830	121,434,846	508,158,283	629,593,129	158,303,657	787,896,786
1831–1840	66,976,981	864,293,107	931,270,088	128.062,554	1,059,332,641
1846	17,382,459	75,956,686	93,339,145	7,631,940	100,971,085
1848	22,150,613	97,446,825	119,597,438	13,875,389	133,472,827

These four tables are compiled from the Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury in 6 Ex. Doc., 1845–6, 6 Ex. Doc. 1847–8, 3 Ex. Doc. 1839–40, and subsequent years; also from the annual reports of commerce and navigation; also from Hazad's Register, vols. I. and II. The actual imports into the two sections respectively, before 1831, are apportioned nearly in the ratio of the duties paid, as the official reports do not distinguish them prior to that year. For the years 1792–1802, the *quantities* only of rice and tobacco are given in reports of the exports. We have carefully calculated the *value* from data in the same report, and elsewhere.

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The Sandwich Islands.

SINCE the acquisition of California by the United States, the discovery of its immense gold fields, and the enlargement of our commercial interests in the Pacific Ocean, resulting from these events, the control of the government of these Islands has become a subject of paramount importance to the American people. The group of islands known as the Sandwich Islands, lies within the tropic of Cancer, about one-third of the distance from the western coast of America to that of eastern China and the neighboring islands. They lie in a range from southeast to northwest; Owhyee (or Hawaii) forming the southeastern extremity of the group, and Nihau or Neehaheon the northwestern termination. We find in Morrell's voyages in the Pacific, made in 1825, the following minute and graphic description of these islands, of their productions and inhabitants:

"On Sunday, the fifth of June, we steered for the Sandwich islands, with a fresh breeze from north-north-east, and fair weather, which continued, with little interruption, for more than a fortnight.

"On Wednesday, the twenty-second, at four A. M., we saw the island of Owhyee, bearing west-south-west, distant seven leagues. At eleven, A. M., we came to anchor on the south-west side of Mowee, about half a mile off-shore, in seven fathoms of water, sand and coral bottom. We had not been at anchor more than half an hour, before we had twenty canoes alongside, with hogs, potatoes, pumpkins, watermelons, onions, plantains, bananas, cocoanuts, and fish, for sale.

"The history of this interesting group of islands is so familiar to every one of my readers that all I could say on the subject would necessarily be a mere repetition of what has already been repeated a thousand times. No other section of the globe has been visited so often, or described so fully, as this cluster of islands; for they have been touched at by almost every navigator that has crossed the Pacific since their first discovery by Captain Cook. I shall therefore merely describe their location, size, and appearance, and refer the reader for further particulars to Stewart's Visit to the South Sea in 1829 and 1830, Ellis's Polynesian Researches, and the printed journal of almost every voyage which has been made to the Pacific.

"The reader is well aware that this group of islands was among the last of Cook's discoveries, and that he was assassinated on one of them by the natives. It was under the administration of the Earl of Sandwich that this great navigator prosecuted his discoveries in the Pacific Ocean; and he therefore named these islands in honor of that nobleman. The group comprises eleven islands, extending in latitude from 18° 54′ to 22° 15′ N., and in longitude from 154° 50′ to 160° 24′ W. They are called by the natives Owhyee, Mowee, Ranai, Moro'oi, Toohoorawa, Woahoo, Atooi, Oneeheeow, Oreehoua, Morotinni, and Toohoora. They are all inhabited, except the two last.

"Owhyee, which we visited on the twenty-third, is the largest and most eastern of these islands, its length from north to south being eighty-four miles, and its breadth seventy. On the north side is a mountain that rises in three peaks, about half a mile high, perpetually covered with snow, and may be seen at the distance of forty leagues. To the north of this mountain the coast consists of high and abrupt cliffs, down which fall many beautiful cascades; and the whole country is covered with cocoanut and bread-fruit trees. The ground south of the three-peaked mountain is covered with cinders, and in many places present black streaks, which seem to indicate the course of the lava that has been ejected from the mountain, and flowed in streams to the shore. The projective headland is composed of broken and craggy rocks, piled irregularly on one another, and terminating in sharp points. Amid these ruins, however, are many patches of rich soil, carefully laid out in plantations. The fields are enclosed by some fences, and are interspersed with groves of cocoanut-trees. It was on this island that Captain Cook, in 1779, fell a victim to the sudden resentment of the natives, with whom he unfortunately had a dispute.

"Mowee is one hundred and sixty-two miles in circumference. It is divided by a low isthmus into two circular peninsulas, the eastern being double the size of the western. In each of these peninsulas there is a mountain rising to a very great height, which may be seen at the distance of twenty leagues. There are no soundings on the north shores, but the country presents an appearance of vendure and fertility. Near the west point of the smaller peninsula is a spacious bay, with a sandy beach, shaded by cocoanut trees. The country behind has truly a romantic appearance, the hills rising in a great variety of peaked forms; their steep sides, and the deep chasms between them, being covered with trees. The inhabitants are computed at sixty-five thousand.

"On Sunday, the 26th, we visited Woahoo, which is seven leagues north-west of Morotoi. From the appearance of the north-east and north-west parts of this island, I should judge it to be the finest one of the group. Morotoi is only seven miles west-north-west of Mowee, and its principal produce is yams; but it has little wood. On the south and west sides the coast is indented with several bays, which are tolerably well sheltered from the trade-winds.

"On Tuesday, the 28th, we touched at Atooi, which appears to be well wooded. Towards the north and north-west, the face of the country is rugged and broken; but to the south it is more even. The hills rise from the seaside with a gentle acclivity, and at a little distance back are clothed with flourishing timber.

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"On the following day we touched at the island of Oneeheeow, which is five leagues west of Atooi. Its eastern coast is high, rising abruptly from the sea; but the other parts consist of low ground, except a round bluff head on the south-east point. It produces a plenty of yams, and a sweet root called tee. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants. Three leagues south-west of Mowee lies Tahoorowa, one of the smallest of the group. It is destitute of wood, and the soil seems to be sandy and barren."

"To the north-west of the group which bears the name of "the Sandwich Islands," are a number of uninhabited islands, or rocky islets, which appear to be a continuation of the same chain, nearly to the 180° of longitude, and 30° of north latitude. These are called by the names of Bird's, Necker, Gardner, Allen, Lisiansky, Bunker, Clarke's, Massachusetts, &c. As it was my intention to examine some of these lonely spots, which reared their rugged heads above the surface of the wilderness of waters, I made but a short stay with the friendly islanders of the Sandwich cluster, and shaped my course for Northern Polynesia."

Situated in the midst of the mighty waste of waters, which constitutes the Pacific Ocean, these islands, from their position and productions, assume a degree of importance to us which cannot be overrated. As the resort and refuge in storms for our whalemen, and other navigators, as a place to refit, and take in stores of fresh provisions and water; and above all, as a deposite for coal and fuel, for our steamships, both national and private, in those seas, these islands are absolutely indispensable. We do not desire to be understood to assert, that to yield these advantages it is necessary for us actually to own them. We only mean to declare that it is clear beyond cavil, that they should be in friendly hands; that the most free and unrestricted intercourse between our people and those islands, should at all times exist; that a guarantee should be exacted from their rulers, that never by laws, decrees, or regulations of any kind, shall our rights and privileges be infringed; and one or more vessels of war should be constantly stationed there to make this guarantee effectual. Many of our citizens have recently settled in those islands, and already exert a very considerable influence in the management of their affairs. The growing commercial relations between our government and theirs will contribute to strengthen these friendly ties, and in a few years, we believe the mutual interests of both will become too strong for any intrigue or force to sever. At present this is not quite the fact. Our dominion on the Pacific is in its infancy, the course of trade is not yet fixed, we will be obliged to cement and consolidate our power in that remote quarter, before we can command that confidence and respect from foreigners to which our rank and our enterprize give us a right to aspire. While we are advancing the other nations of the world are neither slumbering nor idle. They survey our onward career with fear and trembling. They are meditating schemes to check and thwart us if they can. Hence the rumor of a project of the Emperor of France to gain the control of the Sandwich Islands is not so absurd as might be imagined. We neither credit nor discredit it—we must wait and see. Should it unfortunately prove to be true, then there is only one step which our government can honorably take in the matter, and this is, to protest, emphatically, against the measure, and to sustain that protest by ordering the Pacific squadron to rendezvous at these islands immediately to protect them from French occupation; and if it be necessary for that purpose, to take possession of them, and retain them for our own government. We cannot allow any foreign nation, possessing the power and grasping spirit of the French, to seize this citadel of the Pacific, and thereby to command and menace the trade on our western coast, as Great Britain or any other power of the first rank could easily do our eastern trade if it held Cuba. Were Cuba to pass into the hands of Great Britain, and the Sandwich Islands into those of France, we should be, with all our power and vigor, reduced to a state of almost as dependent vassalage as that of Austria. To meet these giant powers on the ocean we must keep up a fleet in the Atlantic able to cope with that of Great Britain; and in the Pacific a fleet equal to that of France. Now is the time to rid ourselves of these impending responsibilities. Cuba and the Sandwich islands are our eastern and western outposts. We cannot permit either to pass into the possession of any other nations than those who hold them now. In going thus far, we think this government is considerate and forbearing; *it does not trust to the friendship and alliance of Spain, or of the king of the Sandwich Islands, so much as to their weakness.* We might rightfully exact from both, treaties of defensive alliance, to ensure our own safety; but we have respected their

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national feelings, and forborne to wound their national pride. This is the limit of indulgence. Should either seek to take advantage of our generosity, the time will have come when courtesy should yield to the stern dictates of duty, and when we ought to grasp with a firm hand these islands in both oceans, which nature has so placed in their geographical relations to our continent as to render them essential to our peace and welfare. We do not believe that it is our true policy to establish colonies, or to obtain possessions at a distance from this continent. We have a compact, integral territory, broad enough for our children to occupy for generations; but when islands or continental positions become requisite to our advancement and prosperity, we think that the highest considerations of prudence and wisdom, justify us in securing their acquisition by all the means which our constitution and our national honor sanction. The timid antideluvian system of attempting to cramp a mighty nation like ours within the narrow confines of its infant days, there to be incased as a turtle is in his shell, belongs to the times that have passed away, and cannot be revived till the "sun *goes back* on the dial of Ahaz," and reverses his pathway in the heavens.

Moral Courage.

THERE is no attribute of the human character so essential to success in the lives of both private and public men as that of moral courage. We use this term to express the idea of a combination produced by the union of firmness, self-reliance, boldness, prudence, and honest intentions. A man thus constituted forms his opinions after due reflection, and when once formed adheres to them and carries them into practical operation, without turning to the right hand or to the left a single hair's breadth to ask what the world will say about his acts. He may feel the strongest disposition to treat the views of others with deference; he may earnestly desire to acquire the good opinion of the public; but first of all, and above all, he follows the dictates of his own conscience; "assumes the responsibility," whenever it is his duty to do so; moves straight forward to the attainment of his object, and looks with equal indifference on the applause or the censure of the crowd. Such men were Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, and such were every other of our public men who have reached great eminence, and enjoyed a high degree of popularity. Mere ability, however superior, without moral courage, (which is almost always accompanied by physical courage,) will not render any man extensively popular, influential, or successful. We may admire the speeches of the orator, the essays of the writer, or the songs of the bard, without knowing or caring whether or not they are poltroons or heroes; but let the stigma of cowardice be affixed to their names, and we involuntarily despise them. The eloquence has lost its fire, the author his force, and the "fine-frenzied eye" of the poet waxes dim in our sight. Perhaps we may judge them harshly, but such is the unerring instinct of our nature. Even the coward disdains a coward, and turns from him with contemptuous disgust. There may be some apparent exceptions to this general rule, but they will be found, on close examination, to be entirely conformable to it. There are timid men, and those who distrust their own knowledge and powers, who often act with seeming pusillanimity when they only require in fact to be pressed with direct responsibilities to make them throw off their hesitation, dismiss their doubts, and meet the crisis with the firm front becoming their stations. We have seen men of this description who would boggle at trifles, and yet when real impediments arose would grapple them with the spirit of a lion. In private life, nothing is more common than to see men, who are about to purchase a horse or a house, going about among their neighbors and "taking their advice" on the momentous subject. Those persons have no confidence in their own judgment; they are destitute of moral courage; they are grown-up children in swaddling clothes—they will never become anything more. You do not find such men among the ranks of reformers, leaders, or martyrs. They are quiet citizens or subjects; dispute no one's opinion; submit patiently to the oppressions of their rulers, and if they receive ten stripes, thank God that the number was not twenty. They are fond of "eating their bread in peace." They are "sleek-headed men who sleep well o' nights."

In public life, the want of moral courage is most conspicuous and detrimental to the general

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welfare. It renders even patriotic and able men impotent, and realizes the truth of the poet's strong remark, that

"In public councils *fear* betrays like treason."

No calamity can befall a nation greater than to be cursed with a feeble, shrinking, hesitating chief magistrate. He will palter with his duty, stop where he should go forward, and flinch when he ought to strike with vigor. He can exert little, if any, influence at home; for his inability unmans him, and the populace disdain to follow a leader less firm and less resolute than themselves. His partisans must inspire him with energy, when it should be by him that they are inspired. Their support will consequently be tame, their huzzas languid, and their confidence cold and misgiving. Such a ruler may have the wisdom and talents to know what is right, but he will fear to do it if opposition be made. He will patronize old abuses rather than reform them, and retain unfit persons in office in order to escape the clamor which would attend their removal. He will transfer responsibilities to others, which justly belong to himself, and rejoice to be rid of the trouble of thinking and deciding, whenever he can do it without open disgrace. While this is the ignoble state of affairs at home, they are a thousand times worse abroad. Foreign governments are keen-eyed in discerning his weakness and facility of yielding to imposition. They take advantage of every occasion offered to aggrandize themselves, and to encroach on their simple-hearted neighbors. The flag of the country is insulted; its vessels arrested on the high seas and searched; the property of its citizens is plundered, and if they complain, they are fortunate if they escape the prison or the gibbet. If such a chief magistrate should protest or remonstrate, he is duped with smooth words and smirking diplomatic explanations, always to be understood, of course, in a Pickwickian sense. He is eager to avoid trouble; advises his countrymen to take better care the next time; rests satisfied with the justification tendered; and thus tacitly invites a renewal of aggression, and furnishes a precedent for its impunity. What boots it that the whole nation is outraged and on fire? The government compromises the honor of our flag; it is the recognised constitutional organ of communication with foreign powers, and we have no alternative but to pocket the affront. It is true, we can appeal to the ballot-box for redress; but this remedy is tardy, and lags far behind the proper time for action.

Let us reverse this picture, and place at the head of public affairs a bold, energetic, inflexible spirit, like that of Jackson, and behold the mighty change! Apathy vanishes, despondency is converted into confidence, a discordant party is consolidated and animated with one feeling and one impulse; drones are expelled from office; and from one extremity of the country to the other, the energy of a single iron-will arouses the lazy elements and controls the storm. New life is imparted to every thing, and we almost seem to be another people. Foreign governments become respectful; our standard floats untroubled on the seas; our citizens travel and trade in all quarters unmolested, and we no longer blush to own our country; its name abroad is now worthy of its dignity and its power.

It would do very gross injustice to subordinate officers to suppose that a deficiency of moral courage is exclusively confined to magistrates high in authority. The most pitiable instances of this defect are often found in inferior posts, where delay, evasion, and compromise are made the transparent cover for timidity and cowardice. We also may easily discover, among certain newspaper editors, whom accident or good luck has elevated to a responsible standing, a degree of shabby selfishness and menial truckling that would have disgraced the Saxon peasants who wore the collar of the Conqueror, or the Siberian fur-hunters of Russia. These sentinels on the watch-tower of liberty dare not think or speak for themselves. They are the most hopeless and despicable of slaves, for their thraldom is voluntary, and they have consented to sell their independence for as much "trash as could be grasped thus." They are ready to do the bidding of any master who will feed and clothe them, and to wear his livery for a consideration in dirty pelf. There are few such abject bondsmen amongst us, and we are glad to find there are no more. We are gratified to know, however, that "lacquies in livery," in this country, are ranked below even the negro slave. Political livery, cut and fashioned by a master, is as undignified a badge of servitude as that which flaunts in the kitchens or on the foot-boards of the chariots of the aristocracy. Out upon those editors whose

patriotic principles are defined by "five loaves and two small fishes!" Their country is comprehended in their own capacious pockets. An accessible treasury is their god. Whether their conduct is owing to a want of moral courage, of self-respect, or to the cravings of an "itching palm," we do not undertake to decide. It is sufficient for our purpose to state, that the fact is, unhappily, such as we have described it to be.

We can perceive but one effectual remedy for this increasing degeneracy of the press, and that is to stimulate the moral courage and the patriotic feelings of the community to repel and repudiate these cringing worshippers of mammon. The man of resolution and of disinterested fidelity should be encouraged and sustained in his efforts to serve the public. He who possesses true moral courage, holds the key to the temple of Fame. The most ignorant aspirants, and the most malicious, are forced to approve this high quality. No wonder it is so universally prized. No wonder it produced the *apotheosis* of great men in ancient times, and the still more rational distinctions conferred on them among the moderns. It is the parent of all really noble deeds, and the solid foundation of all lasting political influence. It has hurled hypocrisy from exalted seats; it has broken the sceptre of tyrants, and smitten, as with the hammer of Thor, all species of social and political abuses and corruptions. It has rendered the statesmen, mechanics, and artisans, reformers and benefactors of their country, and elevated the soldier into a hero, capable of animating a whole host with his own dauntless and enthusiastic courage. The poet has depicted this wizard power at the instant of perilous trial, in language as beautiful as it is true—

> "Oh!" where was Roderick then?
> *One blast upon his bugle horn*
> *Were worth a thousand men.*"

The late Judge Gibson.

THE examples of the great, the wise, and the good, as exhibited in their lives and conduct, afford the most instructive lessons to their countrymen. They are alike models to imitate; and in the frailties incident to our nature, beacon lights to warn us what to shun. Statesmen, orators, and soldiers have usually engrossed the attention of mankind, and monopolized the pages of history. Living and acting before the open gaze of the world, they have formed the centre of all attraction, been followed through life with the plaudits of their fellow-citizens, and had their graves hallowed by a nation's tears. This is doubtless a fitting reward, for great services, performed on a great theatre; but it does not always happen that the lives of these popular idols are the most useful and impressive in their influence upon their own or succeeding ages. It is impossible, according to the condition of society and the decrees of nature, that all men should aspire to these high distinctions. A nation of Ciceros, Napoleons, or Jeffersons would be indeed a phenomenon. The wise Creator is sparing of such geniuses, and the well-being of the world does not require them to be multiplied. However patriotic and honorable, they are only necessary on urgent occasions, when a different order of ability would be incapable of grappling with existing difficulties. While a few men in the nation are dazzling us with the brilliancy of their eloquence, or the purity of their virtues, or surprising us with the skill and adroitness of their statemanship, thousands are laboring on in silence, in private life, or in some retired public station, scarcely heeded, and almost unknown. And yet it will often be found that the men so obscurely employed, in depth and grasp of mind, in extent of learning, and in solidity of wisdom, are the full peers of those who "have a Senate at their heels."

Such a person was JOHN B. GIBSON, the subject of this notice. He died a few weeks ago, in the city of Philadelphia, aged about 73 years. He was a native of the State of Pennsylvania; and with little to aid him in early life, but his own energy and ability, he rose quickly to eminence at a bar, second to few in the country for the learning, capacity, and *esprit du corps* of its members. About the commencement of the war of 1812, he was elected to the Legislature of the State, and was among the most staunch and fearless of the advocates of all the measures calculated to carry it on with vigor. He was a thorough democrat, and an unflinching supporter of the administration of that old Republican veteran, Gov. Snyder. He was appointed, in 1814, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of a district in the northern part of the State, which

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office he held till 1817, when he was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court, as one of the associate judges. This office he filled until 1827, when he was appointed Chief Justice. This post he occupied till 1851, when, in consequence of a change in the constitution, the judges were made elective, and he was chosen by the people to be one of the members of that tribunal. On casting lots for the terms, the place of chief justice fell to one of his colleagues. He was consequently an associate judge at the time of his decease, but would have become the chief again in about two years, had he survived. After his elevation to the bench Judge Gibson took but little active part in politics, adhering, however, to the Democratic party. In 1828, he headed the Jackson electoral ticket, in Pennsylvania, and being elected by a large majority, voted in the electoral college, in favor of that illustrious man as the Executive Magistrate to preside over the destinies of the nation.

In person, Judge Gibson was of almost giant size; and it has been truly said, by one who knew him well, that "his mind and his body were both fashioned in the same mighty mould." In private life, he was one of the most kind, warm-hearted and amiable of men. His sense of honor and of duty was scrupulously nice. He was true in his friendships, and somewhat warm in his dislikes. He despised meanness and trickery, and wo betide the lawyer or the man who displayed either in his presence. As a judge, he was upright, firm, patient, learned, impartial, and possessed of a breadth of mind and strength of judgment, inferior perhaps to no judical incumbent of his day. Toiling throughout life in a State tribunal, few occasions were presented to bring his superior ability to the notice of the country. Some however did arise on all of which, his opinions and judgments commanded the highest approbation of his brethren of the bar and the bench. There are some fifty or sixty volumes of reports, of decisions of the supreme court of that State, every one of which bears testimony to the extent of his learning, the vigor of his judgment, and the cogency of his reasoning. The style in which his opinions are written is admirable. Nothing can be more simple, condensed, and perspicuous. There were many causes which required the most acute and profound intellects to comprehend them. His opinions will stand in such as everlasting monuments of his incomparable fitness for judicial trusts. With him were associated on the bench, men meriting the highest distinction; among these were Tilghman, Duncan, Rogers, and others, (the last named only survives;) whose combined learning and wisdom raised the authority and repute of that court as high as those of any other State tribunal in the Union.

Had Judge Gibson been transferred to the Supreme Court of the United States in early life, where he would have found scope for his talents, and a theatre worthy of his ambition, he would have won a name, and left a reputation, second only to that of John Marshall. It is to be regretted that capacity such as his should have languished in comparative obscurity, and that intellectual might, able to have "split the gnarled oak," should have been forced by circumstances to fritter away its energies and its powers in polishing pebbles and in pointing pins. Let not this illustration mislead our readers. We do not design to be understood to assert that all the business of the Supreme Court of a State is of this trivial nature. Though much of it is, there are cases sometimes arising, which may well command the utmost grasp of thought of the first judge that ever adorned any judicial seat. On such occasions, Judge Gibson was truly great, and proved beyond cavil that no legal question was too intricate or too vast for his comprehension.

No judge can become extensively popular with the masses; the very nature of his duties forbids it. His labors are all in the desk. His most important functions are, to be silent and listen. When the populace see him, it is shrouded with power, and begirt with officers. If he acquires reputation, it is with the few, chiefly lawyers, who are *paid* to read his opinions, and to measure the length and breadth of his mind. Hence it is very rare that a judge, who has held no other place but a seat on the bench, ever attains to more than a limited popularity. It is highly probable that we, of this age, know Coke, Hale, and Holt nearly as well as did their respective cotemporaries. Judges live in the books of reports—not in the huzzas of the crowd, or in the bulletins of battles. There their labors are consecrated, and there posterity meets them face to

face. When the sound of the orator's voice is hushed and forgotten—when the thunders of the battle have died away, and we only learn the name of the victor from the pages of some neglected historian, and when the toils and cares of the statesman are laid to rest in his grave, then will the laborious struggles of the judge with intricacies, subtleties, and contradictions, in the retirement of his study, still survive, and transmit to succeeding times his fame, which was scarcely appreciated during that in which he lived.

The names of the law-givers of antiquity have descended to us, sanctified by the veneration of centuries. Wherever there is civilization, justice, and law, in future, they will be revered. Nearly every other science has undergone more radical changes than that of jurisprudence. Its fundamental maxims being founded on the great principles of *right* and *wrong*, were early developed, and are susceptible of little improvement. These principles remain the same under all forms of government, and among nations of the most dissimilar habits. The designations, the powers, and the process of the different magistrates intrusted with their practical enforcement may be totally unlike; but the essential principles, on which the various systems rest, are in perfect harmonious coincidence with each other. The conqueror casts down one dynasty and builds up another, but the principles of right and wrong defy his power; they are intangible. Who would exchange the glory of Solon, Lycurgus, and Numa, for that of all the butchers of their fellow-men,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

To the same class of men Judge Gibson belonged; and if he did not originate any of the great precepts, maxims, and principles of jurisprudence, he comprehended, expounded, and applied them with as much ability and success as any judge of his time.

Latest Excavations at Pompeii.

WE have extracted from the "Illustrated London News" a letter of one of its correspondents, descriptive of the latest excavations at the old Roman city of Pompeii. It will be recollected that this city was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the first century of the Christian era. It contained a population of probably some 40,000 inhabitants, and was one of the most flourishing and refined of the cities of that mighty empire, in proportion to its size. This destructive eruption submerged the whole surrounding country, together with several considerable towns. It is computed that nearly one hundred thousand people perished in this catastrophe. So sudden and so terrific was the tempest of fire at Pompeii, that it destroyed the inhabitants at their daily avocations. The houses, furniture, and every article of domestic use, were found just as they had been occupied and used, an hour before the angel of death hovered over the devoted city. These excavations have disclosed some curious facts in regard to the private habits and tastes of the Romans. Various images, idols, and other symbols, evidently in common use, have been disentombed from their undisturbed slumber of centuries, and exposed to the gaze of the present generation. Many of these things are so coarse and indecent, according to our notions of propriety, as to astonish and disgust even those who are not by any means fastidious. The private tastes and amusements of the Romans would have shocked the sensibility of the most callous persons of the present day. The grave of Pompeii has given up many secrets, which their historians and annalists never told.

NAPLES, April 14th, 1853.

It would be difficult to visit Pompeii at any period without finding new and interesting material either for reflection or illustration; and at the present moment this world of antiquarian treasure is unusually attractive, from the discoveries which have taken place during the last two years. The dates of the most important excavations, it should be remembered, are:—1748, Amphitheatre; 1763, Gate of Hercules; 1764, Theatres, and Temple of Isis; 1811, House of Pansa; 1813, Forum; 1818, Temples of Mercury and Venus; 1825, House of the Tragic Poet; 1826, Street of Mercury; 1829, Street of Fortune; 1841, Street of Merchants; 1845, Quadrivium; and 1847, House of Lucrezio. From the last-named date, I propose placing before the reader a notice of the excavations up to the present day.

I left Naples with an antiquarian friend, in a carriage, wishing to avoid the snort and whistle of a railway, the mocking vitality of which may, nevertheless, be heard in the death-like stillness of the Forum of Pompeii. We drove at once for the Street of Tombs, by far the most interesting way of entering a classical city. On either side the marble monuments of the dead glittered in glorious sunlight; but never more can those tombs arrest

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the footsteps of a relative or a friend. Here I found that the well-known Exedra had been restored, with all its decorations; but no new excavations had taken place in this part of the city. Passing the gates, we were shown some lately-discovered walls of Pompeii; and were informed that ere long the whole of the encircling battlements would be definitely traced. Entering the Forum, we found a few workmen employed in clearing away the sand which the late rains had deposited on the marble pavements where, centuries ago, the magistrates solemnly paced, and the coxcomb idly wandered.

Whilst passing on, in the direction of the new excavations, we observed that in many instances the fresco paintings were losing their colors; indeed, some have been lately removed to the Museum on that account. It is also found necessary to restore, in many instances, the brickwork of the houses of Pompeii, which is done by temporary roofings; whilst the mural frescoes are edged with a white cement, which by no means improves their appearance. In this way the buildings of Pompeii are now dotted over with ugly white patches in all directions.

It is calculated that about one-third of the city of Pompeii is now exposed, including four principal streets, and all the important buildings of an ancient city. A long street, leading to the Stabian Gate, is now being excavated. These works were begun in 1851: when the street was first opened, it was supposed to be that of the Goldsmiths, from the number of objects of jewelry found in the first one or two houses; but subsequent revelations have not confirmed the expectation.

As we entered the Stabian Street, we observed on either side a series of dwellings, the lower portions of which had evidently been used for shops. The fresco paintings were remarkable only for the freshness of their coloring. The last stratum of earth had not yet been removed from the floors of some of the houses, so that there may be much treasure yet undiscovered. We next proceeded to the most important house yet found in this street, and which had been lately excavated for the Imperial Princes of Russia. You enter a wide portico of the *ostarius*, paved with marble, where an elegant table of the same material is placed. The clawed legs of this table are carved with fruits, and the form is very elegant. You then come upon the *atrium*, with the usual *impluvium*. None of the surrounding columns is perfect; and only one of the capitals was found, which is rather grotesque than classical. The circular object near one of the columns, is a well, fluted all round, the rim of which bears traces of its having been much used. The alæ, or wings, of this dwelling occur at the further end. The centre room is large, and might have been used as a *triclinium*. It is decorated with those floral romances and architectural illusions which glitter brightly on the walls of Pompeii. This room opens into two smaller apartments—one on the left, and one on the right—nearly destroyed. The main wall on the right contains a niche with steps, but no statue was found. The present dwelling, like most of the houses of Pompeii, had evidently been well rifled by the ancients. Some copper kitchen utensils and a few unimportant marble decorative garden sculptures are all that was found in a dwelling of so much importance.*

Threading our way through the back doorway of this house, we came upon the most remarkable discovery which has yet taken place, viz., the complete roofing of a house, of which I send you a drawing. It will be remembered that Pompeii having been destroyed by falling ashes, and then covered by earth, was the occasion of the roofs falling in. The very little care used in clearing away the incumbent earth has left us in the dark about the construction of ancient roofings.† Here, then, for the first time, we have a complete roof of a house, formed of square tiles, about twelve inches by twelve, with coping tiles running between them; and over the back-bone, so to speak, of the construction, a cement was used to make the roofing water-tight. So perfect is the roof, that it might have been constructed yesterday, and it would suit an English cottage as well as a Roman dwelling. The whole is railed round, and will probably not be removed.

We next proceeded to the site of the excavations on which the workmen are now employed. Here I made a drawing, to show the way in which the works are carried on. The workmen are digging and picking away with little care. A not very intelligent inspector stands by, smoking his pipe; and when anything is found, it is thrown into a basket, which is guarded by a soldier. The drawing shows the termination of a street which runs through the Gate of Stabia. The building just brought to light is remarkable for having two large windows, a luxury by no means common at Pompeii. An archway breaks the centre of the front wall, over which is an aperture, which may have been caused by accident, as there is nothing in the masonry to denote a window. Two large stones are resting on the top of the wall, indicating an upper floor. On the stucco facing of this building are clearly read, in the long Roman characters of Pompeii, the words C.UM HOLCONIUM.‡ When some hundred feet more have been excavated, the whole of this street, extending as far as the Gate of Vesuvius, will be open to the light.

The present Neapolitan Government does not appear to take much interest in Pompeii: more of the city was excavated during the French rule in Naples than has been brought to light either before or since that period.

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* The small objects found at Pompeii are always removed to the Museum of Naples. Up to the present time no attempt has been made to restore a house and furnish it, although so much material exists for so doing.

† Mr. Falkener, an English architect, excavated a house at Pompeii some years ago, and personally attended the works from the very earliest stages, by which means he was able to collect much valuable data concerning the construction of the roofing as well as the height of the dwelling.

‡ This mode of advertising on the walls is very common at Pompeii. The *album* of the Latins acted like a modern sign.

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Retrenchment and Reform.

THERE is no feature of the administrative policy of President Pierce which has met with more general approval than his determination to reduce the expenses of the government, and to eradicate its abuses. Every department presents a new aspect to the public. Since his induction into office an increased degree of life and vigor has been infused into the very clerks in each executive office. Useless and supernumerary offices have been abolished, and, in some instances, *one* man is made to perform the same duties as formerly were confided to *three*. There are now no sinecures in or attached to any of the executive departments; or if there are, they will be abolished the moment they are discovered. The Secretary of the Treasury has set a very laudable example in this system of reform, and we have no doubt that every other head of an executive department will act upon the same principle. The army and navy expenditures may be greatly curtailed; the contract system that prevails in furnishing supplies in both these arms of the public defence is loose, and has been heretofore grossly abused. Either from a want of knowledge or of strict regard to duty, the government supplies, of all descriptions, have frequently cost double, and sometimes more than that proportion, of articles of the same character, purchased by private individuals.

These evils should be corrected, and we have no doubt that the able and efficient heads of these departments will direct their most thorough attention to the subject of procuring a remedy. There are at this time, in process of construction, a larger number of public edifices by this government than were ever undertaken at the same time. The estimated cost of these buildings we do not know, but the amount cannot fall much short of ten millions of dollars. In the expenditure of this vast sum, the government should keep a most vigilant eye upon every agent employed in its disbursement. There are leaks and drains upon the treasury in every public work which it is difficult to detect, and still more difficult to prevent. The schemes and contrivances to make money by all those who have the handling of the public funds are as ingenious and adroit as the tricks of the veteran gamester. To thwart and defeat them requires knowledge, sagacity, experience, and, above all, incorruptible integrity. The man of mere book science, the speculator, or he who has a troop of speculating friends should not be trusted with these employments. Great judgment and profound knowledge of human nature will be required in making judicious selections.

A recent change introduced into the system of constructing public edifices, by placing the superintendence of such construction in the hands of officers of the engineer corps, seems to promise to work well. These officers can have no motive to do more or less than their strict duties require; and yet, even in choosing them for these places, the greatest judgment and caution should be used. An officer may be an accomplished draughtsman—he may be skilful in elucidating the theory of engineering—he may be perfect master of all the orders of architecture, and be in his study a finished and scientific virtuoso of his art; and yet in its practical application, and in his dealings with contractors and others with whom he must necessarily come in contact, he may have all the simplicity and verdancy of a child. This is the class of men who, of all others, adroit and dexterous business men of the world like to deal with: they are easily duped; and if they have a weak side, as such men usually have, those who deal with them soon find it out, and know when and how to touch them. We have known men who could discourse learnedly about the Athenian temples and the pyramids of Egypt, the coliseum at Rome, Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, who could not tell you the quality, the cost, or the value of a block of marble, or a cart load of brick. These are the very gudgeons that *sharpers* are fond of angling for. There are, in the engineer corps, men of the highest scientific attainments, as well as practical knowledge. If they be employed, we have no doubt the new system will be as advantageous to the public as economical. If, however, raw and inexperienced tyros just from their books be preferred for these responsible posts, the treasury will find itself sinking into a Serbonian bog, from which it cannot be extricated but at the expense of millions. We have every confidence, however, in the President and the executive heads of departments, and have no doubt that they will make such selections for these stations as will be creditable

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to them and a guarantee that the public welfare shall not be neglected.

The Late Hon. William R. King,

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

THIS distinguished statesman and exemplary man expired at his residence in Alabama on the 17th of April ultimo. He was among the last of a race of men that is rapidly disappearing from our midst, and of which few remain. They sprung up and were matured during the heat and acerbity of the early conflict between the democratic and federal parties. Mr. Jefferson was the political oracle of the one, Mr. Hamilton of the other. The democratic revolution of 1801—the embargo law—the war of 1812—the Bank of the United States—the American system—the internal improvement system—the admission of Missouri—the overthrow of the National Bank—the arrest of the system of internal improvements—the reduction of the tariff—the annexation of Texas—and the war with Mexico—resulting in the stretch of our eagle's wing to the Pacific ocean, are some of the leading measures which these men grappled with and settled. The brief space of their lives embraces the history of a nation—almost of the world. Within a few years how many of them have passed from the scene of action to their final resting-place in the tomb! It seems but a few days ago since we saw the sturdy form of Adams in the House; the tall figure and careworn face of Calhoun in the Senate; and beside him the dignified person and beaming smile of Clay; the atlantean shoulders and imposing forehead of Webster, and presiding over all, the gentlemanly, courteous subject of this notice. They were as full of "lusty life" and patriotic devotion as they were nearly half a century before, when they began their noble career. We glanced our eye to the Hermitage, and there saw the stalwart Jackson, the man of

"Fiery-soul and adamantine will,"

still as intent on the promotion of the glory of his country as he was when he faced the storm of fire at New Orleans. Now, we search for them in vain. The tolling bells, the muffled processions, the heavy booming of the minute guns, and the public and private edifices draped in the habiliments of mourning, tell us too surely that these great spirits have been recalled to their native skies. Peace to their manes! eternal honor to their memories!

We have a few of their venerable cotemporaries yet left to us, not unworthy of the association of such compeers, but we forbear to speak of them. Long may their valuable lives be spared!

Among all the celebrated men with whom Mr. King acted, none could boast of purer motives, higher honor, more chivalrous courage, and few of sounder judgment or of so consistent a political course. He never varied to the right hand or the left; both friends and enemies always knew where he was to be found.

We give a brief sketch of the leading events of his life, for which we are indebted to the articles of two or three cotemporaries, on whose accuracy of detail we place full reliance:

Colonel King was born on the 9th of April, 1786, in North Carolina. After completing his education at the university of his native State, he became a student of law in the office of William Duffy, of Fayetteville. At the age of twenty he was elected a representative of his native county in the legislature of the State. At twenty-four he was chosen a representative in Congress from the Wilmington district; and of the party which advocated and supported the war of 1812, he was a zealous and consistent member. In the spring of 1816 he resigned his seat in the House of Representatives, and accompanied William Pinkney, of Maryland, as secretary of legation, first to Naples and then to St. Petersburgh, to which courts Mr. Pinkney was sent as minister plenipotentiary. On his return to the United States, in the winter of 1818--'19, he fixed his residence in Dallas county, in the then Territory of Alabama. He was elected a member of the convention to establish a State government, and was appointed on the committee to frame a constitution. With the Hon. John W. Walker, he was elected one of the first two senators who represented Alabama in the Congress of the United States. He was four times, successively, re-elected to the Senate. In 1844 he accepted the mission to France, with the special object of facilitating the annexation of Texas. He was remarkably successful in his mission, having by his skill and prudence entirely prevented the opposition of the French Government to that measure. In 1848 he was made senator from Alabama, by appointment of the governor, to fill a vacancy

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occasioned by the resignation of the Hon. Arthur P. Bagby. In 1840 he was elected by the legislature for a full term of six years. In 1850, on the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the presidency, he was unanimously chosen President of the Senate. By the Baltimore Convention of the 2d June, 1852, he was made the democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, and was elected to that office by the people in the ensuing November. In the winter of 1851--'52 Colonel King began to suffer from a pulmonary affection, which gradually grew so alarming in its symptoms that he was advised to seek alleviation in a tropical climate. Accordingly, in the month of February he sought repose and relief in the island of Cuba; but discovering that his disease was fatal, he determined to die in his own land. He sunk rapidly during his return journey, and barely survived to gladden his dying moments with the sweet solace of his friends and home. It is enough for his honor to add, that like Washington's, his "fame was *whiter* than it was brilliant."

The Valley of Mesilla.

WE had arranged the matter for the present number of our Review before the difficulty touching the Mexican boundary assumed its present important aspect. We cannot, consequently, present a full explanation of that interesting matter at the present time. But the conflicting claims to the valley of Mesilla present questions which cannot be entirely omitted, and we therefore submit a brief explanation of the points involved, reserving a more elaborate discussion until our next issue.

The fifth article of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo defines the boundary line between the United States and the Republic of Mexico, and the same article provides for a joint commission to run and mark that line on the surface of the earth, and to keep such journals of its proceedings, and prepare such maps as may be necessary. By the treaty, the joint commission consists of four persons, being a commissioner and surveyor appointed by each of the contracting parties, and the result of its labors, within the scope of the authority vested in it, is to be considered as a part of the treaty itself. The treaty makes no distinction between the members comprising the joint commission, and, as no diplomatic powers were intrusted to them, they were not authorized to negotiate a boundary line, as some persons have supposed. That task was performed by the two republics in ratifying the treaty, and the duty of the joint commission was to run and mark the line which had been defined by a superior authority.

Hon. John B. Weller was appointed commissioner, and Andrew B. Gray, esq., was appointed surveyor, on the part of the United States. The Mexican government appointed Pedro Garcia Condé commissioner, and Jose Salazar Larregui surveyor—the four constituting the joint commission provided for by the fifth article of the treaty. The task of running and marking the line was begun on the Pacific coast, where the initial point of the survey was fixed, one marine league south of the port of San Diego, in California; from thence the boundary was run and marked to the confluence of the Gila and Colorado. The commission adjourned to meet at El Paso, to run the line between the Rio Grande and the Gila, and survey those rivers. In the mean time, Mr. Weller, the American commissioner, was removed by the late administration, and John R. Bartlett, esq., appointed in his place, who was sent to El Paso to meet General Condé and Mr. Salazar, the Mexican commission. Notwithstanding the most urgent appeals, the Secretary of the Interior failed to provide means to enable Mr. Gray, the American surveyor, and a member of the commission, to reach El Paso. When the orders to proceed to that point reached him at San Diego, in California, he ought to have been on the ground ready to proceed with the survey from the Rio Grande to the Gila; but he had to travel several thousand miles on means furnished by himself before he could enter on his duties, because the Interior Department had exhausted its resources in furnishing an extravagant expedition to accompany Mr. Bartlett. By reason of this mismanagement, Mr. Gray did not arrive at El Paso at the proper time, and Mr. Bartlett undertook to proceed without him. He even appointed a surveyor *pro tempore*, although the treaty requires that the members of the joint commission should be appointed by the two governments; and, according to a statement before us made by General Condé, Mr. Bartlett gave assurances to the Mexican repre-

sentative that he was authorized to make such appointment. But Mr. Bartlett did not and could not have had such authority. General Condé knew, that during the labors on the Pacific, there had been no dispute as to the relative positions of the members of the joint commission; there never having been any doubt as to the fact that the assent of the surveyors was as necessary as that of the commissioners to determine the position of the boundary; but Mr. Bartlett having appointed a substitute for Mr. Gray, and given assurances that he was authorized to do so by the government of the United States, the point at which the southern line of New Mexico intersects the Rio Grande was agreed on by the two commissioners, and the task of marking the line westward commenced. When Mr. Gray succeeded in reaching the theatre of operations, he found that a great error had been committed in fixing the southern boundary of New Mexico, and he immediately repudiated the agreement between the two commissioners, insisting that it was not binding on the joint commission because he was not present when it was concluded, and no one was authorized to act in his stead, and give his assent to any proposition of that character. His protest arrested the survey of the line between the Rio Grande and the Gila, but the survey of the water lines was proceeded with.

The treaty makes the Rio Grande the boundary until it reaches the point "where it strikes the southern boundary of New Mexico; thence westwardly along the whole southern boundary of New Mexico, (which runs north of the town called Paso,) to its western termination; thence northward along the western line of New Mexico, until it intersects the first branch of the river Gila." The treaty continues by saying that the southern and western limits of New Mexico are those laid down in Disturnell's map of 1847. According to that map the southern line of New Mexico is about eight miles north of Paso, the town mentioned in the treaty, and there Mr. Gray insisted that the survey westward should commence. Mr. Bartlett, however, had agreed to disregard the physical objects mentioned in the treaty, and to be guided by the parallels of latitude marked on Disturnell's map, which were not even referred to in the treaty.

In 1824, an edict of the Mexican Congress constituted Chihuahua a State, and New Mexico a territory of the Confederation, and defined the boundary between them by a line east and west, from the northern limit of the jurisdiction of the town of Paso, which extended about eight miles northward to El Paso, the point at which the Rio Grande breaks through the mountains. A dam erected at this pass, for purposes of irrigation, has always been regarded as the northern limit of the State of Chihuahua, and the southern limit of the territory of New Mexico; and the alcalde of Dona Ana, about forty miles above, always exercised jurisdiction over the valley of Mesilla, until Mr. Bartlett consented to place the southern boundary of New Mexico thirty-four miles north of the Pass. There is no doubt as to this point. Señors Jaques and Zuloaga, the commissioners of the State of Chihuahua, admit, in a recent communication to Governor Lane, that Chihuahua did not exercise jurisdiction over the territory in dispute until after the survey of the line agreed to by Mr. Bartlett had been commenced. The southern boundary line of New Mexico, we have seen, was fixed solely by reference to the jurisdiction of the town of El Paso; the fifth article of the treaty represented that boundary in the same manner, adopting Disturnell's map of 1847, which marked the line at El Paso, not by considering its latitude and longitude, but under guidance of the decree of the Mexican Congress. It is simply absurd to suppose that the position of objects on the surface of the earth can be fixed by meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude marked on a map. Their location may be described by reference to those lines, when they have been properly determined, on the surface of the earth, by astronomical observations. It was known that Disturnell's map was not constructed from astronomical observations, and no reliance was placed on the accuracy of the lines of latitude and longitude marked on it, inasmuch as they were known to be inaccurate. Had it been the purpose of the treaty to adopt a parallel of latitude as the southern boundary of New Mexico, there would have been no reference made to Disturnell's map, nor to any other map; for the position of the boundary on the surface of the earth would have been determined by scientific principles alone. Hence the refer-

ence to a map excludes the idea that a parallel of latitude could be properly relied on. The treaty endorsed the accuracy of the map only in one particular—the position of the southern boundary of New Mexico with reference to the town of Paso—the purpose being not to dismember the State of Chihuahua; and the joint commission should have gone to the town of Paso, no matter in what latitude it might be, and with the aid of the scale of the treaty map, proceed to run the line on the surface of the earth the same distance north of that town as the map represented its position. Instead of doing this, Mr. Bartlett undertook to endorse the accuracy of the parallels of latitude as marked on the map of Disturnell; and as they were found, by actual observation, to be thirty-odd miles further north of the town of Paso than the treaty map represented them, the boundary agreed on was too far north by that distance; and was placed near Dona Ana, when it ought, according to the treaty, to have been placed at El Paso, thereby throwing the valley of Mesilla on the Mexican side of the line, and dismembering the territory of New Mexico.

We have already stated that Mr. Gray, the American surveyor, protested against the erroneous line agreed to by Mr. Bartlett, stopped the survey on it, and proceeded with the survey of the water lines—the Rio Grande and Gila. When the facts became known at Washington, the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs took the matter into consideration, and submitted a report through its chairman, Hon. James M. Mason, of Virginia, condemning the boundary agreed to by Mr. Bartlett, and denying his authority to negotiate a line, or his power to bind the Government without the concurrence of Mr. Gray, his colleague on the commission. This report was followed by a proviso to the appropriation bill for the fiscal year beginning on the 1st of July, 1852, which arrested the operations of the joint commission, and produced the recall of the American commissioner and surveyor. The late Administration should have proceeded promptly to arrive at some understanding with the Mexican Government relative to the disputed territory; but its conduct, in this particular, was marked by its characteristic inefficiency. A proper note from the State Department might have led to a survey of the proper boundary and the settlement of a question which now promises to produce a second Mexican war, and the destruction of life and the waste of treasure consequent on a conflict of arms. Until some diplomatic arrangement could be made, it might have been improper for the United States to take possession of the Mesilla valley—unless, indeed, Mexico should, as she did in 1846, obstinately refuse to negotiate.

But it is needless now to inquire how long our Government ought to have forborne in the hope of an amicable adjustment of the boundary; for Mexico has taken possession of the disputed district, and our Government has not, that we can perceive, any other alternative but to insist that neither party shall hold the valley of Mesilla exclusively, and to maintain that position, if need be, by force of arms. That valley was ceded to the U. States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; and the utmost forbearance which Mexico could expect was that our Government should agree to consider it disputed territory, not to be occupied by either party. Her forcible occupation of it cannot be permitted by an Administration alive to the honor and interests of the country. If the Mexican forces do not speedily evacuate the valley of Mesilla, it seems to us that the Administration will be compelled to resort to arms to vindicate our clear and unquestionable title. In that event, the late Whig Administration will be responsible for the consequences; and we trust that the Whig leaders will remember the denunciations they hurled at Mr. Polk's Administration because General Taylor was permitted, seven years ago, to occupy the district of country between the Neueces and the Rio Grande. Partisan malignity led to the removal of Mr. Weller from the joint commission; party influences dictated the appointment of Mr. Bartlett, and induced the late administration to abandon Mr. Gray, when he insisted on protecting the territorial rights of his country; and the inefficiency and reckless negligence of Whig officers has produced a dangerous state of things which could easily have been avoided. We repeat, therefore, that if war should ensue, the responsibility for the sacrifice of life and the waste of treasure, which must follow, will rest with the Whig party—the peace party in war, and the war party in peace.

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Destiny of Cuba.

THE first principle of the law of nature is the right of self-preservation. Any individual whose life is in jeopardy may lawfully take the life of him who menaces it with danger. Two shipwrecked mariners who have caught at sea a single plank, which will bear only one of them in safety, may struggle for its possession, and the strongest consign the other to a watery grave, without incurring either punishment or censure.

If ten men be put into a boat at sea which is only able to carry six of them securely, four of them by casting lots, or by main force, if there be no other alternative for the safety of the others, may be thrown overboard to meet their fate. This same principle which authorrizes individuals to perform acts of apparent cruelty, and even murder, to shield their own lives from destruction, is equally applicable to a nation, when its existence or tranquility is deeply involved. The annals of the world abound in instances of the exercise of this extreme right; we need not refer to the many cases which occurred in early times to substantiate this assertion—Great Britain, and perhaps every other nation of powerful rank in Europe, have over and over again claimed and exerted this power. We will but cite a single instance in the history of Great Britain, which, if the right be not well founded, to protect her national safety, should cover the cheeks of British statesmen with shame to the latest generations. We allude to the seizure of the Danish fleet by that government during Napoleon's career, under the pretext that he intended to appropriate it to his own use in his warlike operations against Great Britain. That government and Denmark were at peace, and had no ostensible cause of quarrel. Great Britain fitted out a formidable fleet, placed it under the command of her veteran admirals, and, without warning, entered the port of Copenhagen, and, after a bloody conflict in which some 10 or 12,000 of the Danes were slaughtered, either destroyed or took possession of all their vessels of war. As an act of precaution, this high-handed measure may possibly be justified; but in order to do so, it is necessary to carry the principle of self-preservation to its utmost limit. If it were necessary for our purpose, we could easily refer to numerous instances in which Great Britain and France have seized upon and held islands and territories belonging to neutrals in all quarters of the world, under the sole pretext that the occupancy of these places was indispensable to their own interests and safety. How, then, stands the relation between the United States and the island of Cuba? This island lies within half a day's sail of the coast of Florida, and within two days' sail of the mouth of the Mississippi, and stretches along its whole length in the very track of our most important coasting trade, and of our vessels of war necessary to protect it. It is the key to the highway to market for the numerous products and commerce of the Mississippi valley between the mouth of that river and the northern and middle States, and Europe; our California and Oregon trade must also pass along the same route. From its peculiarly advantageous position, whatever nation holds Cuba can, if it have the power, cut this immense trade up by the roots, and drive our merchantmen from these seas. While Cuba remains in the possession of Spain, there is little danger of any thing worse than petty aggressions and insults. Suppose, however, it were to be transferred to England or France, with their vast naval and military power, what then would be our condition? It would be that of dependants upon these governments, subject to such conditions as they chose to impose as a guarantee of peace; or if they saw fit to provoke a war which would enable them to infest all our waters, and especially along the southern coast, with their steamers, men-of-war, and privateers, they could sweep our entire commerce from these seas in one month, and transport an army of 100 or 200,000 well-equipped men into the most exposed and feeble portions of the southern States; proclaim freedom to the slaves, arm them, and, before their operations could be arrested, desolate a large portion of our most fertile and flourishing country. It is idle to say that this is a dream of horrors which could not be realized; it is not only possible, but very practicable. Who does not believe that in the present spirit of British and French abolition frenzy, such a crusade as this would be regarded as a most glorious achievement for the liberators of mankind! It is true, the energy and courage of the American people would be aroused at the assault; every man

would spring to his arms; the very women would rise into heroes, our dockyards would be alive with laborers; our waters would be soon protected by our newly created fleet, and in six months or a year, the insolent invader would be driven from our soil—

> "And his blood would wash out
> His foul footstep's pollution."

But all this would require time. An army and the munitions of war, together with an adequate naval force, cannot be completed in a day. It is proverbially true that Republics are always the least prepared for war, and that at the commencement they generally suffer serious reverses. Our own history will furnish some dark and disgraceful confirmations of this general truth. We have always among us some patriots whose far-reaching sagacity never discovers the approach of danger until the blow falls upon their heads; they are opposed to any preparation for war, because they sagely believe that the millennium has arrived, and that the nations of the earth are to "learn war no more." This would be a very gratifying and comforting solace to the philanthropist, if the theory did not unfortunately contradict the practice and experience of every day.

Now let us for a single moment take a hasty glance at the future destiny of Cuba. The latest accounts from Madrid show, conclusively, that the government of Spain is tottering to its fall. Torn asunder by internal commotions, and revolutionary plots and conspiracies, that feeble despotism is becoming frantic with rage. It has expelled or imprisoned many of its highest nobility, and most of its military chieftains. The result of such a line of policy it is easy to foresee. The men who have been struck at by the hand of power have friends and influence in all parts of Spain; several of them are ex-governor generals of Cuba; and we need not be at all surprised if we see the Spanish people again in arms, plunging their daggers into the throats of each other. The imbecile government will appeal to France or England, or perhaps both, to assist in quelling the disturbances and in upholding the sinking throne; either of them would be delighted to seize such an opportunity to acquire the practical protectorate of Spain, and of course of Cuba, as a part of her dominions. The French Emperor stands ready to pounce upon his prey, and if either he or Great Britain should get the least foothold in Spain, and in her American possessions, they never would recede an inch, except at the points of our bayonets and the muzzles of our cannon.

We shall be told, however, by some puling politicians that this is all a *chimera;* that Great Britain and France both desire to maintain peaceful relations with the United States; that it would be destructive to their commercial interests to engage in a war with us, and that they never would venture to perpetrate an act which must lead to that catastrophe. To this we reply: that such shallow reasons should be addressed to babes and children—they are an insult to the judgments of men. The insatiable ambition and grasping selfishness of these governments should admonish us, that we, as the great commercial rival of the powers of Europe, are an object of their dread, and that an opportunity to stab us under the fifth rib, as they could easily do if they held the control of Cuba, they will not lightly allow to slip from their grasp. What is this country to do, then, in the present emergency? We know not the views of the administration on this interesting topic, but judging from the tone of President Pierce's inaugural address, we are not at liberty to doubt that he possesses the spirit and firmness to meet the issue in a manner becoming his exalted station.

We will most respectfully suggest our own views on this subject, and submit them to the consideration of the administration and the country. We think the time for action, on the part of this government, has arrived, and that it should not be postponed. What are we to do then? Shall we purchase Cuba from Spain? That proposition has been once made to her government and declined. Shall we take it by force and then negotiate and pay her afterwards a fair equivalent? This we do not deem good policy at the present moment, however clear the right to do so may be. We think, on the whole, the course to be pursued is a a plain one, sanctioned by justice and national courtesy. Let our minister at the court of Spain be instructed to inform that government that he is prepared to open a negotiation with it for the purchase of Cuba, on reasonable terms, and if it refuse to accede to them, then to enter a formal protest, in the name of this government, declaring that the geographical position

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of Cuba renders that island a natural dependency of the United States, and that we regard its possession as vitally essential to our safety and welfare; and that we protest against the right of Spain to transfer its control to any other power, and shall regard any attempt to do so as equivalent to a declaration of war. We would also instruct our ministers at every other court in Europe to communicate a copy of this protest to each government respectively, with a further declaration that this is the firm determination of the government of the United States. Having done these things, we should watch the events in Europe with a most vigilant eye; and if it became apparent at any future time, that Spain, on account of her own weakness, or from any other cause, was about to surrender voluntarily, or to lose by force the jurisdiction of the island of Cuba, we should not pause an hour in fitting out an expedition, taking possession of the island in the name of this government, and holding it as an integral part of our own territory. If Spain were to suffer damage thereby, without her own default, we at once concede, unhesitatingly, that she should be compensated to the uttermost farthing.

Such a proceeding as this, on our part, would violate no principle of justice, of honor, or any article of the code of the law of nations in the slightest degree; nor would it furnish grounds of complaint for Spain or any other power. Colonial possessions, whether consisting of parts of the continent or islands, when situated at remote distances from the parent country, are not held by the same tenure as they would be if constituting a portion of the original territory or islands dependent upon it. The preservation of the safety of a nation adjacent to whose territory, or near to which, these colonial possessions lie, must give to such nation the right to secure itself from aggressions, or even the strong probability of aggressions, to be aimed from these neighboring foreign possessions. If Cuba were situated in the same contiguity to the coast of Spain as she is to that of the United States, it would be an outrage upon her rights for which nothing could atone to seek its acquisition, or to interfere with the perfect and unqualified prerogative of Spain to dispose of it to any power she pleased. But lying in our immediate vicinity, and commanding our coast and our trade, and forming, in reality, an extended portion of our own territory, separated from it only by a narrow strait, the case is entirely changed; and what would have been an act of strong-handed usurpation in one case, becomes a justifiable act of wise precaution in the other. What European power dare reproach us with wanton aggrandizement or wrong in this measure? We will undertake to prove, in the history of any such power, fifty examples, at least, of their own to warrant and justify our proceeding. Any nation which permits commanding strongholds in its immediate neighborhood to pass into the hands of jealous rivals or unscrupulous foes, when it has the ability to prevent it, is guilty of an act alike shortsighted and pusillanimous. This truckling system of conduct does not belong to the Anglo-Saxon race—the motto of which, for the last thousand years, has been "excelsior!" And when it has found that the advancement of its own welfare and the guarantee of its own security depended upon the occupancy of any particular points to facilitate these objects, it never has scrupled to plant its foot firmly on these localities, and to maintain them inflexibly to the end. This is the great impelling spirit of our people—it cannot be restrained—it cannot be overcome.

The Spanish officials in Cuba affect a haughty disdain for every thing American, and assume as supercilious airs as they might have displayed during the reign of Charles the Fifth. These things may be laughed at in the first instance, but they will ultimately provoke retaliation which must scathe these ignoble despots as the lightning of heaven. They have boarded our vessels and steamers on the high seas, insulted their officers, searched their papers, and contemned our flag; but we trust the tame and craven spirit that has hitherto borne these affronts with the patient endurance of serfs, has vanished along with the late administration. We would spare weakness, and even indulge its spite; but when the honor and dignity of the nation are compromised, we can discover no middle course; we must pocket the insult before the world, or inflict summary vengeance on the offenders. The American people will not hesitate between these alternatives.

There is a certain class of men in this country who say that we do not want Cuba; that half her population are negroes, the other half bigoted Roman Catholics, and that there is no

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congeniality of feeling between them and ourselves. The pompous self-complacency of such wiseacres is really amusing. And do they seriously believe we want Cuba for her negroes and Catholics? We care not who or what may be its inhabitants; were they Cannibals, Patagonian giants, or even Satyrs; we want and will have the island itself. We will, at the same time, take good care to provide that its occupants shall be rescued from tyranny. Some of the Spanish functionaries have declared that "Cuba will be either Spanish or African." This threat to surrender it to the barbarian negroes, rather than yield it up to us, is in strict accordance with the Castilian character, in which pride and feebleness struggle for the mastery. We will shortly, however, save them the trouble of establishing a Congo dynasty in the "Queen of the Antilles," by planting our stars and stripes on the ramparts of the Moro castle. The Spanish government cannot long remain blind to its true condition in the Gulf of Mexico. "Passing away" is inscribed on all its colonial possessions in the New World; and to resist our acquisition of Cuba, sooner or later, is only a hopeless warfare against fate.

Frauds on the Federal Treasury.

THE GARDINER CASE.

IT would be a fruitless attempt to seek to ascertain, with any degree of precision, the amount of money filched from the treasury of the United States, by various frauds and devices. We do not doubt that during the last twenty years, this sum has exceeded a million of dollars annually. Contractors of all sorts, including the conscientious guardians of our wild Indians, who fleeee their tawny wards, regard the public goose as especially devoted to their plucking. The Mexican war was more profitable to these patriots than any of the "gold diggings" in California or Australia are to the greedy Argonauts of those regions. The famous "Galphin swindle" was a mere trifle in comparison with hundreds of like cases of much greater amount. This antiquated Galphin affair reminds us of the account current kept by the hopeful son of a rich father, who, wishing to indulge and restrain him at the same time, required that he should state in his account the particular articles he purchased, and uses he put his annual allowance of ten thousand pounds to, for his parental inspection. It ran thus: item, one pocket-handkerchief, one shilling; item, one pair of garters, one shilling; item, one tooth-brush, sixpence; item, shaving soap, sixpence; and lastly, item, for sundries not recollected, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds and seventeen shillings! The balance was thus *struck* even. The Galphin fraud bears about the same proportion to the aggregate of frauds on the treasury that the tooth-brush or soap did to the forgotten "sundries." But it was detected and properly exposed, and has thus gained a most unenvied notoriety. The thousands of undiscovered frauds are known only to the initiated, who laugh in their sleeves, as Uncle Sam's executive and legislative financiers are prying into their accounts, without finding a single flaw. On the face, they are formal; their certificates are as complete, their vouchers as correct, as Father Whittlesey can possibly desire. But look no deeper; "draw not their frailties from their dread abode."

Let us now inquire briefly into the celebrated "Gardiner case," which has attracted more notice, engaged more tribunals, fished farther from shore, and in more troubled waters, for witnesses, than has occurred in any case since the impeachment of Bacon. We regard this trial, which has just been concluded in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, after lasting nearly three months, by the discharge of the jury, who could not agree upon a verdict—standing *nine* for acquittal and *three* for conviction—as the most extraordinary one in modern times. We will not enter into the particular facts asserted by counsel, or established by the testimony. The public is surfeited with them, and will thank us for not repeating a forty-times "told tale." We only intend to comment on the general aspect of the case. This is, indeed, curious enough to excite our wonder. The prosecution acts on the presumption that Gardiner obtained from the treasury the large sum of $428,000, upon a series of forged documents, forged names, and forged public seals, fortified by an array of perjured witnesses, which could only have been procured or fabricated by the most adroit skill, wary caution, and comprehensive combinations, such as cast

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Monroe Edwards and Dr. Burrowes entirely into the shade. The very conception of this fraudulent scheme (if it be such) required a man of extraordinary talent and audacity. It would prove that Gardiner could beat Fouché, Louis Napoleon, and Santa Anna, in the art of villany, if he played against them all, single-handed. Now, this is the theory of the prosecution; what is its practice? It is the very reverse. It begins by asserting and proving that Gardiner was a poor dentist in Mexico; lived in an obscure street; journeyed about among the rural districts, almost literally with his "pack on his back;" that he straggled off to the Pacific coast; meditated a "tooth-plugging" expedition into South America, near the vicinity of the Patagonians; that he was, in short, an ordinary sort of a fellow, with a squint in his eye, and never was suspected of possessing more brains than the law of Mexico allowed to be covered by one sombrero! If the proof relied on by the prosecution be true, then it is obvious that he was the last man in the world who was able to concoct and carry out successfully this stupendous fraud. He might as well undertake to pull up one of the giant oaks of the forest with his tooth-drawers!

The trial itself was a judicial farce. It was a scene of wrangling among the counsel, contradictions among the witnesses, attempts alternately to bully and appease the judge, absurd offers of testimony, captious objections, and frivolous irrelevant arguments, which as far transcended the great case of Bardell vs. Pickwick in the ridiculous, as Sam Weller rose above the Fat Boy in wit. We speak here impersonally, and make no special references; but we assure unfledged lawyers that they can find points made, and principles of law laid down with furious earnestness in this case that would astound any *pie poudre* court in the land. We sympathize with the judge; his *patience*, in fact, surpasses that of old Job. But if it is to be tested again, we would rather be called to the chair to preside over a town meeting of tom cats, in the market house, than take his seat on the bench during a second trial.

Now, it is not our business to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of Dr. Gardiner. We shall studiously avoid doing so. It will be time enough for this when a jury of his country has decided. But we can, with perfect propriety, express our views of the measures pursued in regard to him. These we consider disgraceful to the country, and subversive of public justice. Not only have the newspapers teemed with all sorts of calumny and abuse, but the President, Secretary of State, both houses of Congress, and the Courts here and in New York, have all swelled the outcry, and by their eager thirst for *somebody* to victimize, have stirred up the popular vengeance to a pitch bordering on frenzy. President Fillmore sent two commissions to Mexico in quest of proof; some of these commissioners had their zeal stimulated by the offer of increased reward if they obtained evidence. The investigating committee of the Senate sent as formidable a commission on the same errand, as Burke described the British commission, which came to hunt up our "vagrant revolutionary Congress," and which, as he said, shot their "Parthian shafts behind them." Now we are told that the President has despatched a fourth commission, for the purpose of finding what the three others searched for in vain. Will they succeed, or will they come back crest-fallen, like their predecessors? After the potent co-operation of our minister plenipotentiary and his secretary of legation, and the aid of commissioners under false names, peddling Mackinaw blankets on the burning sands of San Luis Potosi, and "prospecting" for "*coal mines*," and traversing the broken rugged mountainous peaks and chasms lying on three hundred and sixty-four square miles of barren wastes in eight days, the locality of Dr. Gardiner's silver mine eluded this seven league-booted geologists' researches! The government commissioners returned, and swore that no silver mine was there, because they could not find it. Dr. Gardiner and the friends who accompanied him were more fortunate. These two friends are respectable American citizens, and proved on the trial that they found the mine, produced specimens of ore taken from it by themselves, and one of them offered to point it out to the commissioners of the government, who declined the proposition. How far this *positive* testimony is to be overcome by the *negative* testimony of those who made a flying visit through the country without reaching the right spot, and by interested Mexican witnesses, whose testimony is regarded by all who know the faithless character of that peo-

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ple as of no more weight than the lies of Munchausen, is for the jury to determine.

Under the treaty of peace with Mexico, our government agreed to pay the American claimants on that Republic three millions and a quarter of dollars, and to release it from all liability to such claimants. The act of Congress of the 3d March, 1849, provided a board of commissioners to adjudicate these claims, and it was by an award of this board that Gardiner got his money. Claims amounting altogether to eight or ten millions of dollars were presented and disallowed, with the exception of those reaching in the aggregate about three millions and two hundred thousand dollars. These were paid in full, leaving a surplus in the treasury of forty-seven thousand dollars. This has been claimed by Mexico. The conduct of this board has been severely criticised, and we fear not without reason. We do not know how far the members were implicated, but they were surrounded by a gang of predatory ear-wigs, who had, or who boasted that they had, prodigious influence with these officers. This supposed influence they brought to a good market—selling it to the willing for a high price, and extorting from the timid a still higher one, by appealing to their fears. It is believed that not less than one million of dollars of the sum awarded gorged the maws of these favorite cormorants. How they *digested it* history saith not. But if the secret proceedings of that board and its satellites were known, it would "smell to heaven." By the treaty of peace creating this board, the decision of the commissioners is rendered "final and conclusive." When the awards were deposited in the office of the Secretary of State, any person aggrieved had a right to file, within *thirty* days, in the Treasury Department, notice of an appeal to the proper court, on any of them, and the money was to be withheld till the suit was determined. Then, under the treaty, the award became final and conclusive, if no such notice was given. It was not filed in Gardiner's case, and the questions now arise: Can the validity of that award be inquired into, on the ground of alleged fraud in procuring it? Who can make the application? Would the money belong to the government of the United States, when her commissioners had decreed it to another, or to the rejected claimants, or to Mexico, if it could be recovered back from Gardiner and his assignees? These are pregnant questions, which are easier asked than answered. We leave them to the courts. On their decision will rest the disposition to be made of the $230,000 awarded to Gardiner, and attached in Washington and New York by the United States. This large amount is doubtless the real bone of contention, which has led to all the suits and prosecutions against Gardiner, and induced the late President to strive to cast him into prison, on a paltry quibble. It stimulated also the cupidity of the other claimants before the board, and has caused the government to disregard that salutary provision of the constitution which guarantees a speedy trial to the accused, by procrastinating these cases for two years.

The recent trial of Gardiner was for imputed false swearing to his papers, presented to the commissioners in support of his claim; and it has already cost the Government, for pay to agents, commissioners, witnesses, counsel fees, expenses of travelling, copies of documents, &c., &c., we are assured between 70 and $80,000. This sum is in a fair way of swelling up to the amount attached in Gardiner's name; so that should it be recovered eventually, it will only be for the benefit of the parties employed by the Government. Should Gardiner triumph, the Government must foot its own bill. While the treasury bleeds so freely as it has done, the United States will have zealous champions—men ready to travel, harangue, and swear, as hard as Uncle Toby's comrades did in Flanders. The Government of Mexico has acted in concert with ours, in throwing obstructions in Gardiner's way of obtaining evidence in the vicinity of his mine, and he was, as it appears, obliged to go there, and remain by stealth, for that purpose. The contest with these two Governments, employing their well-paid officials to track and dog him all through his Mexican expeditions, to examine whose teeth he drew, and the artistic beauty of his dentist signs in every village, has been a most unequal one, on his part—especially while his prosecutors keep his money. Their violent attacks on him have almost elevated him into a sort of hero, and no one can tell what destiny awaits him. Is it to become the inmate of a prison, or a fashionable lion among our exclusive *millionaires*? The doctor has evidently *cut his eye teeth*, if those who pursue him have not;

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and come what may, he is resolved never to say die. We cannot help thinking that if he is guilty, he must be the most egregious fool that ever lived. To place his money within the grasp, and under the very eye of the Government, to invite its special scrutiny, and then to leave the country, and go on a visit of considerable duration to Europe, implies the most reckless indiscretion, or the most confiding reliance on the truth and justice of his case. Which character rightfully belongs to him—that of knave or fool? Let wiser casuists than we pretend to be, decide.

The names of Galphin and Gardiner will be remembered as the dedicated tutelary watchmen of the treasury during the last administration. Both have been held answerable for many sins perpetrated by others, and both seem likely to be offered up as expiatory sacrifices for all the treasury robbers, of high and low degree, of the present generation! An awful responsibility is involved in this atonement!

The recipients of the Galphin speculation have been the most lucky; they pocketed their gains and laughed at the law. Gardiner, on the contrary, has run the gauntlet of executive, legislative, and judicial investigation, with nothing but a jury of the country standing between him and the portals of a dungeon. He has thus far baffled all the efforts of two potent Governments to crush one "poor, little, wandering dentist!" Will he be able to hold out, or be trodden down? Time must disclose. The conflict approaches the moral sublime; and when the United States has Gardner by the neck, and Mexico has him by the heels, we suppose they must both experience—

> "That stern joy which warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

We know and care nothing about Gardiner, further than he and the prosecutions against him have been forced upon the public attention. He may be guilty of all that is charged upon him; but if he is, he is still entitled to a fair trial, and to all the protection which the humanity and justice of our criminal law declares to be his right. We shall vindicate this sacred right at all times, no matter who or what may be the alleged criminal. What is Gardiner's case to-day, may be any man's case to-morrow; and if the barriers of public justice be broken down, there is no more safety under our laws than there is under the bow-string of Turkey. The fact that the Government is a party, using all its power with untold sums of money to *force* a conviction, is the most dangerous feature of the case. Governments are proverbially cold-blooded and unscrupulous; and some of the proceedings in this case show that ours is no exception. With a Scroggs or a Jeffries on the bench, a corrupt marshal to pack the jury, and a weak or dishonest executive, who wished to secure impunity for his own misdeeds or those of his favorites, by turning the public suspicion upon some other person—what guarantee of safety is innocence? What shield would an honest life afford against the dagger of vengeance? Let the blood of Sidney, Russell, Emmett, and of a thousand other patriots and martyrs shed on the scaffold, or in the flames, answer.

Revolution in China.

THE Celestial Empire, according to recent intelligence, is rent in twain by internal discord. The Tartar dynasty is trembling on the throne; and the Mandarins, and other dignitaries of three tails, are shivering in their wooden shoes for the safety of their position. The rebels have swept the western and central parts of the empire, and have approached the great cities of imperial magnificence. It is said that, driven to despair, the emperor has implored the protection of the British, French and American squadrons, and that these "outside barbarians" have agreed to interpose in his behalf. So far, at least, as our own countrymen are concerned, we hope this rumor is not true. This revolt is a most justifiable resistance to tyranny, both spiritual and temporal, and we pray God it may be crowned with victory. Of all human governments, excepting that of Japan, the Chinese is the most bigoted, selfish, and contemptible. Weakness, ignorance, vanity, and self-conceit, all struggle for the mastery, while idolatry and heathenism dictate the religious rites. The whole nation is shut out by a wall of brass from all intercourse with the rest of the world. It will remain so forever, if the old dynasty continues the organ of power. The revolutionary chiefs are men of a different stamp. They have been awakened by the teachings of Christian missionaries; they look

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beyond the confines of China for a knowledge of the sciences and the arts. Their military operations, too, are directed by European and American engineers and officers, and we may venture to hope that these disciples of Confucius have been somewhat enlightened by the exhortations of our Saviour. The idols of the heathens fall before them, and the incantations of Chinese jugglers vanish into air before the breath of the apostles of truth. To a certain extent, China is a *terra incognita*, and its population and resources can only be estimated at random. Its immense works of internal improvement—its walls, bridges, and canals, all attest the ample amount of its public income. Its population has been variously stated, but doubtless exceeds one hundred and forty millions of souls. Nine-tenths of this vast concourse of human beings are practically slaves, and all of them, even the highest in rank, are held in a wretched state of vassalage. The government is a despotism—the religion a system of gross imposition and disgusting sensuality. The people are docile in temper, and industrious in their habits. They are patient, temperate, and faithful to their employers, although cunning and deceitful in their general business transactions with strangers. In the art of war they are the merest tyros, void alike of courage, energy, and skill. Their battles are ludicrous beyond description, in which gongs usurp the place of cannon, and tumblers and vaulters charge, in platoons, in the stead of cavalry and lancers. The rebels, instructed by European and American skill, avail themselves of these Chinese superstitions, and in almost every contest they have triumphed. We trust they may carry their standard throughout China, and renovate the effete government of that isolated empire. If our naval commanders have lent the flag of this country to uphold the despotism of that nation, they should forthwith be recalled, and taught to permit the people of China to manage their own affairs as they please. If the Tartar dynasty be too feeble to suppress this rebellion, it is time it was overthrown. It has reigned long enough for the prosperity of China—too long for the rest of the world. We regard this revolutionary movement as extremely propitious, and as indicative of the first great effort in China to abolish the absurd restrictions which have so long forbidden the approach of other nations. For centuries the trade with that country has been gradually absorbing the precious metals of the world; and what use has been made of this immense acquisition is wholly unknown to us "outside barbarians." The chief body of the Chinese people are poor and miserable, in the most appalling sense of these terms. Their food is of the vilest description, consisting of rats, cats, snails, bugs, worms, grass, &c., &c., and scant the quantity even of this course and nauseous fare. To a nation suffering such privations, any change must be for the better. Until lately, these wretched creatures were denied the privilege of leaving their over-crowded country. They were condemned to work and starve on the soil where they were born. But recently some relaxation of the laws against expatriation has taken place, and thousands of these famished coolies have found their way to California and the Sandwich Islands. It is said that large numbers of coolies or laborers are about to be brought into Cuba, and some other of the West India islands, to work on the plantations in the room of negro slaves. Whether they were kidnapped or deceived into this service is unknown, but we suspect they have been entrapped by some fraudulent devices. We are no advocates of violence and bloodshed, but such a despotism as that of China cannot be subverted without them. To accomplish this end, any means are justifiable that are necessary, and with all our heart we wish the Chinese rebels a safe deliverance and a glorious triumph.

The Mania for Office Seeking.

AT no period since our national existence commenced, has there been such hungering and thirsting for the "fleshpots" of office as there are at the present time. From the highest to the lowest, they are all sought with the keenest avidity. No efforts are left untried to obtain them. Neighborhoods are canvassed for signers to letters of recommendation. Men supposed to possess influence with the "powers that be" are solicited to aid; the family trees of all the chief officers are pruned to the topmost bough, to hunt up and press into the service some forgotten fifth cousins, and even ladies have entered the *arena* of electioneering, and, as it is hoped, their influence will be found to

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be irresistible. This may be all very well when a man has determined to turn patriot and serve his country. If it is worth while to apply for an office at all, it is certainly advisable to sustain the application by every possible means.

It is our purpose in this article to offer a few suggestions, on what appears to us a very erroneous estimate of the value of public offices—especially here, at the metropolis of the nation. Offices in our distant towns and cities, where the incumbents generally reside, are far more desirable than the same places would be in the city of Washington. There, the party is subjected to no inconvenience and no expense in taking possession of his post; there, he is not necessarily obliged to suspend all his other occupations; there the cost of living is far less. Here, on the other hand, a man on getting an office, (unless this city be his regular domicil,) must break up his domestic establishment at home; incur heavy expense in removing to this place, and still greater expense in refitting his abode; pay exhorbitant prices for all that he and his family eat, drink, and wear; and then at every presidential election sit on the "anxious bench" for six months or a year in daily expectation of one of those little "yellow billets," which exert such an extraordinary power of elongation on the visages of retiring public servants. There are probably some fifteen hundred clerks and other official *employés* of the federal government in this city, whose salaries vary from four hundred to two thousand dollars *per annum*. Among them are many gentlemen of superior talents, education, and attainments, and some who have been members of Congress, judges, lawyers, divines, merchants, &c. We doubt whether there be one of them who would not rejoice to exchange his official place for a private clerkship, or any other personal pursuit which would yield him two-thirds of the amount of his salary. If a man takes one of these offices with the hope of saving any thing from his salary, at the end of the year he will be sadly disappointed. These minor salaries appear to have been graduated just at the *minimum* standard. They will barely pay a man's bill at a respectable boarding-house, dress him plainly and genteely, allow him to indulge in one or two juleps a day, and now and then to take a peep into the theatre. He must forswear wine and turtle soup, and all the luxuries which are so famous for tickling the palates of the "London aldermen." We do not wish to decry or underrate the value of subordinate official stations under the federal government; but we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion we have formed from a careful consideration of the subject, and an attentive observation of the true condition of this grade of officials, that their tenure of office is most precarious, their compensation totally inadequate, and their labor slavish and unthankful. We have seen instances where men with large families, who had faithfully performed their duties for years, and who had not been extravagant, were dismissed to make room for some favorite, poor, helpless, and forlorn, without employment, or the means even of returning to their former homes. We do not refer to any recent instances of this kind, but we involuntarily exclaimed: Could this wretched man have foreseen on the day he sought this office, the fate that awaited him on quitting it, he would have spurned it, and applied for admission, if nothing better was attainable, to the county-poorhouse. Such, at least, would have been our choice. If the thousands who are urging their claims to these places here could witness the poverty, anxiety, and unhappiness which so frequently attend upon those who fill them, they would thank the President and heads of departments for refusing to appoint them. It would be difficult to point out, among all the generations of clerks in Washington, past and present, a dozen cases in which they have made and saved any money. These, when they do occur, will be found to have been peculiar in their nature, and afford no encouragement to those who are not content to feast on dry crackers, or to resort to shaving speculations, at which most gentlemen's feelings would revolt. If our advice be worth anything, we say to all those who are looking forward to clerkships in Washington: Withdraw your applications, turn your attention to something better, go to the west, the south, or to California; dig for gold, plant potatoes, hoe corn or cotton—do any thing rather than become a thrall of office. As for the supposed honor or credit of the place, be not deceived—it is the very reverse. It was wisely said of old, that a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country." So it is in relation to the subordinate office-holder; if he expects to be

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honored, it must not be where he performs his functions. All kinds of office-holders are as "common here as blackberries." Even members of Congress are held at a cheap rate, and are quickly shorn of many of the glories they wear at home. King James the First, fool and harlequin as he was, made one sagacious and striking remark, applicable to this subject. He advised his nobility to stay at their country seats instead of flocking to London, and gave as an illustration of his reason this simile: "Great men in the country are like great ships in a river: they loom up with majestic show; but in London, among so many people, they are like those ships in the midst of the ocean, tossed about on the waves, driven by the tempests, they dwindle down into littleness and insignificance." The truth of this distinction is just as apparent here as it was in England. Let us refer to the case of a member of the Senate or the House of Representatives of the United States, as an example. In his own remote little country village he is the "observed of all observers." He is the only living specimen of a Congressman that most of the people ever saw. He goes annually to Washington, sits in the Capitol and alongside of such celebrities as Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, or Benton; makes speeches, *franks* them all over his district, according to the tax-list of names, and when he returns home, tells his neighbors what wonderful things he said, heard, or performed, and is at once voted the oracle and lion of Hog Hollow. On arriving at Washington, however, he speedily discovers that he is breathing a very different atmosphere, and that the persons he meets, both strangers and citizens, are so unmindful of congressional dignity as to consider it no very exclusive distinction.

The ravenous appetite for office is much to be deplored. It betokens an increase of the evil of idleness, an aversion to labor, both mental and physical, and affords a strong stimulant to political violence and disturbance. The course adopted by Gen. Taylor's administration of distributing the small offices among the States and Territories, *pro rata*, has ministered to this passion, and brought forward hundreds as candidates who never would have dreamed of such a proceeding, had not this policy suggested it. We know not where or how it will end. It presents a fruitful field to practise congressional corruption. The members can secure their re-nomination and re-election by obtaining the appointments of a few of their constituents, or their sons, as clerks; the administration commands their support in consideration of these appointments; thus all conflicting interests are harmonized, and all parties are gainers, except the people. We think this distributive system is pernicious in the highest degree, and shall rejoice to see it cut up, root and branch.

Influence of Wealth.

"Through tattered clothes, small vices do appear—
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

AMONG every commercial people, the influence of wealth upon enterprise, public and private, and the management of state affairs, will be always potent and often irresistible.—Such has been the universal opinion of the world, since a period anterior to the introduction of the gold of Ophir, precious stones, fine linens and purple silks, from the East, in the gorgeous reign of Solomon. The "Merchant Princes" of Venice, of Holland, and of England, have ruled the state, and dictated laws, to kings on their thrones, and to conquering generals at the heads of their victorious armies. It is scarcely too much to say, that the Rothschilds and the Barings hold the government of Great Britain in the palms of their hands, and by turning or unturning the screws they control, can put in or turn out almost any ministry they please. They have only to raise or depress the stocks, whistle on a run upon the banks, cripple trade and manufacturing pursuits, and John Bull, as he grows hungry, becomes ferocious, and clamors for a victim. The ministry is voted down in Parliament, they take up their hats, and politely "bowing to the public opinion," with sorrow in one eye, and hope in the other, hand over the whip and reins to their successors, and dismount from the box for an inside passage.

The new party in power deprecates the acts of its predecessor; produces a fresh budget, boasting that it can "bring a peppercorn into the exchequer," as Lord Chatham once declared, "at the expense of millions to the na-

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tion ;" Sir Robert or Lord John flourishes his whip, and on rushes the government chariot, to be overturned, broken down, or transferred to another driver, at the next stage. Such is a revolution in ministerial power in Great Britain. In nine cases out of ten the juggler whose hand plays the puppets before the public, is some crook-backed little Jew or some self-complacent "money king" sitting in his office, looking as demurely as a deacon, with a pen behind his ear. Louis Philippe united the characters of king, broker and shaver, and realized some hundreds of millions of dollars by this variety of occupations. Napoleon the Little appears to have a like "itching palm ;" and even his great uncle was as expert in stock speculations as the shrewdest Wall-street broker. We have yet to learn that either Englishmen or Frenchmen have any very stringent scruples of conscience against "making money," or that they have ever seen an acre of ground upon which they could lay their clutches, which they did not covet or seize, no matter to whom it rightfully belonged.

Why, then, should the people of the United States be taunted and reproached as the nation of all others most addicted to the worship of Mammon? Foreign traducers have said that an "American from his cradle to his grave" passes toilsome days and sleepless nights in pursuit of money; that he thinks of nothing else, worships no other God, and that wealth in this country is a passport and a license for all sorts of sins, and nearly all grades of crimes. These are serious charges, sweeping and indiscriminate. Let us enquire to what extent they are true. We must plead guilty in common with our European ancestors to the possession of a decided *penchant* for the "root of all evil." It is extremely convenient to possess it, and still more troublesome to be without it. "He who has no money," saith the proverb, "has no friends." We are not altogether exempt from this weakness, we are free to confess; but we believe that we have less of this weak-minded selfishness than any other people on the earth. We occupy a vast and fertile country, and any one who will labor, even moderately, can earn a decent support. It is deemed no disgrace to get our bread by the "sweat of our brow;" and he who will strive, to a reasonable degree, need not want either money or friends. In Europe, to be poor to-day, is to be poor forever ; here, the beggar of to-day, may be a *millionaire* in ten years. As to the imputation upon our national character that our ambition to grasp the possessions of our neighbors is "insatiable," we have met and refuted it in another article in this number, and we will not repeat what is there advanced. We will concede, likewise, that a desire to make money is a strong *stimulus* to our national and individual enterprise and advancement. For what other purpose do our people encounter all the hazards, hardships, and dangers of emigrating to California, and other distant lands? For what other purpose do our mariners plough every sea, and our merchants visit every clime? For what other purpose do our mechanics, artisans, and laborers toil on from year to year, prostrating our forests, erecting our cities, and constructing the most stupendous works of internal improvement the world has ever beheld; True, money is to the man of civilization and enterprise a most powerful incentive to action, while by the savage it is regarded as of no more value than the pebbles beneath his feet. The negro chief who offered a traveller, in Africa, a lump of virgin gold, weighing half a pound, for a glass button, was a faithful type of his race. To them, money is of small account, indeed, for it can neither be eaten nor drank, and will purchase few of the necessaries of life, or anything else they hold in estimation. We say to England, look at your subjects delving in the distant gold-fields of Australia and California; to your merchants ransacking India, China, and all quarters of the world; and we say to France, trace back the history of your nation, from the discovery of America, to the late foray of Frenchmen upon the Mexican State of Sonora—and then answer with what face you, either of you, brand us as peculiar devotees at the glittering shrine of Mammon? We speak out boldly : we have no transparent concealment—no fears. We desire to make money, and we do make it, but not at the sacrifice of either our honor, integrity, or good faith. You resort to every device to obtain money, while you shuffle and evade, under a thousand false pretexts, the declaration of your real design. We stoop not to recriminate as we might fairly do, by inquiring into the benevolent motives which produced the opium war with China; or the late invasion of Italy by France to strangle liberty, and a series of

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other outrages as glaring and unjust. But we refrain—we do not wish to perpetuate ill feelings even towards our defamers. We can well afford "to smile at the drawn dagger, and defy its point."

While we indignantly repel, those assaults made upon us by carping foreign critics, "who themselves are sore," we have no disposition to shut our eyes to the fact, that wealth in this country exerts a most obvious contol in nearly all our public affairs. Under governments composed of an hereditary monarchy and an hereditary nobility, the influence of wealth, though just as powerful as it is here, is at the same time less apparent. The highest order in the State depends on birth, rank, and titles. The law of primogeniture usually secures to the eldest son, as heir, the family estates of sufficient value to enable him to maintain the artificial dignity of his rank; coats of arms, liveries, stars and garters, and other similar pageantry, preserve the social distinctions between the aristocracy and the commonalty; and a man of plebeian birth, no matter if he be as rich as Crœsus, dare hardly aspire to obtrude himself into this select circle. When a noble family by extravagance, gaming, and excesses, becomes "decayed," and too poor to support its importance among "the great," the daughter of some rich merchant, barber, or greengrocer is sought out, and if the father can afford to give her two or three hundred thousand pounds as a marriage portion, she is *sold* to the needy duke or earl, and at once becomes noble and wretched. When society is thus politically constituted, *wealth, merely as such, never can attain the highest rank.* Wealth can indeed purchase rank, but then it is still the rank and not the wealth, *per se*, that confers the position. The richest commoner of London finds himself elbowed aside by a petty lord in the crowd, and he longs to see his own coat of arms also blazing on the pannels of his coach, and his servants flaunting the habiliments of degradation and slavery. There is one rank only of men, to whom the monarch on his throne, and the lazy duke in his palace, bow with conscious inferiority—and that is the nobility of nature, whose patent is impressed by the hand of God upon the man of genius. Obscurity of birth, poverty, misfortune, nothing can bar to him the road to the highest honors—

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The gowd 's the gowd for a' that."

Even in political advancement, we see how easily eloquence and ability can brush the gadflies of aristocracy away. Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and many others, had no patrimony but their talents—no position except that won by their own splendid exertions. Poor Sherry! as brilliant as either, most unfortunate of all! How true were the lines of his friend Moore, in alluding to his miserable death and ostentatious funeral!

> "The bailiff may seize his last blanket to day,
> Whose pall shall be borne up by princes to-morrow."

These men disdained the idle trappings of rank. Their fame outshines that of all the diadems of Europe. It is well known that Lord Chatham regretted, to his dying day, that he had "hidden the head of William Pitt, the great commoner, in a coronet." From the hour he did so, his tongue of fire seemed to "cleave to the roof of his mouth," and the flash of his eagle eye seemed to lose its commanding power.

Let us now recur to the different estimate placed on dollars and cents, merely as wealth, in this country, and in those we have been considering. It consists chiefly in this: that as we have no hereditary nobility, to take precedence of the man of wealth, by virtue of their birth and privileges, the rich man arrogates, at once, the first place in our social organization. With money, men purchase horses, farms, ships and manufactories, and exercise over the hundreds of tenants and workmen about them an imperative control. They become politicians contribute liberally to election expenses; often find their way into high places; and we have recently witnessed instances in which persons of the most ordinary capacity, and of the narrowest range of knowledge, were intrusted with the highest diplomatic employments abroad, conferred on the sole ground that they *were rich enough to live in fine style at foreign courts.* Had these men been poor, they would have been deemed hardly competent for village justices of the peace. When such persons are sent abroad to represent the nation, they are sure to disgrace it by their ignorance and abject spirit of *toadyism.* Their weak heads are turned by adulation, and they fancy their names have been made immortal, by being gazetted as guests at the Lord Mayor's

dinner, or at the country palace of some bastard descendant of that immaculate pattern of virtue, Charles the Second. And this is the sort of stuff that American ministers are often made of. The old adage is still true, that "an Ass loaded with gold, will make his way into the gates of a city, which could not be entered by the assault of an army." We would not desire our ministers abroad to be unmindful of any of the courtesies of life, or of the proprieties of their stations. We would not expect them to rudely obtrude their republican notions upon reluctant kings and lords; but what ought to be required of them is a high-toned, manly course, which should neither offend, nor beslaver others with fulsome flattery, at the expense of their own self regard and the dignity of their country. Let them not forget that Dr. Franklin, when he was a foreign minister, was more highly esteemed and more universally respected in his plain homespun suit of brown, than all the civit-cat lords united, who fawned and crouched at the foot of the throne.

We are a new people; and our trade and commerce, the great sources of our wealth, did not expand to such an extent as to yield very large profits, till quite a recent period. Our laws, too, for the equal distribution of property among heirs, have essentially contributed to prevent the accumulation of large fortunes in many hands. We accordingly find few very rich men in this country, but many who are comparatively opulent. Until lately, we had no great amount of the precious metals among us, and under the pretext that the wants of the country required more money, the land has been for years flooded with a paper currency, often totally worthless. The patrons of this currency Gen. Jackson very expressively denominated "*The Ragocracy.*" To such an extent has this rotten system been carried, that there is scarcely a village containing one thousand inhabitants within our domains, which cannot boast of one or more of these petty nuisances. Sometimes they are called banks, sometimes exchange offices, sometimes broker's offices, and they wear as many *aliases* to evade the law, as any graduate of a dozen penitentiaries. They usually start in business with a few dollars, displayed on the counter, like Hudibras's lawyer, who kept his fee on his table, as a "nest egg to make clients lay;" get a considerable circulation for their painted rags, and then break, with empty vaults and overflowing pockets. These have been exceedingly useful machines, to enable those who employed them, to coin money. We may see in any of our large cities, stately mansions, four-horse coaches decorated with servants in livery, in which live and ride gentlemen who build churches, and ladies who lead the *ton*, all of whom sprung from nothing at the touch of this Aladdin's lamp, the rag-money system. These fortunate favorites of Plutus are caressed and honored, invited to dine on the upper-crust, and to take the "highest seats in the synagogue." One of their select parties is frequently a curious medley to look upon, and still more entertaining to listen to. Walk in with the devil on two sticks, or some other invisible cicerone, to introduce the actors, and suppress your smiles if you can. There is the accomplished daughter of a retired pawnbroker, *tête-à-tête*, with a haughty female scion of the "ancient aristocracy." They are quite equals, and in the best humor with themselves. When the father of the former kept his three brazen balls at the corner of two ragged streets, and took the poor widow's shawl and last blanket in pledge for money enough to buy a loaf of bread for her starving children, this young lady officiated behind the dirty counter, and would have been spurned from the presence of her aristocratic companion with contempt. Now, however, the knight of the three balls has become rich on the misery of others, has erected a splendid mansion, keeps a carriage, and liveried lackies; the pawnbroker's shop is forgotten; he dines with the *elite*, and his daughter is one of the belles of that exclusive *coterie*. Look at that tall gentleman of high-bred air—he is a foreign nobleman of rank—and the chubby, over-dressed, shrewed-looking person, with whom he is conversing. The latter is an ex-lottery ticket vendor, who diversified his labors by keeping a fashionable establishment, vulgarly called a "faro bank," at night. He drew two prizes in a lottery, besides a heavy dividend from his "bank;" realized a fortune, visited Europe, consorted with the aristocracy, and is now travelling as the fellow companion of the distinguished Marquis of G——, on a fashionable tour through this country. He nods familiarly to some of his old customers, and, with his finger on his lip, takes the arm of his friend,

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and proceeds to introduce him to the ladies of the highest station in this choice assemblage, and they are delighted at the condecention of the nobleman, and thank God, that they are not like the publicans and sinners," nor poor, and condemned to move in the "second circle." We might write a volume on this subject, but this is a sample of all such gatherings: we dismiss it without a word of comment. In the class of individuals who claim the first rank in the scale of fashion, we willingly concede that there are ladies and gentlemen whose real worth entitles them to the distinction; but far the greater number are brainless, conceited and inflated, and their highest claims to notice rest on the possession of some money, on their aping foreign manners, and on their accidental associations.

The rapid accumulation of considerable fortunes in this country, together with the facilities for visiting Europe, have recently produced a rabid *mania* for travelling in that quarter of the world. Men who have obtained a competency retire early from business, and with their sons, fresh from the counter or the college, their daughters from the boarding-school, and their wives from the shop, take a trip to London, Paris, and Rome, and come back with their heads filled with absurd notions. The immense size and incalculable business of London astonishes them; the frippery, the gayety, and fashion of Paris, delight them; and the paintings and statues at Rome surprise them, although they neither know their names, nor can they appreciate the beauties of one of them. They see kings and nobles everywhere surrounded with regal splendor and glittering with orders. They wonder why this country should be behind all others in bestowing ranks and titles upon those who have money enough to purchase them. They think it singular that an opulent soap-boiler in London can purchase a baronetcy, while an equally lucky tallow-chandler in this country is denied the same privilege. The sons and daughters, caught by the glare of aristocratic attractions are eager to induce their fathers to sell out their property in this dull plebeian country, and take up their abode in Paris. They, a little less enthusiastic, decline to accede to their request, and insist upon returning to their home. Their hopeful offspring, with much sorrow, follow in their train, not however without furnishing themselves with fashionable clothing enough to last them for two or three years. They return to their country completely alienated from its institutions, its people, and all regard for its honor; they decry every thing American as stupid and vulgar; they applaud every thing foreign as fashionable, brilliant, and polished; send to Paris for furniture for their house in town; set up a coach with liveried servants, and rest contented under the hope that some day or other our old fashioned form of government may be reformed, and replaced by one after the approved aristocratic models of Europe. It is almost incredible how great a number of travellers of just this description are met with at every place of fashionable resort in Great Britain and on the Continent.

We have also another class of travellers in Europe, whose influence is more pernicious than that of the one just mentioned, because it is extended over a wider surface. This is the class of small vendors of literature, who write books of travel, descriptive letters, and in various shapes serve up to us their little doses of vanity and self-conceit. If by any good chance they succeed in thrusting themselves into the train of any of the nobility, or are invited to any of the fashionable clubs; and if especially a card of invitation be tendered them to any of the private *fêtes* of the aristocracy, they are immediately thrown into hysterics at the consideration shown them, and favor us with a volume portraying the beauties, advantages, and civilizing influences of an hereditary nobility. As they write, however, to be read and paid in this country, they always speak respectfully of the theory of our Government, but practically it is easy to see that they have a longing after the "baubles" of European aristocracy. Their quiet, dignified, and refined manners are contrasted with our bluff and rugged clownishness; and it is difficult for them to suppress a sneer at the semi-barbarian character of our people as compared with the European higher bloods.

It has frequently occurred to us to contrast a description of foreign manners and institutions given by our "travelled Americans" abroad, and that of enlightened foreigners themselves, who have come to reside amongst us; to our shame it must be confessed, we have often found our own countrymen the most

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ready apologists for despotism, and the most servile worshippers of rank and titles. The foreigners who come here perfectly understand and despise them all; our own countrymen, caught by the gew-gaws of orders and station, are ready to fall down and worship Satan himself, if he will give them a share of these childish toys to sport with. We have some Americans who visit foreign countries, who survey their governments and conditions with the eye of patriots and philosophers; to them we must look for the exposition of foreign systems, and to the vindication of our own, by contrasting them with each other. We wish the number of this description of travellers were more numerous, and that of fops and poppinjays far less.

From the observations we have made, it might be inferred that the influence of wealth, in directing our concerns, is irresistible. There is one safeguard, however, against its selfish domination, and that is, the same power that sways kings and lords in Europe—the godlike power of genius. It takes no great amount of talent to make and to clutch money; but to enlighten, to arouse, and to rule the nation, requires ability of the highest order, and patriotism without a stain. As a general thing, men of mere wealth can do little of themselves, directly, in controlling public affairs; they seek, by combinations among themselves, to enlist in their service men of great talents and great popular influence, and through them to build up and perpetuate corrupt systems of government for their own aggrandisement. They have sometimes succeeded in obtaining the ablest champions for their cause, and for a time have triumphed: but the mass of the people are not to be long deceived; they discover and repudiate these rapacious schemes, and hasten to bring back the government to its true course. When a leader, who has been a popular favorite, is persuaded or wheedled into the support of measures for the peculiar benefit of wealth, they deride and point the finger of scorn at him, as the Athenian people did at Demosthenes, when they suspected him of taking bribes, and who, when called upon to speak, motioned to his throat, to show that a sudden hoarseness prevented him from so doing; his witty countrymen cried out that "this hoarseness had been caused by swallowing gold."

On looking back at the history of our country, we shall find that few of the men who have filled high stations, or exercised a commanding sway over our destinies, have been wealthy. Several of the most distinguished officers and statesmen of the Revolution were confined or died in jail on account of inability to pay their debts. Several of our most eminent Presidents died bankrupts; and the four most distinguished men of our nation, who have died within the last few years, were all men who possessed but a limited share of this world's goods. From these facts, we may safely conclude that the influence of wealth, in directing the future career of this nation, will never be able to subvert or to endanger our institutions, while genius and patriotism are left free to resist and to defeat its insidious attacks.

Religious Riots in Canada.

THE latest intelligence from Canada shows that in the cities of Quebec and Montreal, riots have recently taken place of the most deplorable character. An Italian priest, named Gavazzi, who has abjured the Catholic faith, is traversing this region, and declaiming against the religion which he has seen fit to desert. In the above cities, he has been engaged to deliver lectures (or harangues) denunciatory of the faith he formerly professed. Some Roman Catholics, and especially some Irish peasants, took this in high dudgeon, and assailed the zealous apostate. He was hurled from the pulpit—had to make his *exit* through a back window or door; and finally, through the interposition of the military, some dozen persons were killed, and about fifty badly wounded. The greatest excitement prevailed, and both cities were thrown into consternation. The destruction of life was here most wanton and unjustifiable. It is a reflection on the civil government; a foul disgrace to civilization. It has been said, if people do not wish to be harmed, let them stay away from the scene of danger. This is cold-blooded and cruel. Nothing is so natural as for people, in an excited gathering, to follow the crowd. The most prudent and wary will often pursue this course. Should we expect people to stultify themselves, and suppress all the natural instincts of curiosity, in order to screen themselves from danger, brought about by public excitement? This

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man, Gavazzi, as a new convert to the anti-Catholic creed, is evidently a furious reformer. He denounces those with whom he formerly acted; and has discovered that the road they are travelling to heaven leads to the gates of hell. He may be sincere in his belief, and frank and candid in his appeals to popular credence; but he ought to recollect that his eyes have been recently opened to the light of truth, and that he should be charitable to those who still wander in the devious ways wherein he led them. His patrons and prompters are answerable for the course he has adopted. They have braved and aroused religious prejudice, and have reaped the rewards their vanity and recklessness produced. We are in favor of the largest religious liberty, but we regard the diatribes of foreign dissenters, from all creeds, as dangerous to the peace and tranquillity of this country. They gather together, as in this instance, congregations of women and children, and indulge the most violent spirit of abuse against their late associates. These converts from the Catholic church, in particular, have the most astounding revelations to make. The secrets of the confessional, the hypocritical frauds of monks and priests, and the disgusting debauchery of the nunneries, all furnish favorite themes for their eloquence. No matter whether these accusations be true or false, they produce, in both cases, the same result. They exasperate the Catholics, and if they be ignorant and zealous, it must naturally tend to violence and bloodshed. We condemn both parties—they are equally culpable; the lecturer for sowing the seeds of discord in a peaceful community; the rioters for violating the law. The officers whose business it was to preserve peace and order, were greatly to blame in these Canadian affairs. They had reason to anticipate disturbances, and should have taken the strongest precautions against them; or, if unable to do this effectually, they should have stopped Gavazzi from entering the church to deliver his lectures. Under the pretext of liberty of speech, a man has no more right to stir up riots and outbreaks, which must end in destruction of life and property, than he has to commit murder and arson with his own hand. This right of *free speech*, like all other rights, must be so used as not to wrong others. This is a principle as old as the law. It does not abridge the right; it only regulates it in such a manner as to render its exercise compatible with the public safety. Gavazzi might have delivered his lectures at another time, or at another more secure place; or he might have printed them, and scattered them broadcast over the land. At all events, he ought to have pursued a widely different course from the one he has adopted. His conduct in persisting in his lectures, when he saw that disturbance would ensue, was most reprehensible, and deserves unqualified censure. Perhaps he desired to become a martyr, or to have his foray on his former church heralded forth to the world by tumult and commotion among its adherents. Whatever was his object, he has at length beat a timely and prudent retreat. While we condemn his hair-brained recklessness, let it not be supposed that we would screen the ruffians who assailed him from punishment. They have incurred, and we hope will suffer the severest penalties of the criminal code. If the accounts given below be correct, the mayor of Montreal, or some of the officers commanding the military force called out to maintain tranquillity, bear upon their heads a black and bloody responsibility. We trust they will be subjected to the most rigorous justice.

The following letter, written by Gavazzi himself, to an Italian paper in New York, making due allowance for the vanity and vainglorious boastings of that important personage, gives a pretty fair history of the riot at Quebec. The article from the Montreal Herald of the 9th instant, appears to be a candid detail of the painful occurrence in that city:

QUEBEC, CANADA, June 8, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND: I only write a few particulars of the shocking case which happened the day before yesterday; you will perceive it more amply described in the papers I send you. I will begin by saying that the appearance of the assailants was most despicable, for they came dirty, torn, and in their shirt sleeves, the better to show their origin. It was their aim to secure me alive, in order to murder me without the church; but not having succeeded, they attempted to kill me within the church. Many were led to believe it, when they had by repeated blows felled Paoli to the ground; for, believing him to be me, they said one to another, "this is the very man."

Another scheme of theirs was to blow out the lights, by turning the gas keys, for by so doing, from their concerted plan, they would have more easily succeeded in getting possession of me, seizing, at the same time, every one present, mostly ladies and children! But,

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man proposes and God disposes. It was not possible to turn the gas key, nor so easily capture me. Having rid myself of my first assailant by throwing him over the pulpit, I took off my cloak, and brandishing the chair which had served me as an orator, I defended my post as a true Italian crusader. I think that many of this gang will remember for some time this passage of the Italian missionary's lecture. Having a pulpit about twelve feet wide, with the stairs exposed, facing the church, and compelled to defend it against more than sixty savages, was rather a difficult task. An artillery sergeant—who now enjoys the sympathies of all parties—to the great shame of the policemen, (who were standing by as idle spectators,) leaped from these stairs, and succeeded in defending with me my citadel. After the first attack, Paoli, who was at the church door, was enabled to reach the stairs; and having snatched a stick from one of the assailant's hands, used it in every direction, and we were enabled to retain the liberty of our platform for more than twenty-five minutes.

But again a gang of outward assailants, to the number of more than seven hundred, rushed into the church. This was owing to another unpardonable mistake of the police. The stairs and parapet were assaulted with renewed violence. The artillery sergeant, feeling his equilibrium fail, clung to Paoli, who, amid the great throng of assailants, could no longer manœuvre his stick; meanwhile two of the savages had seized Paoli to overthrow him from the stairs. He cried out to me, "Gavazzi, help me." I abandoned the front of the pulpit, and, with a desperate blow of the bench which I held in my hands, fell upon the head of one of the two assassins, which caused him to bound from the stairs. I was returning to the front, while some other assassins having gained the ground I had abandoned to save my friend, lifted me from my feet and precipitated me headlong out of the pulpit, from a height of more than fifteen feet.

This was to have been the hour of my death, and could have been. The falling with such violence might have sufficed to crush my skull; but God was there to protect his poor but confident servant. I fell on a floor of enemies' heads and shoulders, and it was afterwards said that as I was of iron disposition, I weighed also as iron itself, but I sustained no wound from my fall. The crowd then dispersing, I found myself stretched out on the ground, with a legion of savages over me, overjoyed at being able to slay me; I then received a kick on my chin, which has produced a slight wound, and a contusion on the jaw; as the great crowd prevented the use of sticks, they endeavored to supply it with their feet. I perceived that nothing but a gigantic effort could save me, and I employed it accordingly. I rose in spite of them, and by blows opened a passage to the staircase which leads to the subterranean place where the Sunday schools are, and having met the assassins on the stairs I overcame them; the last, who, from his size, impeded my passage as it were a barricade, and threatened me with his large stick, calling me by the vilest names, I very coolly rolled down the stairs, and jumping over him reached the entry of the Sunday school.

Fortunately the school was dark; having examined it in the morning I became acquainted with its structure. I took the left path, among an innumerable quantity of benches, while the savages, who were still pursuing me, were obliged to delay before they could reach the door. It was then I heard the cry of Paoli, "God help me," which led me to believe that he was assaulted and beaten again by the assassins. Being left half dead, he would have been killed by the people had not an unforeseen hand conveyed him to the subterraneous school, where he found himself, as it were, miraculously saved from a certain death. After five or six minutes of fatal suspense, some one of the police came. The lights were again lit, but this did not prevent the assailants from breaking all the windows of the school, by throwing large stones, one of which hit Paoli on the breast while Dr. Douglass was examining his wounds. But fortunately the military arrived, and the assassins were dispersed. Paoli was the first to be led home. I followed him in a coach, with the Mayor of the city, and all the streets were protected by strong patrols. On examining our bodies, it was discovered that poor Paoli had received eight wounds from sticks, one of which is six inches long. I was found to have a wound on my head from a stone, and another on my occiput, from the blow of a club. They, however, gave me no pain, as I contrived to let them bleed as much as possible. However, I have suffered nothing, and am as well now as on my setting out from New York.

But the sensation experienced from this brutal assault results now contrary to what the assailants had expected. There is no Catholic Canadian but what does not disapprove of this outrage. It is to be observed that the assault had been organized; consequently a premeditated murder. The most aggravated circumstances are, of having attacked a church in which women and children were assembled, and to which the men had hastened unarmed. But who, then, could have conceived, organized, and led so infamous a scheme?

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Sunday, please God, we will gather together at our Italian service in New York, and I shall feel overjoyed in seeing anew my brethren, after having escaped the death by my assassins.

Meanwhile remember me to them all; and believe me to be your very affectionate friend,

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

The riot at Montreal is described in the Montreal *Herald* as follows:

As ascertained, Signor Gavazzi met a numerous audience in Zion's Church at half-past six o'clock p. m. yesterday. Many of our most respectable citizens, with their families, were present. About half-past seven o'clock we went to the door of the church, where we found Captain Ermatinger with a strong posse of police, some twenty or thirty-six men.

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At this time, and for about half an hour after, groups of wild, ragged-looking men were assembled around the door of the church, and at different points between the church and McGill street. We mixed freely with these people, and conversed with more than one of those who are considered the leaders of the Irish Catholic party. We were assured by them that they had only come to the ground to use their influence to prevent a disturbance, and that we might rest satisfied the lecture would pass off quietly.

We were not, however, satisfied with the aspect of affairs, and remained on the ground. At about a quarter of eight o'clock a band of ruffians, we learn, (for, although in sight, we were at too great a distance to see more than that a general melee had taken place,) attacked and overpowed the police—Captain Ermatinger receiving a severe wound on the head—and proceeded to force their way into the church, from which a body of fifteen or twenty repulsed them; several shots from guns and pistols being fired from both sides.

The assaulting party were effectually routed—two or three of their number were left dead or severely wounded on the ground, but were shortly afterwards removed in cars by their friends. Soon after this occurrence, a company of the twenty-sixth Cameronians marched from Craig street, and were drawn up between the engine-house and that street.

All seemed quiet, and remained so until about a quarter past 8 o'clock, at about which time the lecture was concluded, and the audience inside the church had begun to leave for home. At this time the troops were marched across Craig street, and took their position in two lines across Radeyonde street—one line nearly opposite Zion's Church, and the other some hundred paces nearer Craig street.

A good deal of hooting and noise prevailed at this time, and on the McGill street side of Craig street some disturbance with the lowest line of troops occurred, and two or three shots were fired. In other respects all seemed peaceable.

We were at this time at the corner of St. James and McGill streets, and had a clear and distinct view of the troops and of the people in their immediate vicinity. There we saw no violence on the part of the mob. Nothing, indeed, but the people hurrying from the church, when, to our utter astonishment, we heard and saw the troops fire two distinct running volleys, among those who seemed to us peaceable citizens.

Thinking it high time to attend to our own safety, we beat a rapid retreat from this apparent scene of uncalled-for slaughter. This, we feel, is not the time to express the indignation with which we saw British troops deliberately shoot down our peaceful and unoffending fellow-citizens.

We were too far off to speak personally of the conduct of the Mayor and of the officers by whose orders they were fired; but, if we are correctly informed by those who were on the spot, there was nothing to justify so rash and cowardly a proceeding. We must not, however, prejudge their conduct on the occasion; but the blood of those who fell calls loudly for a prompt investigation into every circumstance connected with the melancholy affair, and apparently, at least, wanton massacre.

The Mormons.

OF all the extraordinary and unaccountable events that have transpired within the last twenty years in our country, none exceed in these respects the rise and progress of the sect of Mormons, or "Latter Day Saints of the church of Jesus Christ." Originating in an obscure village in the State of New York, the whole plan contrived and set in motion by an illiterate young man named Joseph Smith, who boldly declared that he was commissioned by God to become the spiritual head of a new church on earth, it has gradually struggled on against bitter and sanguinary persecutions equal to any the early Christians endured—flying from State to State for safety, and at length plunging into the Great Basin of the Salt Lake, situated in the central region of our continent. It has attained, in twenty-three years, nearly two hundred thousand members; and can boast that through its missionary stations in every part of the United States and Europe, it is daily acquiring strength, wealth, and respectability with the most inconceivable rapidity. It is surprising, in this enlightened age, that such doctrines as they teach should find believers, or that their practices should excite any other feelings than those of disgust and abhorrence. Still they are believed—their practices are approved; and the wandering bands of proselytes assembling from the four quarters of the earth, attest that no absurdity can be suggested so glaring as to stagger the credulity of these "Latter Day Saints."

We do not propose to comment on their peculiar religious notions. We leave every human creature free to choose his own way to heaven. We may think all others are wrong—we may refuse to follow their example, but this is an affair for which they are only answerable to God.

We design to offer some comments on the civil aspect of the Mormon creed. It is very evident that Smith adopted Mahomet as his model. Like him, the Mormon prophet did not repudiate the Bible; like him, he admitted the divine mission of our Saviour; like

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him, he pretended to have direct communication with Heaven, and both imitated the peculiar style and lofty imagery of the Scriptures. This was a very judicious policy, it imparted to the Koran and to the Book of Mormon a sort of family likeness to the Bible, and gave to these pretended revelations a kind of apparent divine sanction. Both systems aim at spiritual and temporal authority. Their founders were artful enough to know that religion is a weak reliance without the sword of the law to uphold it. They accordingly proclaimed themselves both priests and kings. Smith wisely abstained from assuming the latter title, but he made sure of the power. The sultan of Turkey, or the emperor of China, is not more despotic than the head of the Mormon church. He is the commissioner general of the "spiritual wife" market, and from his decree there is no appeal. This feature of the Mormon system is another offshoot of the Mahomedan dispensation. The black-eyed houries in heaven are preceded by eyes as black and sparkling in this world. How many disciples have been gained by this luring indulgence, it would be hard to declare. "The flesh is weak," and the valley of the Salt Lake promises it abundant immunity. As the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Mormons are all subject to the absolute control of the hierarchy, they are conducted with great vigor and skill. No divided counsels weaken their energies, no grumbling croakers shrink from their duty. The high priest says, "go, and he goeth; come, and he cometh." Ignatius Loyola could not command his Society of Jesus with more inflexible sway than Brigham Young now exerts in the territory of Utah.

The face of that distant wild is rapidly wearing a new aspect under their hand; cities are springing up in various places; roads and bridges are in process of construction, irrigation has converted barren sands into fruitful fields, which yield the most astonishing crops.

The discovery of gold in California has been of immense service to the Mormon settlements. It has induced innumerable emigrants to traverse that country, some of whom that "came to scoff, remained to pray;" and all of them have spent more or less money among the saints in procuring provisions and outfits for their western and eastern egress from this secluded retreat. To do justice, however, to the Mormons, they have acted with liberality and humanity to the emigrants; but it was their interest to do so, to induce others to follow in their track.

We make the following extracts from a very interesting report of Capt Stansbury, of the Topographical Engineers, entitled "An Expedition to the Valley of the great Salt Lake," addressed to the Chief of the Topographical Bureau, to which we invite particular attention:

"While, however, there are all the exterior evidences of a government strictly temporal, it cannot be concealed that it is so intimately blended with the spiritual administration of the church, that it would be impossible to separate the one from the other. The first civil governor under the constitution of the new State, elected by the people, was the president of the church, Brigham Young; the lieutenant governor was his first ecclesiastical counsellor, and the secretary of state, his second counsellor; these three individuals forming, together, the presidency of the church. The bishops of the several wards, who, by virtue of their office in the church, had exercised not only a spiritual but a temporial authority over the several districts assigned to their charge, were appointed under the civil organization, to be justices of the peace, and were supported in the discharge of their duties, not only by the civil power, but by the whole spiritual authority of the church also. This intimate connexion of church and state seems to pervade every thing that is done: the supreme power in both being lodged in the hands of the same individuals it is difficult to separate their two official characters, and to determine whether in any one instance they act as spiritual or merely temporal officers.

"The establishment of a civil government at all, seems to me to have been altogether the result of a foreseen necessity, which it was impossible to avoid. As the community grew in numbers and importance, it was not to be expected, as has been before remarked, that the whole population would always consist solely of members of the church looking up to the presidency, not only as its spiritual head, but as their divinely commissioned and inspired source of law in temporal matters and policy. It became necessary, therefore, to provide for the government of the whole by establishing some authority which could not be disputed by any, and would exercise a con-

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trol over them as citizens, whether they were members of the church or not, and which being acknowledged and recognised by the Government of the United States, would be supported by its laws and upheld by its authority. The civil government, therefore, was wholly precautionary, and only for such *gentiles* as might settle among them. The power and authority of the church over its members being amply sufficient, where they alone were concerned, in the organization of the civil government, nothing could be more natural than that—the whole people being of one faith—they should choose for functionaries to carry it into execution, those to whom they had been in the habit of deferring as their inspired guides, and by whom they had been led from a land of persecution into this far-off wilderness, which, under their lead, was already beginning to blossom like the rose. Hence came the insensible blending of the two authorities, the principal functionaries of the one holding the same relative positions under the other. Thus, the bishop, in case of a dispute between two members of the church would interpose his spiritual authority as bishop for its adjustment; while in differences between those not subject to the spiritual jurisdiction, and who could not be made amenable to church discipline, he would act in the magisterial capacity conferred upon him by the constitution and civil laws of the State. Thus the control of the affairs of the colony remained in the same hands, whether under church or State organization; and these hands were, in a double capacity, those into which the constituents had, whether as citizens or as church members, themselves chosen to confide it."

We find also in a note to the same report, a brief extract from a sermon purporting to have been delivered by Brigham Young to his people, from which it appears that the laws and constitution of the United States need his endorsement before they are confided in by his followers. The language is peculiar and significant, and clearly manifests the absolute power he wields. Here is the extract, the italics are ours:

"I want to say to every man, the Constitution of the United States, as framed by our fathers, was dictated—was revealed—was put into their hearts by the Almighty, who sits enthroned in the midst of the heavens; although unknown, *it was dictated by the revelations of Jesus Christ; and I tell you, in the name of Jesus Christ, it is as good as I could ever ask for.* I say unto you, magnify the law. There is no law in the United States or in the constitution, but *I am ready to make honorable.*"

From the facts stated in the above extract, it is obvious that the government of the Mormons is a thorough practical hierarchy. The pretext of separating the character of high priest and governor, and bishop and justice of the peace, is a mere *chimera.* The priest and the bishop will neither forget their calling, nor renounce one iota of the authority it confers on them. They are resolved to keep clear of the intrusion of the "gentiles;" they will have a civil government rigidly Mormon, or withhold all obedience to the *unsealed* and *unsanctified* interlopers sent there by the Government of the United States. We foresee trouble in this Salt Lake Valley before long. The Mormons are straining every nerve to procure inhabitants enough to entitle them to admission as a State. They will soon succeed; and when they offer their constitution for the adoption of Congress, what course will that body pursue? This constitution, on its face, will be republican in form, and probably not a vestige of the Mormon creed will appear in any of its provisions; but while it is nominally republican, the fact cannot be concealed, that it will be *practically* an unsparing hierarchy, ten times more despotic and oppressive than any monarchy in Europe. Will this be a compliance with the letter and spirit of that provision of the federal constitution which guarantees to "*every State a republican form of government?*" We frankly confess we have strong doubts of the republican character of any government subject to the domination of the Mormon church. We have no faith in their pretentions. A "republican government," such as the federal constitution contemplates, is a free one, where there are no exclusive rights or privileges; where all enjoy equal civil and religious liberty. Does any man in his senses believe that a "gentile," regarded as an intruder and an infidel, would receive the same measure of justice before the high priest or bishop-judge, in a contest with a Mormon adversary, having brethren for witnesses, and a jury of saints, as he would if he were one of the faithful? Should Utah or Deseret be ad-

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mitted as a State of the Union, what is to prevent her legislature from enacting laws recognising the Mormon religion as that of the State, making it the test for State offices, and disfranchising those who reject that creed? They remember their own persecutions in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, and will rejoice in an opportunity to retaliate. We throw out these considerations for the examination of the country. The time will soon come when they must be carefully judged. While Utah remains a territorial government, it is safe in the grasp of the Federal authorities; erect it into an independent State and it will be beyond reach. The Mormons, in their mountain fastnesses, should collision unhappily arise, could gather together in a year, a force that cannot be subdued, short of another siege of Troy. Surrounded by lofty mountain ramparts, and with vast inhospitable wastes, hundreds of miles in extent, intervening between them and civilization, with this immense natural fortress, accessible only at two or three passes, they could bid defiance to all our power. All the Indian tribes of the central and western portions of our continent would become their natural allies, and afford them essential aid. They will soon possess, within themselves, all the necessary means of independent existence. Subsistence, munitions of war—every thing, in short, requisite to supply all their wants, they can make and furnish for their own use. They are hardy, bold, energetic men, inured to sufferings, accustomed to obey—animated by religious zeal and by the burning memory of cruel wrongs. They hear the blood of the prophet crying to them from the ground to avenge his death inflicted by dastard hands. The Mormons know their strength—they indulge these feelings, and they wait only to muster their clans. If the Swiss, the Scotch, and the Circassians, have been able for so many years to defend their "mountain homes" from the countless legions of their tyrannical assailants, what is to deter the Mormons, with a hundred fold their advantages, from following their example? Let us consider this danger in time. The power of the Latter Day Saints is not to be despised. They have thus far compelled the Federal Government to bow to their behests. Will success induce them to change their course? Let the Government survey their lands, or attempt to urge *gentile* judges and officers upon them, and the truth of our predictions will require no further enforcement; the battle cry will resound, "*the church and the blood of the saints.*" We expressly disavow all intention to reflect on, or to infringe their religious rights. These are sacred, we touch them not. Cognisance over them belongs to a Higher Power. Their civil laws, usages, and practices concern every citizen of the country. Against these, we enter our solemn protest, as repugnant to the spirit of the federal constitution—subversive of all order, and fraught with the utmost danger to civil and religious freedom in all the other States. As a Territory, their government is harmless; as a State, it might rend this Union in twain.

Notice to Cotemporaries.

WE have forwarded to several of our periodical cotemporaries, copies of our Reveiw, for the purpose of inviting exchanges. We shall be happy to reciprocate civilities, but at the same time we do not wish to become "obtrusive." If we should chance to "overstep the bounds of propriety," so far as to address those who decline our advances, we will thank them to return our numbers, and perhaps both parties may be mutually benefitted by the repulse.

"Catch the manners, living as they Rise."

IT will instantly become apparent to our readers, that we have endeavored, in this Review, to combine the advantages of the old and new systems of popular writing. The European reviews and magazines, for the last century, have all been designed to suit the taste of a limited class of readers, who had leisure and opportunity to peruse long, heavy, prosing articles, such as Macauley said on another occasion, might have "served for light reading in the days of Methuselah." The modern newspaper articles have gone to the other extreme. Light, buoyant, and racy, they merely touch a subject and glance off with mercurial facility. Neither profound, nor always accurate, they only amuse, while they fail to instruct. Still, even this airy gracefulness has its attractions; and when tempered and strengthened by the

solid facts and reasonings of the old-fashioned style of reviews, becomes interesting and instructive in the highest degree. We have sought to unite these characteristics, and hope we have not altogether failed in the effort. We trust our novel style will be appreciated by the public, and that in this "*go-ahead* age," it will be recognised as a legitimate demonstration of modern improvement. Telegraphs and railroads are not to be *timed* by old-fashioned coaches and broad-wheeled wagons. Let the "dead bury the dead;" the living are advancing to higher destinies. Why should our ambitious periodicals lag behind?

Removals and Appointments.

CORRECTION.

SINCE the sheet containing this article was struck off, we have been assured, on respectable authority, that the President, the late John Quincy Adams, made no removals for political differences of opinion. He made removals for reasons altogether independent of politics. We make this statement in justice to the memory of Mr. Adams, which we desire to treat with the utmost candor and respect. This fact does not, however, affect, in the slightest degree, the accuracy of our article, in which we assert that Gen. Jackson, on his accession to the Presidency, found nearly all the offices in the hands of his opponents.

The Statue of Gen. Jackson.

WE present to our readers in this number, a beautifully engraved representation of the statue of Gen. Jackson, erected in Lafayette square by Mr. Mills, under the auspices of the Jackson Monumental Committee. This engraving is most strikingly accurate and spirited, and gives as perfect an idea of this splendid work of art, as an engraving can possibly convey. Mr. Mills is a self-taught artist, and the genius and skill displayed in the design and execution of this statue, are alike honorable to him and to his country. He is now engaged in the construction of the gigantic equestrian statue of Washington, also intended to adorn this city; and from the *earnest* he has already furnished of his ability for the task, we doubt not it will be the most magnificent equestrian statue in the world. Indeed, it is agreed on all hands that this one of Jackson is not surpassed. Self-poised on the hind legs of the horse alone, without writhing serpents, adamantine rocks, or any other clumsy support, it seems the very embodiment of the fiery coursers of Achilles, snuffing the battle afar off, and eagerly champing the bit for the signal to plunge and revel in the conflict. The likeness of Jackson also is admirable. It is equal, in features and expression, to the best of those on a much larger scale. We had intended to have prepared a more detailed description of this statue, but pressing engagements compel us to defer it to a future number. Hereafter this statue will appear in the Review, as our *frontispiece;* and we trust our readers may find that our principles and conduct will not be unworthy the great champion of Democracy, who thus greets them on our title page.

OUR next number will be embellished with a fine likeness of President Pierce, engraved on copper, accompanied by a brief and comprehensive biographical sketch of his life and public services. Each succeeding number will contain a like portrait and biographical notice, of one of the members of the Cabinet, until all have been respectively inserted.

IT is hardly necessary to apprize our readers that they will find in this number articles from several of the ablest pens in the country. We shall, in our next, present them with a greater variety of interesting scientific and statistical matter.

WE return our sincere acknowledgments to those editors and friends who have bespoken the public confidence for us in advance. To their kindness, in a great measure, we ascribe the unprecedented patronage we have already received. Within the brief period of a few weeks, since the issuing of our prospectus, we have been furnished with about THREE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES, without solicitation on our part. We have forborne to send out agents, to procure subscribers, until the publication of our first number. The public can now form a correct opinion of the style, ability, and general principles, that will characterize our Review. The ensuing numbers will be delivered *punctually*.